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Travels by Sea and Land

OF

ALETHITHERAS.

pseud.

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SOUTHERN BRANCH

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I. *How Alethitheras and the Schoolmaster of Medamou set out together.* . . . . . PAGE 1

II. *How the travelers made a flying visit to Pantachou, and were satisfied with seeing a single city.* . . 4

III. *How they sail for Liburnum, are initiated in the mysteries of pudding-making, and arrive at Gebel-al-Tarik.* 20

IV. *They go up Tarik's Mountain, and are rewarded by free lodgings in Quarantine, where both get bitten, and Alethi pleasurably.* 29

V. *Alethitheras finds the insect that bit him, but fails to catch it. They climb the tower at Clinèpurgos, and meet on top a nondescript.* 36

VI. *They go to the City of Art, where Alethi gives a lesson to a would-be dilletante.* 49

VII. *How the traveler found what was lost, and continued his journey pleasantly to Ariospolis.* 54

VIII. *They visit the great temple of Ariospolis. What they saw therein, and what they had to see thereout.* 61

IX. *The Schoolmaster discourses on appearances, and in conclusion makes a confession.* 68

X. *The Artist who worked without models.* . . . 73

XI. *Minnchen's picture, and what came of it. The Schoolmaster philosophizes thereon.* 77

XII. *They visit the scene of an earthquake. On the way, the Schoolmaster tells a history. Carradora.* 81

XIII. *Alethi falls into a new peril of the heart. How he escaped, through the advice of the Schoolmaster.* 92

XIV. *Love and self-love: a sermon on a kiss.* . . . 102

XV. *How the travelers left Parthenopè, but got into the woods and were obliged to return.* 105

XVI. *They visit the city of Departed Splendor, take a look at the Ptochalazons, and settle down in Monachopolis.* 110

XVII. *They see an extraordinary picture, and witness a decapitation by the sword.* 118

XVIII. *They go to the kingdom of Chassen and visit Blinrè, where Philoscommon gives an ethic lesson in art-matters. Sursia is passed by, but not forgotten.* 128

XIX. *They descend to the middle region of lakes and mountains, where the younger traveler is enlightened unpleasantly.* 133

XX. *What they found in the capital of the Alectryons; and how the little pedagogue displayed his manhood.* 138

XXI. *Philoscommon opens the book of Government for his companion, who is disgusted and disheartened at what he reads there.* 147

XXII. *The Emperor of the Alectryons. Our travelers set out to go to the Opera, but are made spectators of an unfinished political tragedy in the public street.* 152

XXIII. *They arrive in Septicollis, and after a pleasant sojourn leave from a seaport of the country for Chaunopolis, and find on board the packet a notorious female character.* 159

XXIV. *In Chaunopolis: where Alethi himself has a painful experience of what his fellow-traveler underwent in Lutetia.* 164

XXV. *Alethitheras makes a pleasant acquaintance, witnesses a tender scene in the comedy of high life, hears a native orator, and becomes cognizant of various other products of an advanced civilization.* 168

XXVI. *They visit the public Galleries, and on their way see something more of the dark side of the Great Metropolis. The Schoolmaster makes a favorable impression on Philetus, their new acquaintance.* . 177

XXVII. *Our travelers are visited by Philetus, and become engaged in discussing the rights of strong nations and the wrongs of weak.* 184

XXVIII. *They go to the playhouse, where they see a famous novel-writer. Philetus indulges in a criticism on a never-to-be-criticised dramatic genius.* 193

XXIX. *The discussion carried into the domain of morals, where the Schoolmaster opens his companion's eyes unpleasantly.* 206

XXX. *The prize-fight which they did not go to. Philos-common sermonizes on Philautian fair-play.* . . 212

XXXI. *Athlia.* 218

XXXII. *The ballet-dancers.* 223

XXXIII. *The travelers make an excursion into the world of spirits.* 226

XXXIV. *They attend an election, and are satisfied with the beauties of restricted suffrage.* 232

XXXV. *They embark for Taproshéo, and come to the Land of Hind. What they found there; with the savory discourse of the Schoolmaster thereon.* . . 239

XXXVI. *Wherein the travelers have bared to them the beauties of Philautian humanity in the Land of Hind.* 250

XXXVII. *They visit a field of blood, and learn the Philautian state-logic of grapeshot and gunpowder.* . 257

XXXVIII. *Tells how a grandson of the Duke of Pachycephalus came to honor them with an interview. Charmed with his sketches of military service in Serica, Alethitheras abandons the idea of visiting that ancient country.* 266

XXXIX. *The surgeon proposes to go with them to Vesputia, and by accident opens a new window of his mind.* 276

XL. *The conflagration at sea. The fate of Crymoker. How Alethitheras owed his preservation to the little schoolmaster's coolness and foresight.* . . 277

XLI. *The voyage to Chrysocho'ra. A Vesputian Editor enlarges even Philoscommon's experience in the manners and thought-habits of his countrymen.* 285

XLII. *The travelers arrive in Chrysopolis. How they met there a runaway acquaintance; and what ensued.* 296

XLIII. *They visit their friend the Editor, and get an insight into more things than they expected.* . . 301

XLIV. *How they passed by the Land of the Puffins.* . 308

XLV. *Wherein they visit the North-West. Philoscommon takes occasion to descant on the naturalization-laws, and shows the effect of an excessive foreign element upon the spirit of nationality.* 312

XLVI. *Criminal justice in Isopoliteia.* 317

XLVII. *The travelers come to Botolph's Town, where a delightful surprise awaits Alethi.* 322

XLVIII. *How Botolph's Townsmen showed themselves to be lovers of free speech. Philetus, declining a Vesputian metamorphosis, returns to his country without plumage, and as wise as he left it.* 325

XLIX. *The Medamousians arrive in New Euerwic, where Alethitheras finds, through more senses than one, a good deal to astonish him.* 327

L. *Containing further views, not "dissolving" ones, of the corruption, the extravagance, the misery, the charities, of the City of Nasty Splendor.* . . . 338

LI. *How the travelers meet again Hilarius, and are present at the death-bed of the false and forsaken.* . 343

LII. *Relates the outbreak of a mighty rebellion in the Great Republic, and its moral effects on the magnanimous nations of Philautia and Alectoreion.* . 349

LIII. *Which records the unheard-of cruelties of the rebel leaders, with the malice and mendacity of their pseudo-government.* 355

LIV. *Our travelers meet again the grandson of the Duke of Pachycephalus. His luminous discourse upon the war, and how the little schoolmaster answered him.* 360

LV. *Wherein is related the end of the rebellion. The magnanimity of the victors and the ungraciousness of the vanquished.* 365

LVI. *The Assassination of the Archon.* 370

LVII. *How the great army of Isopoliteia was disbanded, and its thousand ships dispersed; with the consequences thereof on Philautian integrity.* . . . 372

LVIII. *The Traveler begins to weary.* 378

LIX. *The Grand Result.* 380

TRAVELS OF ALETHITHERAS.

TRAVELS BY SEA AND LAND

OF

ALETHITHERAS.

CHAPTER I.

How Alethitheras and the Schoolmaster of Medamou set out together.

"But how are we to manage?" quoth Philoscommon.

"As others do, surely. Is there any mystery in travel, any at least that money will not solve?" asked Alethitheras, smiling.

"Not for you. But I" ——

"Are not too proud, I hope, to share my knapsack?"

"*Ou ma Dia!* I am not so dainty," said Philoscommon, with a conceited twist of his extraordinary nose, — which seemed to have no bone; and he appeared to snuff the air, as if there was something rank prevailing, and he wanted to show he was not afraid of it. "Besides, I render an equivalent in my company:" (another twist, comical too, but of a different expression.)

"And in your knowledge," added Alethitheras.

"If you like," quoth Philoscommon, bowing. "But it is nothing of that. I meant, in what relation are we to appear to one another?"

"What other than that of companions?" exclaimed Alethitheras, in astonishment.

"It is impossible," said Philoscommon. "Look at me."

Alethitheras looked, and felt the force of the objection.

The schoolmaster of Medamou was, indeed, no beauty. With his narrow little body, spindle shanks, and monstrous head, he looked like a mushroom, or a seven-month fœtus. Add to this, his features were grotesquely ugly, and the advantage they derived from a very animated expression of great intelligence, and uncommon acquirements, was more than counterbalanced by the oddity of his mien and ways; for his India-rubber nose seemed always in motion, like the trunk of an elephant; his huge in-fallen and toothless mouth was equally restless, and carried the heavy protuberant chin along with it; when he sat, it was usually as if his chair burned him, and when he walked he presented his side, like a dog that trots, or a crab on dry land. The very shrewdness of his twinkling gray eyes, whose under lids when he talked were perpetually making advances to their partners and threw the whole orbit into convulsions, had a jocularity that was certainly very conspicuous, but was anything but distinguished.

"Why, it would defeat your very object," said Philoscommon resuming, as his keen little eyes detected, but without exciting in him any other emotion than that of mirth, the difficulty which in his urbanity Alethitheras had to keep from laughing. "I do passably for a pedagogue. My brows frighten," (here he made a physiognomical parody of Jove;) "and when the boys are down in the mouth, I show them mine turned upward, and they have much ado, as you have now, to keep their countenance. Fancy us then to-

gether! you with your magnificent figure and thoroughbred air, and me!" Putting his hands under his coat-tails, he strutted off majestically on his chicken legs, with a wriggle of his high-placed rump that was irresistible.

"For Heaven's sake!" —— cried Alethitheras, giving way to a mirth that overflowed him.

"Exactly," said Philoscommon, as he faced about and bowed profoundly. "People would die of laughter, and you would get admittance nowhere in refined society. But, as your valet" ——

"My valet!" cried his friend, no longer laughing.

"Why not? Does that alter my qualities? When we are alone, we shall be friends, but otherwise I am your humble servant in appearance," (sweeping the floor with his bonnet in mock humility,) "as I am in effect."

There was no use in combating the proposition; for the pertinacious chin, drawing up, seemed to shut the door against the egress of any further opinion. So it was agreed to.

"Let us go first to the land of Pantachou," said the valet-elect, now counselor. "It is of little matter, I suppose, at which end we begin."

"None in the world," said Alethitheras.

So they went first to the land of Pantachou

CHAPTER II.

How the travelers made a flying visit to Pantachou, and were satisfied with seeing a single city.

PANTACHOU is a region whose limits are very difficult to define. It has the same advantages as any other quarter of the globe, and consequently similar disadvantages. Sea-coast and river-channel; hill and valley; tableland and plain; both extremes of the thermometer; great cities, small towns, and insignificant villages; varieties of races, and of all degrees of civilization; everything, — above the ground, on the ground, or under the ground, — is there as elsewhere. "And of course," added Philoscommon, who was preparing his friend and occasional master for the scene, "you must expect to find there, as in other countries, numerous and perpetually obtruding vices, with sparse and rarely seen virtues. In fact, it is an epitome of the whole world; and as it is a sort of central spot, or hub of the wheel so to say, with roads that radiate like spokes to all points of the compass, so that you can turn from it whither you will, by land or by water, it will make a very good first place of observation. But I think you will be sick of it, before your eyes be tired."

"Why, what is the national character?"

"You may judge by the popular amusement, which is standing on one's head."

"Pah! You jest."

"Not at all. You will find it, everywhere you go, the

favorite diversion. It is only in Medamou that people keep their right end always uppermost."

"And here we are," he said when they had reached their destination, and cutting a caper, "here we are in Pantachou, in one of its capital cities."

"What do you call it?" asked the younger traveler.

"Chiliopolis."

"Have you ever been here before?" said Alethi.

"Certainly. Every mousehole in it is as familiar to me as a page in one of my own class-books or an angle in the *Pons Asinorum*. I would, for your sake, I knew as much of other places to which we are going."

"What does that boy want with us? and now that other?"

"To carry our luggage. — Not so fast, my little people!"

"They are the pleasantest fellows of their kind I ever saw," exclaimed Alethitheras, quite delighted with their dimples and beaming eyes. "Are all the Chiliopolitans as amiable?"

"When they expect to get anything."

At this moment a man with a whip in his hand stepped up, pushed aside the boys, and laid his hand on one of the portmanteaus, at the same time saying something gruffly. Whereupon the boys began to struggle with him for the possession of the strangers' effects, and one of them, quite red in the face with rage, uttering a volley of some abuse, kicked at the shins of the man like a little maniac, and was answered by a crack of the whip that made him let go, but only to use his tongue still more volubly and to gesticulate with great energy. At all of which Philoscommon appeared to be in ecstacy, as Alethitheras was in amaze.

"What is the matter?" asked the latter. "I cannot make out their jargon."

"The fellow with the whip says the gentlemen will want a carriage; and the amiable little Chiliopolitans send him

to a place you wot of, with certain unctuous expletives that are quite common to the Pantachousian tongue, but are never used before ladies."

"What a disagreeable people!" said Alethitheras.

"When they are disappointed," rejoined Philoscommon. "But what are we to do?"

"Let the coachman have our things."

"So it will be better: you see the boys have got at my head already. — Oh, if I had you in Medamou," added the schoolmaster, facing about and shaking his nose at the young gentlemen, "how soon I would turn you upside down!"

"Are you sure you are not turned upside down yourself, old fellow?" cried one of them. "What a head!"

A roar of laughter from all the blackguards around welcomed this sally. Philoscommon himself joined in the merriment, though less obstreperously, and rewarded the ready urchin with a piece of money, which had a wonderful effect in making him serious. "*Let him laugh that wins*, they say; but you see," remarked the sage of Medamou, "this fellow laughed before he won, and now is sober."

"Thanks to your open hand," said Alethitheras.

"Which saved my head," replied the philosopher with a twist of his proboscis. "Nothing blunts the edge of libel like current metal." And the travelers entered the coach.

"Drive slowly," said Alethi.

"What hotel?" asked the coachman.

"*Corcoplethes*," replied Philosc. "Slowly, my Phaeton."

Phaeton ascended his box, and put his horses to a half-gallop.

Alethitheras pulled the check and reminded him of the order.

"That is not the medium," said his companion. "Let me teach you. Double fare, driver; we are invalids." The horses walked at once.

"Fie!" remonstrated the younger traveler. "Could you not have told him we wanted to look about us?"

"I did not tell him anything. I merely indicated the desired pace, — betwixt a nuptial and a funeral gait. You are too scrupulous for Pantachou. Simple truth is respected only in Medamou."

As they rolled along, Alethitheras remarked the number of glittering equipages that passed them. "Are these all people of rank?" he asked.

"Not all, nor even the greater part of them. Can you distinguish between the *Dii majorum gentium* and the *novi homines?*"

"I cannot tell those who are of rank, but I think I may with some degree of certainty pronounce who are not. That man there, for example, who sits so disdainful and stiff in the middle of his crimson cushion."

Philoscomon twisted his proboscis up and down and from side to side with great animation. "That," said he, "is the son of the identical tobacconist for whose carriage the facetious motto, 'Quid rides?' was devised. The old nose-feeder gave a particular flavor to his confection by uric acid, and amassed a fortune through its grateful piquancy. The son, who, like the father of Titus, finds nothing in the coin that savors of the mint, snuffs up the air as though he were a full-blooded hound. Now mark that old gentleman, in whose veins flows, or should flow, the generous blood of centuries of honored ancestry. With what gentle urbanity and what unaffected grace he looks about him, unwilling to pass unnoticed any one who has claims to his salute!"

"What now!" exclaimed Alethi in surprise. "I never thought you a favorer of aristocracy."

"Nor am I. Stars and garters! there are puppies in the kennel of gentility whom you never can train, and whom it were idle to flog except that they merit it. But if one must be ridden over or kicked to death, I would rather it should

be by the hoofs of a gallant barb than the heels of a jackass."

"They must be a wealthy people, these Pantachousians!"

"Look on the pavement."

"Rags, misery, and mendicity! What a contrast!"

"It always must be the case where wealth is unequally distributed, and it never can be otherwise, in the nature of things, because wealth is self-accumulating, and indigence goes on descending in the scale of ineptitude; so that the poor add to the capital of the rich, who in return depress the wages of industry through the excess of unemployed and competitive labor. But look at those pompous buildings! They are one of the results of this partiality in fortune. A nation is aggrandized at the expense of individual suffering. There would be no great works were means doled out in driblets instead of being gathered into vast reservoirs to flow through great canals with the volume and velocity of rivers."

"I see one of those huge piles is a Hospital for the cure of Consumption, and another for Cancerous Diseases."

"Both are Pantachousian endemics."

"They speak at least well for the charity of the people!"

"Yes, there is no want of active benevolence, especially for objects taken in the mass; the private channels of distribution are less effective. Providence converts even man's ostentation to goodly ends."

"There is a Lying-in Asylum. But I have observed no Foundling Hospital."

"There is none in Pantachou. But it is not for want of immorality, as those insidious or outrageous placards on the walls and peripatetic on men's shoulders will intimate."

"There are many fine men among the pedestrians. But it is not in nature that their mothers should be such shaped women as all the well-dressed of the latter sex appear to be. Where do they come from?"

"They are not *autochthones*, nor are they produced by

those gaunt images of famine that stand so abjectly on the curbstone."

"But who however, even in their meagreness, are of more congenial proportions than those flaunting creatures. Why, the extremity of their trunks is of more amplitude than the bottom of a wine-butt, and their waist in proportion is as slender as the animal stalk that connects the breast and belly of an ant or wasp. They look like bumblebees magnified into human dimensions and serving as animate laywomen for milliners and mantuamakers. Unless I had seen an ant or wasp make her way into a little worm-hole, I could not conceive it possible to swing about such a huge rotundity of base without upsetting."

"That is because you do not know its composition," said Philoscommon, with a delightful laugh, that may have come of superior knowledge, or possibly from a less selfish source. "At first it was a coffee-bag, or layer of starched calico, but now it is a haircloth petticoat, or bottomless churn of some cotton cloth hooped round with whalebone or wire. See how the little creatures sweep the ground about them! Those long dresses, which at first were so stately in a drawingroom, were found to hide bad ancles. Mark the little cloud that follows them, hovering just above the pavement. That is what is called 'kicking-up a dust,' and indicates personal importance."

"But when the flags are muddy, they must be draggle-tailed."

"No, they hold up the outer dress with both hands and take particular pains to wear fresh underpetticoats. It is the drollest sight in the world to see a dumpy little woman step along in this fashion, especially if she wear men's boots as some of them do, or show her calves. In Chaunopolis, the great city of Philautia, which we shall one day visit, they carry this comedy of action to the greatest perfection of scenic effect, and you may see hundreds of women, or might

some years since, for it was before the restoration of hoops, walking in this classical costume, looking before like country maids under a cherrytree in fruit-time, and behind like what you may imagine."

"They do it then by habit."

"Certainly; and so used are their legs to being undraped, that they are unconscious of the fresh air and never know how high they lift. I actually, one sunshiny day, saw in one of their great Parks a fat little duck-legged woman, as broad almost as she was long, and made still broader by this elegant disposition of drapery, carrying her coats so high over the dry gravel-walk that she showed behind above her garters. You may imagine the stare and interchanged glances of the promenaders. Even my ugly phiz was unnoticed in the merriment. I longed to overhaul her and tell her, 'Madam, the barometer is rising; you can shake down your courses.' But away she scudded, with a double reef in her spanker."

"Ah I fear, then," said Alethi sighing, "there are in modern days no natural, well-dressed and graceful women."

—— "Andromachen a fronte videbis;
Post, minor est:

"very few indeed," replied his more experienced friend, "except in the city of Medamou and country of Medamothi."

They approached a very grand edifice. Knots of people were seen grouped about the entrance, and many persons passing up and down through the vestibule. "What have we here?" asked Alethi.

"The temple of Justice, where they sacrifice equity," replied Philos'. "A remarkable case is going on, as I learned to-day from one of our fellow-travelers. A lady ordered a man to be shot dead in the act of trespassing on her grounds to carry-on a correspondence by letter with her maiden daughter. The victim was a married man."—

"Therefore deserved punishment," interrupted Alethi.

"But not in that mode," resumed Philosc, "nor at her hands. A famous advocate will conclude to-day for the defence. Let us go in for a few moments."

"We shall hardly gain admittance."

"Only apply the universal key, the doors will open; Justice is used to it."

The check was pulled. "We shall alight for a few moments," said Alethi.

"As you please, sir," said the driver deferentially, and opening the door.

"We shall consider your civility, in the fare," added Alethi, "and shall not be long."

"Never mind, sir," returned the driver. "Take your own time, gentlemen."

"You see the effect," said Philoscommon. "Apply boldly the same mollifier."

There was an immense crowd. The hall was filled to the very entrance, across which a constable had placed his staff, which he raised only to permit egress. "You may as well be off," he said gruffly to Philosc.

"We are strangers," urged Alethitheras.

"Can't help that, sir," answered the man: "keep back."

"But it is only for a few moments," rejoined Alethi, slipping a bit of gold into the huge paw of the Cerberus.

"Ah, that alters the case," he answered; and the bar was lifted instantly. Then desiring a fellow-servant to take his place, the officer proceeded to force a way for our travelers. Without hesitation he tapped with his staff the bald crown of an elderly man who had his back to them. Alethi felt his generous blood roused by this brutality, and he was about to retire in disgust, but Philoscommon whispered, "Never mind, their scalps are used to it." Finally, the man by great efforts, and not without lowering looks from those they displaced, effected a passage for the two travelers till they reached the middle of the hall. A tall man there put him-

self determinedly against further inroad. "They are relatives," said the officer. "I don't believe a word of it," said the man; "and if they were, they are too late." — "Better late than never," replied the officer. "Gentlemen, this is about as well as you can be placed; and as it is only for a few minutes, and you are so deeply interested, no civil person can object." And he retreated. The crowd, which had sullenly given way, eagerly closed up.

Alethitheras could both see and hear, but Philoscommon could only hear.

"Shall I put you on my head?" said the tall obstinate man, looking down disdainfully on the little obtruder.

"If you please," retorted Philosc. "So will your skull hold more brains than it ever did before."

A general smile at the expense of the tall man put the circle around them into harmony with the intruders, who now gave their attention to the orator. He was just concluding for the defendant, who, he argued, in a strain of fervid eloquence to which the prestige of his great name gave tenfold effect, had but exercised a natural and prescriptive right, urging (though there was no real similarity in the two cases) that an acquittal would inevitably attend the injured husband who finding a strange man with his wife should put them both to death. A storm of applause followed the appeal. The judge, vindicating the dignity of the bench, commanded silence. Thereupon a voice, — it was that of the tall man before Philoscommon, — cried out, "We do homage to talent." The advocate gracefully laid his hand on his left breast, and in tones which he made to quiver as with emotion, rejoined with energy, "It is not my talent that has pleaded, it is my heart!" At this the storm became a perfect hurricane, fortunately perhaps for our travelers, for Alethitheras had forgot himself so far as to hiss. Philoscommon, stopping him in the act and whispering "Are you mad?" drew him away by the sleeve, and, threading a pas-

sage through the billowy crowd, never stopped till he had reached the porch.

"You had like to bring our travels to a sudden stop," he said. "Do you know what the punishment for such contempt of court would be?"

"I was wrong, I avow," replied the other; "but I could not keep my temper, to hear a man of sense and of character utter such a fustian falsehood."

"It was not a falsehood," rejoined Philosc; "it was a stroke of eloquence."

"Heaven defend me then from ever making such!" exclaimed his friend.

"Amen! But you never will be an orator. And there are none in Medamou."

They were now in the carriage again. "But you don't mean to deny the lawlessness of the act?" resumed Alethi.

"Not if it were a woman that was killed; but as it was only a man, I do."

"How can the law make distinction?"

"But the law does, — in Pantachou; for the popular sentiment will have it so. Would you kick against the pricks? as Jesousians say. Here, between a man and a woman, the right is always on the woman's side. Men of sense know there is rarely ever such a thing as systematic seduction on the part of the man: he is drawn in by the allurements of the woman, who is seldom sincere, yet falls a victim to her own snares; or she shares the ruin, but has all the pity."—

"Except from her own sex," — put in Alethi.

"Who never like their weak points to be exposed, or who grudge her the experience," resumed Philosc, with a double twist of his proboscis. "However, the law is always down upon the man, be he victim or sacrificer, and in no case can you bring a petticoat to justice. It is not long since, in this very city, a woman and a priest poisoned a servant, who had detected their intercourse. The husband of the mur-

deress, though she alone had access to the key of his medicine-chest, whence it was proved by measurement the arsenic had been taken, led her to the trial on his arm. The priest was sent to the galleys — his gown availing him in mitigation of his punishment; but the woman, who had actually fed the servant with the poisoned broth, was acquitted."

"It is a premium on feminine iniquity," cried Alethi, indignant.

"It is a compliment to our mothers," returned Philoscommon gravely. "What! would you deprive the ladies of their chief charm? Are we not all gainers by that treachery and duplicity which impunity encourages? They add a zest to our intercourse with them which downright integrity could not furnish."

"And how think you will the present trial result?"

'In the acquittal of the party undoubtedly; or else in her amercement in a trifling indemnity to the family of the victim. Did you not hear the thunder of applause?"

"And has the will of an audience influence over a judge?"

"In a degree; and always over a jury, who are their fellows. Nowhere but in the semi-barbarous portions of Pantachou, where there is the rule of autocracy, can the voice of the people be without an overpowering weight in the decisions of justice. He who swims against the tide only exhausts himself and is borne down just the same, whereas he might have swum with it at his ease, and to his advantage."

"Ah, in Medamou no advocate dares appeal to the passions of the jury, or address himself indirectly to the audience, nor can he in any case do more for the defence than clearly to set in view the points of evidence in its favor."

"Because the jury there is never chosen for its ignorance, and the judge is confined to a restatement and summing-up of the evidence."

"But are all the lawyers in Chiliopolis like this advocate?"

"Very few indeed. For Leptologos is a man of honor

as well as eloquent. He really may have spoken from his heart — or from his imagination (they are hard to distinguish). The rest live by straining at gnats and making their clients swallow camels. They rarely stand on their heads themselves, but their chief delight is in making others do so."

"And the physicians?"

"Get sick, and send for one; and you shall see. He feels your pulse, looks at your tongue, puts one or two questions, writes hurriedly a prescription, pockets his fee, and is gone, to visit, for a like five minutes, some other invalid, for whom he prescribes with like precipitation. How can he consider one case, when he has the diagnostics of several all jumbled in his brain? So he gives no thought to any, and his great use is to specify to the sufferer the complaint which he cannot cure."

"Yet the science, what a noble one! how calculated to enlarge the mind!"

"Most true; but its professors are with very few exceptions mere tradesmen, and these few deplore the almost utter inability of all their art to do more than watch and help a little Nature, who alone cures, although alone she does not always kill."

"And the divines?"

"Divines truly, were they what their solemn function would make them. But divinity is of God, and its teachers are of the world. Pomp and vanity, avarice and heartlessness, malice and uncharitableness, all the appetites and passions which, carried to excess, mar the well-being of other individuals, disfigure them. They are drones in the pulpit, drones in the sanctuary, and only workers in ambition, gluttony, and polemics. No, the three professions live only by men's vices, follies, and weakness. Were man but upright he would need no mediator between himself and his Creator, were he honest lawyers would be needless, and did not his

follies and vices beget the diseases which his follies and his weakness perpetuate, the doctor would be something else than the mere expounder of a science which except for lore is almost absolutely inert."

The coach moved slowly on. Alethitheras was silent and appeared sad; but Philoscommon, who even when talking seriously could never look quite grave, now resumed all his jolly oddity of mien, and kept turning his ugly visage first to one window then to the other with great animation, seeming always to find out somebody or something that he knew either from study or from personal experience. At length his companion exclaimed: "Here is a hosier's. I shall want a pair or two of gloves."

"Let us get out then by all means," said Philoscommon. "You shall see how conducive trade is to integrity; and as for its effect on manners, like education, 'emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros,' — you will find it a capital glove-stretcher."

The hosier was gravely civil to Alethi, but took no notice of Philoscommon. The former selected a couple of pairs of the best gloves, and was about to direct them to be put up, when Philoscommon observed that they were spotted. The seller turned sharply to the little man, and bade him let the gentleman choose for himself. "The gentleman is my master," said Philoscommon mischievously. Alethi was rather discomposed by the assertion, which however redoubled the shopkeeper's civility. Apologizing as for an oversight, he now brought forward a better box, and the traveler substituted two other pairs for the ones rejected. The gloves rolled up and paid for, the shopkeeper, returning the change, desired respectfully to know if he could serve the buyer with anything else. "Yes," said the latter. "Come, Philos', gratify your fancy." But ere the pretended servant could have time to reply, or the presumed master to offer to choose for him, a gentleman entered the shop whose air of quiet consequence indicated either the possession of wealth

or of acknowledged influence in society. At once the shopkeeper ceased to see his transient customers, and, without apology turning abruptly from them, made toward the new comer with repeated bows and obsequious smiles. Philoscommon looked delighted, and Alethi in disgust, pocketing his little parcel, left instantly the shop.

"I think I have seen enough of Chiliopolis, at least for to-day," he said. "Let us drive at once to the hotel."

"You will find everywhere your betters, save in Medamou," quoth Philoscommon, snuffing up the air with satisfaction. "(As quick as you please, driver.) Everywhere but in Medamou, you will find men insolent to their inferiors, even when they use them, obsequious to those of their equals by whom they hope to profit, and servile to their superiors, whether they gain by them or not."

"And is there no such thing as manly independence?" asked the younger traveler with an expression of mental pain.

"You will one day find something like it among the Isopoliteians. But even in them the leaven of foreign adulteration is working the human dough to a uniform spongy consistence. — But there is the Coreoplethes."

The travelers descended. The luggage was removed, — the schoolmaster affecting to carry Alethitheras' dressing-case. The extra-feed coachman, with lifted hat and many scrapes and bows, hoped to be permitted to wait on the gentleman again whenever he should need a carriage, at which Philoscommon's eyes looked especially facetious, and he observed to Alethitheras, "What amiable people are the Chiliopolitans!" And amid a train of shining lackeys, who bowed with affected respect to the supposed master and winked to each other as they glanced at the man, the pair ascended the single broad step of the hotel. Just then a man whose frame was bent with years, or suffering, or the abjectness of assumed humility, but who carried no staff, held out his hat

to Alethitheras. He was partly behind the latter, his left hand, which shook as with palsy, holding out the greasy and rusty head-cover, and his long white hairs falling over his down-stooping forehead.

Alethitheras thought of his grandsire, though there was no resemblance, except in years, between him and the beggar, and dropped into the hat a small gold coin — an unwonted charity, which had a greater effect upon the now sincerely reverent lackeys than upon the delighted mendicant. But Philoscommon could scarcely support his character for the laughter that shook him, though at the moment no one had eyes for such an oddity, and he might have indulged himself unnoticed.

When however he was finally alone with his companion, the schoolmaster gave way to his mirth, and looking up in the latter's face, asked him where his gloves were.

"On my hands."

"The new ones."

Alethitheras felt in his pocket, in his pockets. They were gone. Philoscommon fairly spun on his heels with ecstacy.

"The devil!" said Alethitheras. "Who took them?"

"No, it was not he," replied Philosc. "It was only the venerable old man, who so lovelily prayed God to spare your own hairs when gray from every sorrow. His right hand just at the moment was dipping into your worship's coat-tail. I would rather have had the scene than the coin." And the schoolmaster gave way again to his delight.

"I believe it would amuse you if I were stabbed," quoth Alethitheras, rather put out at his own credulity.

"No, no, not so bad as that — unless you looked ridiculous. You know I cannot help it; I came into the world grinning, like Zoroaster. But really that old cock was a game one." And Philoscommon, putting his droll figure into an imitative attitude, held out his traveling-cap, and began to fumble at his companion's rifled pocket.

Alethitheras was forced to smile.

"But you really saw him do it?"

"With both these eyes, and all my heart."

"And why did you not stop him, or at least tell me?"

"Because the first act would have deprived you of one of those good lessons for which I think you travel, and the other would have prevented us for a time from traveling at all."

"Prevented us from traveling? What, do they detain the robbed as well as the robber?"

"Always in Chiliopolis. And in certain cases when he cannot give bail for his appearance against a criminal, they send the witness too to jail."

"Monstrous!" cried Alethitheras. "Why don't they take his evidence at once, with every precaution and the due formalities, and let him go?"

"Because that would not allow the lawyers the privilege of cross-questioning him."

"But of what use is that in a palpable case, like this for instance?"

"They gain time by it, show their own adroitness, confuse the witness, and bewilder the jury. Did I not say that their business was to strain at gnats and make others swallow camels?"

"I almost wish I were once again in Medamou."

"Then you would never see people stand upon their heads," quoth the philosopher. "But let us have dinner — which I can promise you will be a rare one, out of respect to your bounty. In that gold coin, not to speak of the gloves, you threw your bread upon the waters, and you will find it return to you at table a thousand fold, — only you will have to pay for it. Shall I ring?"

"If you please," said Alethitheras. "But I think it will be the last, as the first time, that we eat potatoes in Pantachou."

"Amen!" rejoined the little mushroom, looking poisonous.

"There is a barque, I see, to sail to-morrow for Liburnum." "And," he added, continuing to look on a paper which he had lifted from a table, "there are just two berths vacant. There will need no consular *visé* from this port; so our passports are in order, and we shall have only to step on board with bag and baggage. The barque is an Isopoliteian; therefore staunch, well-found, and a fast sailer. Shall we go?"

"With all my heart," replied Alethitheras.

"Then here's for *potage*," cried the schoolmaster, giving a tremendous jerk at the bell.

"You'll break the wire," said his companion, smiling.

"Never mind. People seldom ring feebly, when they are not afraid of the reckoning." And down went the crank again.

"They will think us vulgar," said Alethitheras.

"Just the contrary. You will find you must make a noise in the world, if you would obtain a hearing."

CHAPTER III.

How they sail for Liburnum, are initiated in the mysteries of pudding-making, and arrive at Gebel-al-Tarik.

Our travelers were accommodated with two berths in a little stateroom at the foot of the companion-way, and directly opposite the steward's pantry. In the cabin itself were, on the starboard side an Anastesian opera-singer, with two children, a boy of seven or eight years and an infant yet in the arms, and on the larboard a little freckled Jactantian, who had formerly been in the navy and was returning to his native land from a visit to Colonia. He was to be landed at Gebel-al-Tarik. The captain of the vessel was a Cimbric-Cherronensian, a man of talent and information, a

thorough sailor, an ardent admirer of his adopted home in Isopoliteia, and a bitter hater of the Philautians. The Jactantian was a little proud and a great deal nasty; though his pride was palpable only towards the end of the voyage, while his nastiness was from the first uncomfortably conspicuous. Philoscommon undertook to teach him certain conventional phrases in the Philautian tongue, and was rewarded to his heart's content when he heard him on one or two mornings roar out from between his curtains at the pitch of his unmelodious voice for something he needed, naming it in Philautian without tenderness and without regard to the feminine ears which must have heard him behind the close-drawn muslin of the crib to starboard. But Alethitheras conceived great contempt for him when he heard him speak disparagingly of the captain, a man in every respect very greatly his superior, and boast one day, after partaking freely of the captain's segars and wine, that he "made use of him." And this contempt was not diminished when on another occasion, in discoursing on religion, the Jactantian touched his little sunburned forehead with his yellow finger and uttered expressively in his native tongue the word "philosopher," applying it to himself.

"It is a wonder," said Alethi, soon after, when alone with Philoscommon, "that such fellows do not bring infidelity into contempt."

"They would," said Philos', "if all free-thinkers were like them; but, unhappily for religion, such fellows are no more real infidels than they are philosophers. They are born without veneration, and have no conception of anything above the sphere of their own sensuality. They catch at the term philosopher as at a very fine ornament; but it is no more applicable than misanthrope would be to you, or beauty to me." The air which he assumed in pronouncing the last illustration was such as to do away with all the seriousness of the theme, and to bring the subject himself across the deck,

who asked in great glee, what Philoscommon was doing that he made himself so angelical.

"Painting false philosophy," replied the latter.

"And what do you make her?" asked the unconscious Jactantian.

"Something between an ape and an infidel," said Philoscommon unhesitatingly, — "or, if you like, as a harlot, who with wanton gestures and lascivious looks affects the talk of chastity."

"That is just like the women of my country," said the Jactantian. "They are only of two kinds; those that are bad" (but he used a broader phrase,) "and those who affect to be not so."

"He is more a philosopher than I thought him," remarked Philoscommon to his companion, in their own tongue, as they turned away.

One morning, when they had been about a week at sea, and the baker's-bread had become scanty as well as stale, Alethitheras, who occupied the upper berth in the narrow stateroom, felt his mattress pushed upward, and looking over the side of his box, saw his room-mate stretch forward from his own berth, and, the moment he was noticed, point with great energy and an air of amusement to the pantry opposite. Alethi looked, and to his horror saw the steward in his shirt-tail, and evidently unwashed, making bread for breakfast. That day, and the next, and the next, Alethitheras ate hard biscuit.

"Psha!" said his companion, "you are too dainty. You will get used to these things. You see, I don't mind it. And the bread is excellent — for ship-made."

On the fourth day after the discovery, there was a flour pudding after dinner, and Alethi, who had borne his deprivation ill, ate of it with great relish; but Philoscommon would not touch it. The captain left the three gentlemen to the usual dessert of dried fruits, and went on deck.

"Why did you refuse the pudding?" asked Alethi: "I know you like such things; and this was delicate."

"So I should think," observed Philos′; "rather infantile."

"What do you mean?" returned the other.

"Ask Madame," said Philosc, indicating the Signora, who as usual lay in her open berth, a *hors-d'œuvre* that added much to the pleasures of the table.

Here Madame, thus appealed to, rose on her elbow, and with a very red face exclaimed in her broken Philautian, "That beast of a cook! he take my shile's clout to boil it in."

"Stoo-ard′!" roared the little Jactantian, "show us the booding-bag."

"I'll show him," said Madame, proceeding to take up her infant.

"With the pudding in it," cried Philoscommon.

"But that is a dry one," rejoined the ex-navy-officer, who seemed to relish the joke.

Alethitheras did not wait for the close, or the opening of the exhibition, and Philoscommon followed him, leaving the Jactantian quite at ease among the raisins.

"How could you let me eat of that thing?" asked Alethi, reproachfully.

"It had been a pity to spoil your appetite," replied the schoolmaster. "It was so long too since you had tasted pastry. Besides, you must get used to these things, or you'll starve."

"But you do not, or what kept you from the dainty?"

"A bad example. You saw the bread made, and I heard of the pudding-boiling. It is of that sort of things 'where ignorance is bliss.'"

"But what did you hear? Come now, Philos′, say it is all a joke."

"And libel Madame! No, it is really true. Come, don't get sick yet; the sea is not so rough. I was in our room,

when I heard Madame in a furious mood scolding the steward for appropriating her property. It seems her maid had set the cloths to soak in a bucket, and the Doctor, that's the cook, finding them convenient" —— Alethi would not let him finish.

Such pleasing incidents, with the occasional escape from the hencoop of some unhappy fowl, which would be seen floating away on the billow, destined perhaps to long suffering and a lingering death, — "an illustration," the schoolmaster took care to remark, "of the chances that govern this mortal life both for men and chickens," — or the upsetting of the "Doctor" with a pannier of plates, or the attempt to catch a turtle, helped to vary the monotony of their daily life; for the voyage was without a storm.

One evening, when they were within a few days of their first destination, Alethitheras and his friend on descending to the cabin found the captain intent upon a paper, while the Jactantian, with an air of manifest importance, watched his countenance. "So we have a great man among us," cried the former to our travelers. "The Signor Piojoso, it seems, carries two passports, and is here a Marquis: *Marques de Capricho Real.*"

"You have an example of the utility of such papers," said Philoscommon to his companion, when they had returned to the deck.

"Of their futility you mean," replied Alethi.

"As you like," rejoined the schoolmaster. "If our friend the Marquis can play the Signor Piojoso, there is nothing to prevent untitled but more important persons' traveling incog.: and we have seen in our time a famous political refugee pass undetected the frontiers of a dozen countries that were all eager to arrest him. I myself had the fortune, by a mere oversight, to travel for a twelvemonth as a Philautian, and only once came within the shadow of a difficulty, when having carelessly mentioned my origin in a stagecoach, it came

through one of the passengers to the ears of a frontier guardsman, who, putting his finger on the word in my credentials which denoted my supposed nationality, asked if it was I. 'To be sure,' I said; 'who the devil should it be, if not I?' He turned round to the other travelers who were in the same room waiting supper. There was general though faint surprise. They all thought me a liar; either way or the other I did not care; and the armed policeman was satisfied."

From that time the Jactantian assumed more dignity and reserve of manner, relaxing only towards our traveler and his friend, but especially toward the former. He dressed himself too with more particularity, and appeared altogether a different sort of person.

"I wonder," said Alethitheras, commenting on this change, "whether he is really so much improved, or if it be only my consciousness of his position in society that makes him seem to me so much the gentleman."

"Neither, I think. It is probably his consciousness of your knowing his true position, which forces him to act up to it. But his true nature delights in nastiness, and you will find it breaking through this crust of decency before long, or I cannot tell puff-paste from biscuit."

In a few days they arrived in the bay of Tarik, where the Marquis was to land. A number of row-boats were floating lazily about, some their oars suspended and rocking only with the motion of the wave. Alethitheras was struck by the appearance of several swarthy well-built fellows, who, wrapped in brown mantles the skirt of which was thrown majestically over the left shoulder, and with broad-leafed felt hats around whose conical crowns were wreathed rows of ribbon, the long loose ends flaunting like streamers in the breeze, sat in the boats as passengers and gazed upon the vessel. Presently one of the oarsmen made a gesture with his arm bent, and said something in his native tongue to

their countryman the Marquis, who immediately replied. Philoscommon, with a peculiar expression in his face, turned briskly to Alethitheras.

"What are these?" asked the latter.

"Smugglers," quoth Philosc.

"What! openly? in broad day?"

"O, do you not see the Philautian flag floating from the fortress? You heard our captain curse it a minute since, when he was obliged to hoist his own. The Philautians many years since burned the island capital of his country and took away forcibly its whole fleet, on the pretext the Alectryons might get it, with whom the Philautians were then at war."

"It was an insolent act," interposed Alethitheras.

"It was a demonstration of the right of nature, which is the right of the strongest. And here is another. Philautia holds that powerful fortress and this harbor of an independent kingdom with which it professes to be friends; and it will ever hold them, because that mountain fort commands the entrance to the great Internal Sea we now are in. The jaunty fellows you behold are protected by her in their violation of the custom-laws of their own country, and it is under her flag that they rob Jactantia, their helpless and all but impoverished mother, of her dues."

"What an abomination! I begin already to hate that arrogant and unscrupulous power."

"Philautia? O, you will have some cause perhaps, before we have seen all. But for the present let me tell you, that she does everywhere the same; a staunch maintainer of the law and boaster of equity, when the observation of either is to her interest, or safety, but boldly setting both aside when it suits her convenience. If you will allow me to spoil the prosody I used to enforce upon the glutei muscles of the little Medamousians, I would parody in her behalf defunct Anchises:

'Tu regere imperio populos, *Philaute*, memento :
Hae tibi erunt artes, — pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere *superbis* et debellare *dejectos*.' "

"But why do other nations that are strong permit a usurpation that may at any time be dangerous for themselves?"

"Because they themselves, if not so frequently, yet on occasion, practice just the like. Turn your face to Abyla on the other side of the Straits. There, in that vast peninsula, at this moment the Alectryons are trampling under foot the natural rights of a people, whose weakness might be said to be the pretext as it is the temptation to the wrong."

"But surely there are laws that regulate the policy of nations with respect to one another?"

"I have heard of them. But I never knew them to be observed, except perhaps by the Isopoliteians. But they are *novi homines*, a new nation, and may think themselves obliged to observe the equity which older governments may set at nought. Besides, their government is founded professedly on principles of equal right."

"How I shall like them!"

"I am not so sure of that. Wait till you see them. Older nations look on them as semi-civilized, and treat them very much as if they were in pupilage and would be too grateful for any notice to inquire if it were insulting."

"And what say the Isopoliteians?"

"They seem to take it as a thing of course. So long as they are not driven over, my lord's carriage may fling the dust or mud into their faces at his will. So, the wheels roll on unheeded; for the Isopoliteian State is powerful: that is one of its war-vessels yonder. Were a dozen such defending yon coast, the Alectryons could not boast of roasting or of smoking men alive."

"What?"

"It is a literal fact. A number of the natives, with their wives I think and children, had taken to a cave. They

would not leave it and surrender. Poor devils, they were fighting for their homes, their gods, their freedom. What business had they to stand upon a trifle like submission, because they were brave men? So the captain of the Alectryons stopped up the cavern's mouth with stones, and heaping brushwood at it set fire thereto; and not a man came out alive!"

"You sicken me."

"If such facts do, we had better end our journeying here. But you will get used to it. And now, after the tragedy, let the curtain rise to farce. Do you know why I looked at you when the Jactantian answered that gesticulation and taunt of his countrymen? Bend down your ear."

Alethitheras did so, and drew back in amazement, in disgust.

"It is true," said Philoscommon; "those were the very words. And our Marquis could answer in his own style the fellow whose fingers he would not deign to touch. I told you that his crust of decency was only puff-paste."

"Horrible manners! I would we were rid of him."

"To your wish."

The little Jactantian's luggage was already in one of the boats. He stepped forward now, and bidding cordially goodbye to our travelers, or rather to Alethi, without saying he should be happy to see him in his home and without so much as noticing the captain whose wine and segars he had made such use of, his little weazen face disappeared over the ship's bulwarks.

CHAPTER IV.

They go up Tarik's Mountain, and are rewarded by free lodgings in Quarantine, where both get bitten, and Alethi pleasurably.

THE Captain proposing to our travelers to visit the Fortress, the three went ashore together, and under guidance of one of the garrison ascended the height. There, in kennels of the solid rock, couched the huge war-dogs whose grim muzzles yawned threateningly on the channel below. The fortress seemed impregnable, if any such can be to resolute and persevering men; and Alethitheras descended into the warm sunshine on the shadeless road with a strong impression of the power of that great, arrogant, and unscrupulous nation whose insular home he meant one day to visit.

That evening, leaning on the rail, as the vessel glided gently yet rapidly by the heights of Nadagar, whose romantic loveliness in the purple twilight filled our traveler's soul with delicious softness, Alethitheras pondered with fuller intelligence the story of the effeminate Maurusian king, who, loitering a fugitive on the spot which still is known as his "*Last Sigh*," *wept like a woman for what he could not defend like a man.*

The next day, they passed in sight the island of Cyrnos, where of old the savage people fed on honey that was bitter in the mouth, and from whose mountain nest in later times soared the eagle whose portentous wings shadowed half the

earth, and the next day's sun glared dazzling on their white reefed topsails in the harbor of Liburnum.

Scarcely were they anchored, when a man came on board from a boat with a yellow flag, and conferred some minutes with the master, then returned to the shore. Thereupon, the latter with a grim smile informed his passengers they were in quarantine for fifteen days; ten for their port of departure, and five for stopping not so many hours at Gebel-al-Tarik.

"But we have a clean bill of health," said Alethi; "and we left in mid-winter."

"Ay, but we have sugar on board, and the boxes are strapped with hides."

"This is excellent!" cried Philoscommon, in great glee. "And what do we carry in our own hides from Gebel-al-Tarik? We found no sugar on the hill-side, and we caught no smallpox from the breeches of the cannon."

"No, but we passed through a street of the town and stopped ten minutes at the consul's office," said the skipper, with another smile.

"Nothing more then can be said," replied Philosc, with gravity. "Such wisdom establishes the mathematical paradox, that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Let us profit by it. When next we cross the seas, we will call for the manifest of the cargo before we take passage, and if we must have our haven a place of torment we will eschew all purgatories by the way."

"That is a sorry jest," said Alethitheras.

"No, it is a gay one. They laugh who win. If fever should break out in the Lazaret, we may get what we did not bring."

"You are consolatory," said his companion, not overpleased.

"No, I am monitory. Forewarned is forearmed, they say. 'Tis the wisdom of pratique, and the practice of quar-

antine. But suppose the skipper board us, we need not go to the Lazaret."

The Captain proved refractory, even to a tempting offer; and Alethitheras, disgusted with his disobligingness, did not strive to persuade him. The barque came to the quarantine wharf. There a handsome young fellow of the country offered himself as servant to be shut up with our travelers, and as Philoscommon could not deny the advantage of securing him, he was gladly engaged at so much a day, and put himself at once and zealously, and as if he were used to it, to the work. So our travelers with their man, and the opera-singer with her children, were ferried on and across a greenish-yellow ditch, a gate opened in the hospital wall, and they were at once in their prison.

It was a large quadrangle, almost completely shut in by rows of stone houses having wide arched openings on the ground floor, and narrow straight doorways leading by stone steps to the single story above, which was floored with bricks and totally unfurnished. But the lodging was rent-free, as Philoscommon advised his friend with an affected air of much satisfaction.

"So let us choose the grandest," he added. "And here is one with rooms on both sides. What a particularly refreshing atmosphere!" It was like a vault.

"We shall mold here," said Alethi, looking already as if he were about to suffer the incrustation.

"Or live like toads in stone," rejoined his consoler; "for, like them, as we are in by accident so we shall get out without our will. But come, you shall see how comfortable we can be even under St. Lazarus. So, my man with the velvet jacket —— What is your name?"

"Pais, gentlemen," answered the handsome Anastesian.

"So, get us quickly here fire and everything that is needful and comfortable. — We must be generous," he added in their own tongue to his companion, "since the sanitary

powers oblige us with these handsome chambers without other cost than compelling us to live in them."

A fire of faggots was soon crackling on the hearth, and they had scarcely finished their ablutions and changed their clothes before Pais brought in a well-cooked and neatly served supper, in which a kind of boiled paste looking like clay pipe-stems and dressed with butter and grated cheese played a conspicuous and acceptable part, and a large flask of a sweetish purple wine stopped with a plug of cotton wool smeared with oil at the inner end.

When the repast was over, whereat the philosopher seeing Alethi's cheerfulness took occasion to remark how much good eating has to do with a pleasant temper, Velvet-Jacket took down to the ground floor for his own consumption the ample remains of the eatables and the greatest part of the flask of cloying wine, lighted a curious four-branched brazen lamp, and left, at Alethi's order, for the night.

"That bottle will go back empty to-morrow," said Philosc, "and stopperless too; for they who smoke your passport with sulphur, as they are sure to do, will hardly let that bit of cotton go from you outside. It is a precautionary wisdom in which the Anastesians surpass the rest of the world, and it is one reason of their commercial prosperity. When we get back to Medamou, I intend to advise the coating of all new-come foreigners with pitch, and to force them to conduct their inspiration and expiration through a stove-pipe, set always to leeward, for forty days. Thus you see we shall not have lived here in vain."

The next morning the schoolmaster, completely dressed, came from his own room into Alethi's, which served them for parlor.

"How did you pass the night?" he asked, with a very pathetic look.

"Like one of the damned," replied Alethi. "Why, could *you* sleep?"

Philoscommon rubbed his back, and, first giving vent to a roar of laughter, replied:

"Απολλυμαι δειλαιος· εκ του σκιμποδος
Δακνουσι μ' εξερποντες οἱ Κορινθιοι,
Και τας πλευρας δαρδαπτουσιν,
Και την ψυχην εκπινουσιν,
Και —— ahem! ——
* * *
Και μ' απολουσιν."

"Look there!" exclaimed Alethi tragically, lifting with somewhat fastidious fingers his night-shirt and showing in every plait in the neck either a flea or the marks of one.

"Why that is nothing," returned Philos. "The pretty creatures. There is enough of them in Anastasia to carry away the house, if they only got under the rafters instead of our ribs. But what are you gazing at?" he added, as Alethitheras, holding still the tragic garment by the collar, looked out at the window with all his eyes. "*Per Venerem!* you are bitten now, I think; but it is by another sort of insect," as he saw the object of attraction.

The court of the Lazaret was coated with a smooth crust of asphaltum and sand, which sloped from every side toward the centre, that the rains might flow into the cistern under it by certain openings made near a pump, cased rather handsomely in marble, the openings giving admission also to the overflow of all the water-jugs which were filled at the pump as well as the drippings of the spout itself. This pump was directly opposite our travelers' windows. Beyond it diagonally was a break in the rows of houses, where the ditch might be seen, and certain sheds, and the country beyond. To the right of this opening and within the court was an angular building windowed all around and from top to bottom, not big enough for a chapel nor open enough for a summer-house. Within this again, commenced the row

which stood at right angles with that where our travelers were lodged, and at its very extremity, where it abutted on this last row, yawned the gate which had given admittance to these reluctant tenants. When its valves were closed behind them, Alethi, looking around, had seen over the gate the faces, singularly handsome, of several very dark men, whose heads were covered with flat turbans. These men were now assembled in the court, enjoying the February sun. By their costume they were Maurusians; and the quality of the stuff and the mien of the bearers showed they were but ordinary persons. Two other men whose faces he had not before seen were standing together beyond the pump and near the glass building. A young girl was near them, dressed also as a Maurusian, wearing her girdle as in her country virgins wear it, but having on her head no vail. She was as singularly handsome even for a woman as the first-named group were for men. Her complexion was something like in tint an apricot, with a redder spot in the cheeks like the sun-kissed portion of the fruit. Her mouth, beautifully formed, but rather sad, harmonized in expression with large, long, pensive eyes of a black like velvet, and the oval of her visage added to the beauty of the fine straight nose, whose faultless outlines gave in turn new elegance to it. Philoscommon saw in an instant that the girl was not yet aware of his companion's observation. But, as he turned to watch the effect of her beauty upon the latter, Alethi, with a flush over all his face, dropped the shirt, seized his hat and darted down stairs. Philoscommon anxiously followed.

The girl was no longer visible, but the two men that had been near her were holding-to by the knob the furthest door of one of the houses, and laughing heartily. Alethitheras went directly to the door, when they let it go, retreating with a kind of deference. Out came the maiden from the house, looked at the traveler, dropped her eyes with a faint blush, and disappeared in the house adjoining.

"What are you about?" said Philoscommon. "Are fifteen days not enough for you in this prison?"

"What right had those fools to shut the girl up?"

"It is well they do not understand you, or they might answer you, for all the deference they seem to pay to what they suppose your better rank, that the girl was their companion and not yours, and bid you mind your own business."

"In fact, I was wrong," said Alethi, a little abashed. But he looked aside at the door where the girl had disappeared, then up at the windows of her lodging, as if the admission were not very sincere.

"That is frankly said," returned Philosc, "though I wish you laid it more to heart than you seem to do. Do you know the laws of this place? Had those men not receded from you, or had you touched the girl, you would have had the difference in their time for pratique added to your own. You do not seem to think it would have mattered. But perhaps those men were wiser, and backed from you out of fear for themselves, more than from deference as I first thought."

Alethi let him talk; and the ugly little Mentor, seeing how it was with the former, drew his shoulders for a moment nearer to his monstrous head, and followed him more gravely than usual back to their lodgings, the handsome Maurusian men looking on all the while with as much surprise as their smooth and passionless features seemed to be capable of expressing. But they said nothing to one another.

CHAPTER V.

Alethitheras finds the insect that bit him, but fails to catch it. They climb the tower at Clinèpurgos, and meet on top a nondescript.

The monotony of quarantine continued unbroken. The eating was still good on both sides, the fleas and the travelers. In the way of sleeping, the former continued to have the best of it, for they did theirs by day. But if misery makes one acquainted with strange bedfellows, habit makes us indifferent to their company, said Philoscommon, declaring for his part that his back was so well-flea'd he would be able to set it up against even the bugs of Socrates. The Maurusians, the males alone, still sunned themselves in the court, and, the singing-lady with her children appearing there also, Alethitheras improved the occasion, as well as gratified his courteous and benevolent temper, by exercising himself in her native tongue in frequent converse with her. If from time to time he looked up to the rows of windows on the portal side of the hospital, or expected to see a young and more graceful form than Madame's make shine some narrow doorway of the lodgings, it was in vain. He had not forgot to question Pais adroitly, but gathered nothing from him more than the bald fact of his seeing the girl conversing through the grating of the Parlor with some visitors from the outside who looked to be of the country, but whose mode of speech he could not distinguish. Philosc, whom he forgot to question, might have told him more; which was, that on

a certain day, when he alone was at the open casement, the maiden had appeared in the court a moment, and looked diffidently up to the window, where to his great satisfaction and amusement she met a head that might have been to her amusement, but was certainly not to her satisfaction, for she did not look again, and, when another head appeared, was gone.

One day however, the Captain in his barge appeared in the canal or ditch at the opening we have indicated, and bowing to our friends in the window they forgot his late disobligingness and went out to him. After the interview, Velvet-Jacket came to announce visitors.

"Visitors!" exclaimed Alethi.

"Hotel-servants, with cards of their masters' accommodations," said Philos, turning sharply to Velvet-Jacket. "They have heard we shall soon be out, and take time by the forelock."

"Let us go, nevertheless," rejoined Alethi. "I want to see the talking-room."

Pais led the way to a long gallery opposite the entrance-gate. On one side, the right, was a solid wall, on the left a partition of iron rails, which served as a barrier between the inmates of the Lazaret and their visitors.

"And there are our friends," said Philos. "Did n't I tell you?"

But Alethi was already pre-occupied, and the visitors thrust through the bars their cards in vain. From the further end, where indeed was the door of egress through which in five days they would pass to freedom, was seen approaching rapidly, but with uncertain step and head more than once cast down, the Maurusian maiden. Alethi impulsively stepped toward her, a movement which a side look from her long black eyes and a deep blush which spread all over her sunny cheek might well accelerate, but ere the fatal contact, from which the girl herself did not seem to shrink, (perhaps

the narrow space did not admit of retreat,) was arrested by Philoscommon, who for the second time raised his voice in warning. Perhaps it would have been in vain, had not Velvet-Jacket himself ventured to remind the gentleman that the young lady would have pratique in a day or two, and if he touched her she might, for aught he knew, be obliged to remain till the end of his own term of confinement. Our traveler instantly retreated, with a half inclination of the head, which the girl appeared to acknowledge, by bending down her own, as, with another sidelong glance, she passed with flushed cheek, and not unpleased, into the court.

"Are you a candidate for the rite of Canaan?" asked Philosc.

"Why?"

"That girl is of the Chosen People. At least, the men with her are Leipoderms."

"What matter is it?"

"When one is stung, if the insect came from the Temple or was hatched in the rug of a mosque? None whatever. Only, if I must be bitten, I would not let that fellow see me scratch."

"You are wonderfully nice of a sudden."

"No, by Pollux, not for myself but you. For me, like Diogenes, all the world might see my amours and welcome. Only I think they would be in doubts whether I was not pretending," added the toothless mouth, assuming at the same time a look of voluptuousness so unsurpassably ugly, that Alethi lost the displeasure of his disappointment in mirth, and only ceased smiling when he saw the girl, whose retreating figure he had followed with his eyes, turn half round as she entered the door of her lodging, and dart from the intense blackness of her own orbs a flash as sudden, as rapid, as vivid, and in one sense as fatal, as lightning.

"That was a Parthian arrow," said the schoolmaster, as he saw where the bolt had entered.

They saw no more of her. The fifth day came, and after breakfast Pais re-entered with a small quarto parchment-covered book in his hand. Looking particularly amiable, as he spread it before Alethi, he hoped the two gentlemen would add their recommendation of his services to the many that were already there written.

"Not I," said Alethi to Philosc in their own tongue. "I know nothing about him."

"I do," said the philosopher. "Give it to me." Dipping a pen slowly in the inkstand, as if to give him time for thought, he wrote as follows:

> "Would you a caterer? Pais is to your wish;
> He'll eat for two, and drink like any fish.
> A chamberlain? None better for your ease,
> To shake your bed, or stock it full of fleas."

Velvet-Jacket saw the expression in Alethi's face, as he turned with silent reproach to Philoscommon, and looked distrustful.

"I see," said the latter, as if replying to his friend's reproof, "you think I have not said enough. Here then."

He took the pen again, and turning his proboscis upward for a moment, — a delightful movement which suggested to Alethitheras the pangs of parturition, and made the valet almost forget their presence, he brought into the light this additional birth:

> "Take him howe'er, and bless your happy lot;
> He 's handsome, — which St. Lazarus is not."

Without waiting for comment, he signed it "Phil. and Al."

"No," said Alethi resolutely.

Philosc erased the "and," and wrote over it "for."

"Nor that."

"O! my master objects," said Philoscommon, turning to the astonished servant, "that I have only given my own

name. There, you have now both of us." And he wrote, instead of "for," "not."

"*Master!*" exclaimed at last the Velvet-Jacket. "I thought the gentlemen were friends, and had hoped they would employ me further."

"You see we shall not need you," said Alethi, giving something additional to the stipulated wages, while he looked again reproachfully at Philosc, but this time on another account than the epigram.

"And with that recommendation to boot, you are better paid, my friend, than I think you have ever been before. Set on. A long good bye to Lazarus; but not to fleas, nor yet to fleecing."

It being a Saturday when they made egress from the Lazaret into the town, Alethitheras was seized with a desire to see the Leipodermian meeting-house. His companion said it was a preparation for the rite, and on the way dilated on the operation, which he described in every detail, the knife, the notched plate, the sand-cup and the styptic-vase, declared he would swallow a full mouthful of the ensanguined wine, and supplicated to be made the operator, that he might have a remnant of his friend to take with him into his own coffin; all of which particulars, with certain unctuous prolusions on the adaptation of the rite to females, and the use of the grammatical figure of apocope, which, he said, though he had often taught it before, he had never had till now an opportunity of realizing in *propriis quæ maribus*, seemed to afford him great refreshment. You would have thought he longed for the performance of the act which was to make his friend free forever, as he said, from danger of phimosis.

The Maurusian men were not on the floor of the meeting-house, nor yet the maiden in the gallery.

"Did you see her?" asked Philos, when they had returned to the street.

"Whom? How do you know she belongs to that people? Let us go to the Leipodermian Quarter."

"Observant ubi festa mero pede sabbata reges,
Et vetus indulget senibus clementia porcis.

I never said she did. I but told you she was in the company of such: and my informer was no apostle. But why should she be one thing in religion more than another? She may be a Salaman: the faiths are not unlike. What shall we do for pastime? Shall we enter one of the Jesousian temples? Or will you rather wait till we pass the spot where, when the sea flowed there, the doorkeeper of Heaven moored his boat, and building an altar celebrated divine service on his way to the metropolis where he was to be buried, — both events being equally true? Which really now are the more superstitious, these Leipod'ermi we have left, who, under the monstrous idea of its being Heaven-inculcated, adhere to a rite which they obviously borrowed from their taskmasters, although it is no longer needed in these climates, (if, with proper cleanliness and cold water, it ever were anywhere,) or these modern Anastesians who, claiming to be enlightened by celestial revelation, tread in the very steps of their heathen ancestors in almost every superstitious belief, as you will have occasion to see."

"There," he resumed in a whisper, as hat in hand they stepped within the principal church: "look at those anathemata or *ex-voto*. If you had been brought here in a sound sleep and suddenly woke up, would you not think you were in an ancient temple?

'Me tabula sacer
Votiva paries'— *etcetera*."

The schoolmaster's eyes were bent on the collection of baby-things, as they appeared, — little legs, and arms, and hearts, and other memorials, mostly covered with tinsel, which were strung upon an image of a favorite saint or hung

before it, in performance of a vow or in gratitude for his supposed intercession in the cure of maladies in the corresponding parts of the givers' bodies. "And there is almost the very thing — *uvido maris deo* — a bit of a fishingnet and miniature oar." He looked up at his tall companion, to see if he was struck with this new proof that few human follies change. Alethitheras was affording an especial one of his own.

Service was not yet over. On two chairs directly in front of them, knelt two young girls in the captivating costume of the country. The black lace vail, thrown over the gilded comb, the large filagree gilt earrings, indicated, as well as the quality of their dress, their inferior condition. Both had turned their heads to observe the strangers, their knees still bent upon the hard seat, their little brownish hands on the top of the chair-back, while their eyes gravely sought the fresher objects which awoke an interest livelier than the accustomed rites in which they had no direct participation. Both were handsome; but one, whose large black eyes were bent with a pensive earnestness on Alethi's face alone, was the very image of the Maurusian of the Lazaret. There was the old blush too, carrying the sun-spot in her pearly cheek more and more over all the surface, and now, as Alethi's own cheek colored, a smile, still pensive but enchantingly sweet, curled slightly the corners of her melancholy mouth and left the likeness unmistakable.

Philoscommon did not swear internally; his reverence for religion, even where he had no sympathy for what he considered its mistaken rites, was too sincere for that; but, for once at least in his life, he ceased to look jocose.

The service is over; and now the saddened schoolmaster sees the handsome girl, as her very graceful figure leaves its awkward form of prayer, lift her eyes suddenly to his companion with a flash like that he had witnessed in the Lazaret, — rapid, vivid fatal, — lightning from a cloud of mid-

night blackness. The next moment the victim, escaping from the kindly hand that was laid upon his sleeve, was threading the crowd of worshipers in pursuit of the two maidens.

They did not lead him far. The town is not of great extent, and their course was a direct one; not into the quarter of the Leipoderms, but yet into a street of humble houses, into one of which they both entered, the beauty of the Lazaret looking now timidly and softly from the corner of her pensive eyes, and with that dangerous smile of her melancholy mouth made still more dangerous by a subdued and reserved expression still more sad than usual. It was evident she had imparted nothing to her companion, for the latter looked surprised when turning she became aware of the presence of the two strangers, and seemed coquettishly to impute the attraction to herself.

Alethi passed the house, repassed it, his friend and seeming valet, much annoyed, still following; but it was in vain. The damsel could not or would not reappear, at door or window.

"Philos′," said the former, when his companion had come up, and after looking back once more before they turned a corner, "we shall not go to Clinèpurgos to-day."

"So I thought," said the philosopher gravely. "How will you pass the time? There is nothing in this place worth seeing — of things inanimate, — save perhaps the marble statue of the prince; one of the figures at the base is by a famous hand. Or will you yield to some of the many good people who were so anxious to please you they would scarcely let us leave the hotel? Shall we go to the artist in gems, for instance, and have your likeness cut in cammeo, to send home to *the girl you left behind you?*"

"That is rather hard," said Alethi, wincing.

"Did your conscience tell you so? — In fact, my dear Alethi, what are you about? Is this to see the world?"

"A part of it, certainly. I should like, I confess, to know if that black-eyed girl be really a Maurusian, or what she now appears. She wore both habits naturally, and" ——

"Charmingly. 'Tis easy, with her double-dealing sex. And is that all?"

"Well — you certainly must admit she is very beautiful, and has a form!" ——

"I am not good at figures. Can you bear the truth?"

"From you? Philos'!"

"That is very easy to exclaim. Men frequently go further, and solicit censure; but they are generally disappointed and soured when they get it. I will venture though. This girl, you see by her surroundings, is of the lower classes. That she is beautiful I will not gainsay. But she is disposed, I think, like most women, to trade upon her charms." —

"No, no. She is innocent, I would swear."

"I did not think you so prone to perjury. He who would vouch for the innocence of a woman must be very inexperienced, or very simple, or very honest. I put no faith in any of them. If you saw the coy, half-meeting half-averted look, and the repressed and melancholy smile, so did I the flash of fire from the darkest and most dangerous eyes I ever saw in woman. How the mere mention of it drives the blood into your cheeks! Alethi, that girl is mistress of her art, though she may not much have practiced it. All women who are beauties have it naturally; the miss of fourteen spreads her nets as dexterously as the stale coquette of forty, and much more effectively as the bait is fresher. Twice has this masquerading damsel struck you to the heart by a look purposely directed for that purpose. Do you think that when she smiled so sadly, yet so sweetly, it was to tell you not to come again, and how sorry she was to be obliged to leave you?"

"I will not say. There is a mystery at least I would like to fathom in that, as in her dress."

"No doubt, no doubt. Even in Alethitheras' breast, Eros supplies an argument that is mere sham. But he who reasons with a lover is a greater fool than the lover himself. How much time do you mean to devote to this object?"

"I do not understand you."

"We have not come out to chase butterflies. But while the blood is heated in pursuit it is vain to call upon the urchin to give over, who will never tire while the insect keeps flitting near him, allowing him to almost touch her and but starting off afresh to lure him on, though to catch her is to take the plumy armor from her wings and mar her form, her flight perhaps, forever. You did not think I had so much poetry in me, did you? Sometimes truth and poetry are one; and this is now an instance. How long will you chase this gorgeous insect? What will you do with her, if caught?"

"Perhaps but count the spots upon her wings. I do not know. Do not ask me, dear Philos'. Have patience but a little."

"But how long? We have not come for this, I must remind you. I will not speak of what you left behind you. But this I say, if honor now not bind you, — why, 'tis a very altered man I find you."

Alethi laughed. The seeming nonsense of the rhymes had just the effect the improvvisator intended: love and laughter, though alliterative, are rarely if ever congenerous. "Well, give me to-morrow, dear Philos'. And if then I do not see this butterfly again, I'll put on my hat and play the boy no longer."

He kept his word; and without further talk of the insect, though Alethi by his sadness seemed to have her all the while in mind, they arrived at Clinèpurgos. Here the admiranda are grouped together conveniently in one place. They examined with pleasure the three famed gates of the cathedral. Then they wandered through the not less famous

cemetery. There the Mentor took pains to point out to Telemachus the picture of Noah inebriate. A young female flying from the sight looks back upon the naked patriarch, but covers her face with her hand. "You see," said the sage, "there is space enough between her fingers. If she has not spread them purposely, she may be thought at least to use them."

"It is a gross conception," said Alethitheras, "and derogatory to the art, as much else we see in the sacred subjects of this place."

"But it is not the less natural," returned the sage.

"Nature needs selection," rejoined Alethi; "and it shows a vulgar mind to choose ignoble attributes where noble ones would represent her better."

"I not deny it," was the surrejoinder: "I but called your notice to it for an object. Of such a type is the modesty of your innocent Maurusian."

"I shall never put it to the test," said Alethi, rather regretfully.

"I hope not, — in Noah's way," said Philoscommon.

They entered the Tower. A subsidence in the earth had caused it to lean in such a way that it seemed to threaten its own eversion; but the solidity of the masonry was such that time had had no effect on its consistence. It stood a deformity; the beauty designed by the architect having disappeared to leave but a monument to the integrity and skill of the builder. Yet such is the declination that when our travelers, arrived at the summit, stepped outside on the narrow space around, though Philoscommon remarked that the line of gravity still fell within the base of the structure, it made his tall companion almost nervous as he saw the wall behind him seemingly in the very act of falling. As they leaned against it, there came out on the same place of view a man about thirty years old who was dressed in a manner to caricature a fashion, had the cut of his clothes been moderately

in the mode. But it was not. A high black hat, whose crown was a truncated cone and brim was as flat and narrow as the edge of a dinner-plate; a dark blue frock, padded and frogged on the breast, with broad black ribbons crossing from row to row of the long frogs and pendent from them with detached ends, the top of the skirt stuffed and gathered in plaits so as to make the hips still fuller and give still more slenderness to the constricted waist; trowsers bagged and plaited at the hips and tight at the ancles, where the varnished boots were armed behind with an enormous pair of gilt spurs; a riding-whip in his hand; the absurdity of his appearance was not the less conspicuous by a consciousness apparent in his very ordinary, but savagely moustached face, that it really was so. He looked at Philoscommon distrustfully, as the latter observed in his own tongue to Alethi:

"Has the fellow left his horse below, or has he come up here as to a horse-block? Does n't he look like a poet, with those long ringlets? If a reasonably big cloud were now to descend, one might expect to see him leap upon it and straddle it for a hippogriff. I'll ask him what the time is. — Sir," he said, addressing with grave politeness the coxcomb in the Alectryonic tongue, "might I put you to the trouble to tell me the time of day?"

The knight of the clouds drew out a watch from the right side of his waistband, then another from a pocket on the left, and comparing the two replied: "Noon, less a quarter. The hour, I see, is not much later here than in Lutetia. I have both times."

"You are then a Lutetian, sir. I judged as much from your accent."

"I have that honor," answered the gentleman of the frogs, evidently much pleased.

"It is an honor," resumed Philosc. "I read it also in the novelty of your costume, which really puts us both to shame."

Before the Lutetian could muster up his wits, the schoolmaster led the way for his companion, more annoyed than amused, to the stairs within.

That very afternoon, whom should they see at the public table of their hotel, but the man of spurs. He sat at the head of the table, and with his hat on during the whole meal, although no other man, even of his own countrymen, if any such were present, was so distinguished. He rose before the dessert was served and passed down the whole length of the room toward the door, near which our travelers were placed. As he came opposite Philos, the latter hailed him in Alectryon.

"Pardon, sir — but I am delighted with your hat. It is so distinguished, and becomes you so much, as you wear it, I must ask you where to buy one like it."

Shallow though he was, Alectryon saw the ridiculousness of a quarrel with the owner of the proboscis, and looked around him as if seeking some proper object for his wrath, and finally pitched on Alethi; but as no one smiled, and the latter looked more than serious, he lifted his beaver and waving it toward Philoscommon said:

"I would give you this, if you could get it on that head."

"I could on the top of it," instantly replied Philosc; "but you will excuse me; I see now it would make me look too like a fool."

The Lutetian put on his extinguisher, and vanished with the light of his countenance through the open door.

CHAPTER VI.

They go to the City of Art, where Alethi gives a lesson to a would-be dilletante.

THERE was nothing to detain them in the city of the leaning tower, and they set out for Clytètechnè. It was stipulated that the conveyance should carry them through at once. But about half-way the driver stopped. They supposed it was to change horses; but presently the keeper of the hostelry came out to invite them in to supper.

"But we don't want supper. We want to proceed," replied Alethi.

"That is impossible," said the host. "The gentlemen will stop for the night."

"We shall do no such thing," returned Alethi, still more positively. "Send that rascal to us."

"Whom, sir?"

"The driver."

"If you move him," observed Philos', "I shall believe in miracles."

The driver came. "Put-to your horses, instantly," said Alethi imperiously.

"It is impossible, sir."

"Fellow! Remember the stipulation."

"Certainly. But the road is beset by banditti."

"Pshaw!" said Alethi contemptuously. "Besides, that is our business."

"With the gentleman's leave, I think it is mine," returned

the driver, with an emphasis as obstinate as the cut of his face and the massiveness of his chest and shoulders.

"You will not then go?" said the traveler in suppressed rage.

"No, sir."

"Then mark me: you get no drink-money."

The fellow shrugged his shoulders.

"You will see," said Philosc, as they set to work to get out their valuables, "how he will behave to-morrow. I should have warned you, that in this country the drivers are all in league with the inn-keepers, and a written contract is always needful."

On their way to their room, which Alethi, determined not to be cheated further than he was obliged to be, ordered to be prepared at once, as they would not take supper, they passed the door of the kitchen. On the floor sat the driver with another fellow opposite him similarly seated, and a motley group standing round them. The two were playing dice at a game which the schoolmaster told Alethi was very ancient, and were coarsely and extravagantly noisy, and used violent gesticulations. Alethi touched the driver's shoulder with his sheathed umbrella.

"You will see," he said "to the portmanteaus."

"Presently," said the man, without moving, then crying in his uncouth and unintelligible way to his antagonist some point in the game, which he had made while answering Alethi.

"This is unbearable," said Alethi in his own tongue. "Philos', watch a moment till I place these things in safety, and I will arrange the matter."

This was effected, by a distinct threat to the landlord, that unless everything was instantly brought up to their bedrooms, they would return to the carriage and pass the night therein.

They might have better. The air of the double room,

which was over the stable, was horribly redolent of the execrable stifling odor of the stalls, and the fleas, which had not supped for many a night perhaps, made the most of their opportunity.

"I would advise you not to breakfast," said Philoscommon in the morning, "only I know it will be set down along with supper in the bill. So you might as well have the worth of your money." But the breakfast was uneatable; the bread sour, heavy and badly baked, the eggs scarcely turned, and the coffee a decoction of burnt acorns and chicory. Alethi was in a bad humor. Philos′ looked as if he expected amusement.

There was a new driver. But the old stood at the open door of the carriage, and put out his hand.

"Proceed," said the traveler to the new driver.

The driver never budged. "Do you hear me?" repeated Alethi. He sat inflexible. The group of gamblers stood around the old driver, and the host watched maliciously from the sill of the inn-door.

"Mark me," resumed Alethi, in a louder voice and with great distinctness. "The fellow who drove us hither goes without his bounty. Unless you start, this very instant, I promise you you shall fare as ill."

There was a turn of the driver's shoulder, and he beckoned to one of the bystanders, who shut the door of the carriage. The reins were drawn up rather more tightly, the whip raised a little, but the horses did not move.

"Let *me*," said Philos′. "Hark you, my friend. If you delay one minute longer, we take another vehicle, and besides will have you before the magistrate." The whip cracked, the horses started.

"What a set!" cried the first driver. "But the old one is more of a man than the master."

"If I were n't, we should change places," roared Philos′ at the window.

"The devil go with you both!" cried the fellow after them.

"Amen!" said Philosc, as he sat down. "So we shall have good driving."

When they reached the end of the journey, Alethi settled for the fare through the bookkeeper of the hotel. Philosc, who was busy at the time with the luggage, as beseemed his ostensible function, asked him what he had paid for drink-money. Alethi told him. Philosc laughed heartily.

"You see," he said, "they are all in league, as I told you. The clerk of this respectable place has actually made you pay double what is usual; and the half of it will go to the driver you left unrequited."

"But he had earned nothing but a whipping," said Alethi.

"If you could have given it; certainly not. But in this land, they make the drink-money a thing of course, and expect it under all circumstances."

"It is a vile habit," said the younger traveler. "Is every land we shall visit cursed with a system so demoralizing?"

"All civilized lands that I know of, except Isopoliteia."

"Ah, how I long to get there!"

The schoolmaster shrugged his shoulders and replied, "*Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.*"

Clytètechnè kept them several weeks; for there was no end of the goodly things to see. One day, in a room of the noble gallery where is a famous statue of the goddess of beauty, they observed among other gazers a Chiliopolitan whom they had met in his native place. He recognized the strangers and bowed courteously.

"How are you pleased?" asked Alethi.

"Delighted! enchanted!" replied the Chiliopolitan. "I scarcely can express my wonderment, my ravishment!" He clasped his little hands as he spoke, and looked upward; but his face was all but blank. "And you?" he added, as he dropped his upward looks and unbent his fingers.

"I am disappointed," said Alethi. "The stains and reparations take away all enjoyment. I see, after some study, that it is of admirable symmetry — though I speak diffidently in the matter. But the great statue at the end of the gallery you first enter is to my taste worth a thousand such."

The Chiliopolitan looked slightly contemptuous; but there were some one or two of the little crowd who looked as if they were relieved by what Alethi said, as if, in fact, he had said what they might wish but would not dare to say. Philoscommon observed it, and, to improve the occasion, said, so as to be heard:

"You mean the dying man who wrestles with the enormous snake?"

"I do," replied Alethi. "The sculptor who wrought that one figure in the group is the master of all masters I have seen. Here in this statue of female beauty is little more than exquisite workmanship; in the other there is genius as well as skill. He who wrought it was what an artist should be — a poet, and — a man."

"Right," cried Philosc. "And the soul of him who wrought this dainty figure was effeminate."

Two of the listeners had already moved toward the door when Alethi ceased to speak, and now the rest of them went with one impulse to look at the statue of the man in agony. None was left but the Chiliopolitan, and he was busy admiring two pictures of a similar subject with his former study and painted by the first of colorists, but painted with even less commendable effect.

"I was glad to hear you," said Philoscommon, when they were alone.

"What, speak as I thought?" said Alethitheras with a smile.

"No, that is nothing new, but read a lesson which has made good critics of those who heard you, at least for this

one theme. I would have added something, but that I feared to be misinterpreted."

"What was that?"

"I would have said it was the noblest of all illustrations of those memorable and pathetic words: *My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?*"

CHAPTER VII.

How the traveler found what was lost, and continued his journey pleasantly to Ariospolis.

ANNOYED by his recent traveling-experience, Alethi proposed that they should try the public conveyance to Ariospolis.

"By all means, said his companion cheerfully. "That is the only way to travel. Odysseus saw not only the cities of many nations, but made himself acquainted with the minds, that is, the characteristics of their inhabitants. Your private coach suits only those who are indifferent to humanity; and hence it is so extensively used by the Philautians, who esteem no other race of men than their own, and who return to their own foggy island about as wise in useful knowledge as when they left it."

In the stage-coach were two women of the country, and a man in whom they recognized the Chiliopolitan. So far the advantages of their plebeian mode of travel were not obvious, as though Philoscommon could readily converse with both of the women, Alethitheras could not understand without difficulty either of them, although he could make himself understood by them. To avoid the male traveler therefore, who was insipid and tiresome, Alethi varied his talk with his friend by reading. They passed a night in an ob-

scure place, and the next day arrived at a somewhat noted city on a hill. Here all the passengers got out. The Chiliopolitan, driveling all the way, accompanied our pair to the only collection of art which the town could exhibit, although it was the birthplace of a painter better known through the fame of his illustrious pupil than by his own pencil. The Chiliopolitan, doting as usual on the stained and mutilated relics of antiquity, had no eyes for anything fresh. Accordingly, Alethi having discovered something admirable in a group of the Graces, he could scarcely be induced to turn back two steps to see it.

"But you overlook," said Alethi, "the name of the sculptor. It is, you see, by the famous Cellavinaria."

"No, it is n't," said the connoisseur with peevishness: "Cellavinaria was a Marquis."

"But he was a cavalier before he was a Marquis, and simple Notiano Cellavinaria before he was either," returned Alethi with a smile. "Nay, look there," he continued, pointing to the back of the plinth.

The Chiliopolitan approached, rather impatiently and disdainfully, and read to his great vexation: "Presented by the Marquis Notiano Cellavinaria to the city of Rusepia."

When the coach started again, the Chiliopolitan suddenly discovered he was tired of its slowness and remained behind.

"I never thought we should be indebted to the Graces for such a riddance," observed the schoolmaster.

"Yet are they not the patronesses of whatever is amiable?" suggested his friend.

"True, and must abhor the soulless jargon of dilletanteism, as all that is insincere and simulated. But, the devil! they are giving us too much of the amiable, I fear," he added, as he set his foot after Alethi on the step of their vehicle, and saw, instead of one of the women, who had remained at the mountain-city, which was her home, the beautiful Maurusian of the Lazaret. Alethi had already

planted himself beside her, and her eyes were bent down on a sort of flexible basket or osier reticule in her lap, with whose double handle she fumbled, only too conscious, and giving through her sunny cheeks a more than welcome. "It is of no use to kick against the pricks — even where it is no stuff of the conscience," exclaimed the philosopher, who had made himself as familiar with the evangelism of Jesousian nations as with their literature; "so, as I can't prevent you, I will do as I would be done by, and make love to this middle-aged lady." And he set himself to work accordingly, with his ugly phiz, but most delightful tongue.

"What a happiness!" said Alethi earnestly, but softly, to the damsel with the reticule. "I feared I should never see you again."

There was no answer, and no look; but the reddened cheek grew redder, and the little brown fingers played nervously in and out the overlapping handles of the basket. He spoke in Anastesian, and was half in doubt if she understood him; but he continued, with the same tone:

"I hope I did not offend you that day in the Lazaret. I did not stop to think if those men had any right to play that trick upon you. Were they your friends?"

A voice, round, rich, yet soft in tone, answered in the same noble tongue, but with an accent that was perceptibly foreign even to Alethi's ear.

"They were my uncles."

"Are you then Maurusian?"

"On one side."

"Which?"

"The father's, sir."

"It was such a mystery to me to see you in a church in the costume of the country, whom but a few days before I had met as an Abylan." —

The girl looked up with a smile half coquettish half innocent, but from the still melancholy curvature of her lips

inexpressibly beautiful, and Alethi, impulsively bringing his knees nearer to her, said, interpreting the look, "You want to know in which you looked most charming. I will tell you. But first tell me which is natural to you."

"My father was of Abyla and" — a little hesitation — "a Leipoderm, as are both my uncles; but my mother was of this country, as was her mother before her, while her father came from the North, whence I derive my familiar name, which was my mother's, when with her friends." —

"And that?" said Alethi softly.

"Is Minnchen."

"It is a very pretty name. But continue."

"My father was a very handsome man, as my mother was, I think, the handsomest woman I ever saw. So she married him for love, despite his religion; and for her sake, as well as his, they fled together to Jactantia, where I was born near Geb'al-Tarik, and was bred up in her faith, — my father, who could refuse her nothing, never in the least opposing I have heard."

"I can believe it," said Alethi. "Did she look like you?"

"They say so," answered Minnchen, casting down her eyes till their long lashes rested like a fringe of silk upon her cheek. "So you see why my speech is broken. I fear you have much pains to understand me."

"No, no," said Alethi, who had noticed, now she spoke more at length, that many phrases of the land of her birth that were more consonant with her father's tongue mixed with the still nobler and not less grandiloquent speech that was her mother's: "I understand you very well; better, I fear, than you do me. And then it sounds so pretty!"

In fact the traveler found his account in the medley, for he would ask her often to repeat what she had said, and in his efforts to understand, and hers to explain, she sometimes spelling out for him the word, their eyes were oftener on each other, and Alethi watched so closely the motions of her

mouth that the very words became associated with it, and ever after brought the parting full red lips before him and the snowy teeth they covered and revealed by turns. Certainly, they were getting on very well together.

"Well?" he continued inquiringly.

"Well, in time — when I was seven years old"——

"When was that, Minnchen?"

"It is nine years ago last January, sir. — We went to live in my father's country. There, a little while ago, not quite two years, my mother died. An aunt of hers, who lives in Liburnum, was anxious, for my soul's sake she said, to have me with her, and my uncles, who had business in Liburnum, brought me on."

"And how had I the happiness, after losing you a second and, as I thought, for the last time, to meet you here?"

"Oh sir, you are making me tell you all about me, and you have not told me yet what you promised."

"What was that? How I liked you best? Well, Minnchen, when I saw you first, I thought your dress became you well, or you it; at least I did not wish you better. Then in the church I liked you, O much more! But now"—— One of the little brown hands was on the body of the basket, quite near him, while the other played with the handle in a very childish way. Alethi, for emphasis, laid a hand of his on the one that was spread out and quiet. It shrunk a little, but suffered itself to be covered up. "But now"——

At that moment, Philoscommon turned his eyes on the party, and exclaimed aloud in his own tongue, "It is all over!" and the little hand emerged again. It was a pity, they were getting on so very well together.

"What did you say?" asked Philoscommon's neighbor.

"Excuse me, madam. I was saying, in my own tongue, that I gave it all up, now."

"I hope not. It was so interesting!"

"To those who understood it; I dare say."

"O, I understand the gentleman very well. He talks like an angel. So please don't give it up yet."

After such a compliment, what could the schoolmaster do? He bowed his great head, with a smile which if it was not handsome would have been at least expressive to Alethi, had he seen it. But the latter, very red, was looking down, apparently on the hand he had relinquished, while Minnchen, quite as red, looked nervous, and seemed waiting. At length Alethi resumed his question in another form; and the maiden told him that a sister of her mother's who lived at Ariospolis had invited her to live with her, and she was now on her way thither, having been accompanied to the city they had just left by her great aunt, who she said did not seem to care for her at all.

"And do you know if this new relative will love you?"

"Alas, no, sir. But I am a poor orphan; what can I do?" How Alethi's heart vibrated! And his voice showed it, as he asked again:

"And are you going thither all alone?"

"All alone."

Alone. What made him tremble? Was it with joy? or with apprehension?

Whatever was the cause of the emotion, it did not paralyze his fingers, whose rosy tips stole over the darker but well shaped and more delicate extremities of hers, which seemed to love imprisonment, or felt it was impossible to escape it. So, like a little bird, they lay quite still, and let themselves be covered up completely. Then Alethitheras continued his discourse, which became more and more voluble, but lower and softer in tone. You would have thought he was born to speak Anastesian. And Minnchen listened so divinely, growing more beautiful, if it were possible, every minute. And she answered too so candidly, so simply, and with that strange sad thrilling smile of hers, every question, till she had told him how to find the very house in the topmost floor of

which she was to live in Ariospolis, till she had promised to meet him, on the day next that of their arrival, in a spot which was not in the house, whence they would stroll away together, and see the sky, and the woods, and the green earth, and the laughing water, and be happy as the birds in the branches, and musical to one another even as they.

At this point of the dialogue inaudible almost except to them, Philosc was leaning out of the window at his side, and directing his neighbor's attention, who was leaning too, to some object at a distance from the road, when suddenly a sound was heard, from the neighborhood of the opposite window, very like a kiss, not loud, nor rustical, yet distinct and very relishing. Starting unpleasantly, and looking inward, the philosopher thereby awoke his neighbor's attention to what might otherwise have had for her no significance.

"What was that?" she asked.

"A report of progress," answered the sage.

"A what?"

"You know, my dear, when the driver or postilion sounds his whip, be it ever so light a smack, it shows he is bent to get on."

"But was it a smack, sir?"

"It sounded very like one. You see, my master" ——

"Master? I thought the gentleman was your friend."

"So he is. He is my master because I serve him, and my friend because he lets me. You see, I say, he is looking at his watch and is very red. He evidently thinks it is best to take time by the forelock."

"And the young lady has her face out at the window. I had no idea we were behindhand. But in fact, sir, your talk is so amusing, we might be at a funeral and I should not know it."

CHAPTER VIII.

They visit the great temple of Ariospolis. What they saw therein, and what they had to see thereout.

ARIOSPOLIS is the capital of a country whose potentate is a priest and whose government is sacerdotal. Everything therefore is conducted there in the very best manner to obtain admittance to Paradise in Heaven, and the very worst to secure it upon earth.

"You see," said Philoscommon, "that woman crawling painfully on her knees up the lofty flight of steps to that church. At the foot of them was found this very morning a man assassinated. His murderer, or the man who hired him, will probably satisfy his conscience by some such laceration of the body, and repeat the deed the first time his passions urge him or his avarice is tempted. The outward acts of religion and its physical penalties are at once the easiest and the most satisfactory to the human conscience. Consequently in Ariospolis the people do the most abominable things for the purpose of repenting them."

"It is an insult to Providence," said Alethi indignantly.

"No, it is a compliment to the Devil, who roasts eternally in fire which tortures his body though it consumes not. The Ariospolitans suppose a purgatory which purifies the soul for heavenly beatitude by suffering applied to the resuscitated body. It is inevitable therefore that on earth a similar lustration must obtain."

"Surely such a religion had never a divine origin."

"If any ever had, it had. Its founder and the immediate teachers of his faith condemned continually this mortification of the flesh. But the knees of the body bend easily, the genuflexion of the heart is to the last degree difficult, and priestcraft profits by pointing out the readier way."

"What does that man ask me?" said the younger traveler; "I could not perfectly understand him." Philoscommon told him. "What! do they pimp in the open streets? by daylight?" cried Alethi.

"Why not, when procuration, though of another kind, is continually going on in the churches?"

They arrived at the great temple of Ariospolis, one of the wonders of the world. They stopped awhile at the obelisk and the fountains, and entered one of the great colonnades on their way to the portico. Philosc observed Alethi put his handkerchief to his nostrils while, frowning with disgust, he kept his feet carefully in the middle of the pavement, and avoided looking at the base of the columns.

"Ordure in the entrance to the House of God?" cried the traveler at last, when finally out of danger.

"To his holiest temple as they think, as it certainly is the most sumptuous. You may read a moral in it, of the people who practice the pollution and the priests who permit it."

"But what are these fellows with halberds? Guards in a temple?"

"The High Priest is a temporal Prince as well as Pontiff. All sovereigns have guards. They mingle the pomp of state with the utility of precaution."

"In the present case the buffoonery of the costume takes off some of the offensiveness of their presence."

"Do n't let anybody hear you ridicule it. It was designed, they say, by one of their foremost sculptors and painters."

"It is not the less grotesque, and seems to make this place the entrance to a show of mummers."

"You will find much of the same grotesqueness in some of the designer's greatest art-creations, as they dot with an unseemly ludicrousness the masculine verse-paintings of his great countryman, the foremost poet of the land. I must not forget to tell you that all these men are foreigners. The Pontiff who blesses his people dares not trust to them. And he is right. The time will come when the hired soldiers of a Prince will not patrol the peaceful avenues of the Palace of God."

"Amen!"

"But the anomaly is of a piece with that of the government."

They now entered the body of the church.

"Mark now," continued Philosc in a whisper, "that group about that brazen statue."

"Apparently a family, father, mother, and three children. They kiss one of the toes; with what devotion!"

"Mouth-worship; the next moment to be forgotten. It is the due to the saint; and they render it without reflection, through the habit of their religion."

"I see the toe is bright, and actually worn as well as polished."

"The attrition may have begun before our era; for the saint of bronze was once a heathen god. He whose name it bears is claimed by the Pontiffs as their predecessor, and yonder, elevated against the wall, within that chair, is the chair in which as such he sat. Which you may believe or not, as you like. It does not matter, as you are damned in any way, like other Gentiles."

"And where is his body, or his tomb?"

"Under the altar yonder, beneath that gorgeous canopy with the twisted brazen columns, to make whose splendid ugliness they stripped the noblest of ancient temples. There he lies, by a wonderful preservation, certainly, of near two thousand years, — the twentieth part of which would reduce

common men to powder, — lies the first Pontiff, — who never, I am well persuaded, so much as set his blessed toe on any of the Seven Hills."

"Surely men would not maintain without some basis so stupendous an imposture, and kneel and pray because of it and for its sake."

"Not when it is a part of the foundation on which rests the structure of the Eternal Church? There are many more as stupendous in the world, though none perhaps whose edifice is built upon so slight a base."

"And what is that?"

"The allowable belief that one word means another, and that the city of Belus is a figurative pseudonym for Ariospolis. But see, happily for our conversion perhaps, accursed infidels that we are, yonder goes for some occasion or other the Sovereign Priest himself, borne on his litter on men's shoulders and surrounded by his guards. Let us get nearer."

As they approached, the captain of the guard called out aloud to the bystanders that were gathered on the way of the procession, *To your knees!* They, but not our travelers, knelt, when the Priest, a respectable-looking old man with a not very respectable bottle-nose, extended two fingers in a classical way, to bless them.

"Admire," said Philoscommon, after the train had passed, "the progression of ideas. That vinous-nosed old gentleman with his Sybarite apparel, borne about in a Sybarite way by human mules, and girt-in by weapons that are forged against human life, is the representative of a rude man who handled fish for a living, though he once misused a sword, and who would have thought a shapeless wrapper of the coarsest wool a more than comfortable garment, even after he was honored to be a messenger of the doctrines of submissive charity and unaggressive peace."

"And what is the character of the present Pontiff?"

"He is accounted liberal. He squanders money to restore

old churches that are scarcely used, and being in out-of-the-way places are rarely visited, furnishes others at vast expense with pavements too beautiful to tread upon, and with other ornamental reparations that add not one item of utility to walls that are sufficiently solid and once were held adorned enough, yet opposes every effort to complete a road between his capital and seaport which would at once add to the comfort, the wealth, the enjoyment of his subjects, whose happy countenances would radiate more praise to God than a thousand pictures on canvas or in tesselated stone."

"And how is he in his sentiments?"

"What do you mean to ask?"

"If he is tolerant, or otherwise."

"You shall judge. He has just issued a circular letter to all his subordinates in every part of the world, condemning the indoctrination of free ideas in politics, independence in letters, and universality of education, and inculcating the absolute subservience of all civil polity to the ordinances of the Church, which he pronounces in effect to be the sole judge of good and evil on earth as the only dispenser of their reward or punishment hereafter."

"But the day of such belief is surely past. Men pin not now their faith upon the amice of a priest, and princes would laugh to scorn the ban that once denied them fire and water. It is many generations since a crowned emperor stood shoeless on the frozen snow, night after night, beneath the closed windows of an insolent churchman, who on his soft pillow shut his ears to an appeal for pardon where the Master he pretended to represent would have ordered him to beg it."

"Yet the ban continues none the less, and was only lately used against certain insurrectionists in his territories. It is a beautiful commentary on a certain Sermon on a Mount which I have read to you. Will you hear some of it?" The schoolmaster opened his pocketbook and took out a scrap of printed paper. "I have saved it," he said, "apart from its own

deserving, for a special purpose. Thus it begins: 'In the name of the' —— You will spare however the enumeration of Heaven's potentates, which, in an amplification that to you would be blasphemous, makes the preamble. — 'We excommunicate and curse this robber and evil-doer and banish him from the paths of Holy Church, that, damned to everlasting torments, he may descend to the pool of Hell with Coram, Dathan, and Abiram, and with those who dare to say to the God of Omnipotence: Get thee far from us, for we wish not to know thy way. And in the same manner as fire is extinguished by water, shall his soul be extinguished in the eternity of time, until he amend and do penance. Be he accursed of God the Father' —— Here comes again an atrocious enumeration of all the Powers of the Jesousian Heaven. I will pass it, though it is attractive by its horrible completeness of specification. 'May he be accursed wherever he may be, in his house or in the field, by highway and by by-way, in the wood, on the water, or in the church. May he be accursed in his life and in his death, while eating and while drinking, when'" ——

"No more!" exclaimed the hearer.

"Ah, indulge me!" said the sage. "I was always an admirer of the tautological verbiage and reduplicative preciseness of the law; here is a splendid specimen in the ecclesiastical line. It does not allow of a flaw in the maledictory indictment, and through no loophole of a defective phraseology can the accursed escape. It was promised the original piscatory holder of the double keys that he should be a fisher of men. Perhaps these verbal meshes are a figurative realization of the anthropodictualotory idea."

"Anthropo — what?"

"Homiretecaptatory, if you 'd rather," answered the schoolmaster. "It is a moderately big word for a very grand theme. Let me resume, before we get hearers, and perhaps trouble, upon us. — 'while eating and while drinking, when he satis-

fies his hunger or quenches his thirst, in fasting, in sleeping, in waking, standing, working, or going. May he be accursed in every part of his body, as well inwardly as outwardly, in his hair as in his brain. May no single part of his body be sound, from the top of his trunk to the sole of his feet. May'"——

"Stop!" said Alethitheras. "Such wickedness is enough to bring down the walls upon us."

"If the actual crimes that have been not only designed but perpetrated in this temple, even on the very steps of its altar, could have so shaken the inanimate surroundings, this monument of pomp and vanity would never have been completed in the name of a religion which professes to be founded by him whose sole prayer was in ten lines, and who made the whole spirit of religious observance to consist in the obedience of two precepts, love of God and justice to one's fellow. In Ariospolis, my dear Alethi, scarcely anything has changed but the houses and the costumes. As the palaces are built mostly of the plundered temples, tombs and baths of its ancient princes, so its religion is little more than Leipod'ermism in its external form and internal faith engrafted on the superstitions and pageantry of heathenism. And this is at once its history and analysis."

CHAPTER IX.

The Schoolmaster discourses on appearances, and in conclusion makes a confession.

Such is the almost endless succession of objects to be seen in Ariospolis, that months are required for the view where in other cities days suffice. Absorbed in a fresher delight, Alethitheras gave but few of his hours reluctantly to their observation, and would return weary, often disappointed, sometimes disgusted, to beauty whose magic no modern pencil could rival, gracefulness no antique statue surpassed, and to a pleasantness and sweetness of mien and voice and temper which never lessened with familiarity and often seemed to him to excel in attractiveness the graces and the beauty he had first adored. Philoscommon shook his head in vain; the sage suggested doubts unheeded; the friend and companion durst not remind him of the nobler love he sacrificed at home. Minnchen was his pupil, and though he would not admit that her talents were above the ordinary intelligence of females, yet the experienced schoolmaster could not deny her docility, and patience, and submissiveness to correction.

"But for all that," he said, "I would not be too sure. Try her paces for at least a twelvemonth, and don't be too ready to purchase a Barbary filly whose pedigree you know not, and who may be only fit"——

"What the devil would you have?" cried Alethi, inter-

rupting him and almost angrily. "Do you deny the girl honesty?"

"No, so far as I can see."

"Candor?"

"No, so far as one may judge."

"Is she not simple and artless as a child? Do not her very voice, her very smile, — that sad sweet smile, which brings at times the tears into my eyes to look at it," — (Philoscommon's head was averted. It was not to hide a tear, but the wicked wrinkles of his nose —) "do not the very way in which she welcomes you, and the earnestness with which she listens to your reproof, promising so sweetly too, to try and do better the next time, that you have often told me yourself that you found her resistless, does not everything about her confirm my judgment as well as justify my taste?"

"Forgive me. These are admirable and amiable qualities, I admit; but they may be constitutional. To ascertain the soul, it must be sounded."

"Philos'! Philos'!"

"I have had too much experience, my dear Alethi, to be satisfied. My tastes, my heart (if I may say so, or you will believe it of a thing so leathern,) acquiesce; but my judgment, my brain requires proof. The expression of the eyes depends on their formation, and may be absolutely physical; the melancholy of a smile is connate too, and does not come of sentiment; the pleasantness of manner is often purely animal goodnature, — indeed, I would say you will meet the most of it, especially in women, where there is least of soul; and as for voice and tone, I have found falsehood quite as frequently with persons free of speech, and, where men, manly and outspoken, as with the shy and hesitating. It is but a matter of nerve and assurance, united with lack of conscientiousness."

"No, no, not with her."

"No, not with *her*, assurance, any more than nerve; I was but speaking of the mass in general, and had in mind the especial instance of frank, outspoken men. The Philautians are conspicuous among all people for this very deceptiveness. To listen to them is, till you find them out, to be convinced that there is not a nobler, more generous, more truthful people on the face of the earth. In fact, they claim to be the most so, and perhaps their claim is founded on this very appearance and illusiveness, the candor of look and the sincerity of tone, which deceive themselves. They are indeed about as manly a race of men as the world can show anywhere, but of all liars, if you except the ancient Œbalians and the modern Children of the Sun, the most frontless, as of all maligners the most insolent and abusive, and, where detraction is the servant of self-interest, the most remorseless in their mendacity."

"You seem to love them."

"You speak the fact without intending it. I do love them; and so will you."

"Never."

"Yes; for you will not find them out, or, doing so, will forget the monitions of experience in the gratification of your tastes; precisely as you do now."

"O Philos'!"

"It is impossible to see a creature so fair as is a Philautian, so manlike, and not admire him, and so candid, apparently, with his full blue eyes and glistening teeth, and not love him; but, when you get into the interior of the whited sepulchre —— Therefore, wait till you have sounded the depths of this Minnchen."

"I will — for your sake, and to triumph."

"I hope so, and for my sake. I should like for once to believe in what I see. But when you do" ——

"What then?"

"Then have her cut in marble, and carve upon the plinth:

This is pure Truth, come upward from the Well, and that Honesty which was groped-for with a lantern in daylight."

"Incorrigible!" cried Alethi smiling. He then added, suddenly: "Were you ever in love, Philos'?"

"In love? With what? With an apple-dumpling, or a cheese-tart?"

"Neither, but a more delectable kind of confectionery, kisses say, and ladies-fingers."

"Yes, when I could swallow them at a mouthful and have done with them."

"But not with the kind that produce heartburn."

"No, they go against my stomach. Love! Don't I look like a Cupid?" added the schoolmaster, with an inimitable contortion that was meant perhaps for a caricature of an ogle or a leer. "But I'll tell you. I was once."

"What, really, bona-fide?"

"Yes, but not over head and ears. I stuck at the occiput."

"And so did not fall in. It was a mercy," quoth Alethitheras, looking rather wicked.

"It was, as you shall hear. Sit down to the lesson."

"Is it long?" asked Alethi, disposing himself.

"No, I made short work of it," replied the pedagogue. "You remember the parson's longnosed daughter at Medamou?"

"What! that vinegar-visaged, five-feet-ten damsel, hight Mehetabel?"

"The same; though I should rather have likened her to mustard."

"In a pepperbox, then."

"Yes, with its sugar-loaf cover punched full of holes; for she had had the smallpox."

"What could possess you to make love to such a church steeple?"

"The ingenious piece of mechanism that was inside, which I thought would have measured the hours for me delightfully."

"*Love found a sun-dial once in the shade.*"

"If you like; but that was n't it. I courted her brain and not her beauty; and besides, having some regard for posterity, I thought to improve the breed on both sides."

"That was generous, at least."

"It was provident. Moreover, she would have helped me in my school."

"Well, and how did you get on?"

"Get off, you mean. She measured me, for full five minutes, from head to feet with her two green eyes, and told me to go and consult the formulary and see if I was capable of fulfilling the purposes of matrimony there set down. I did so, and came back and told her that I thought I was fully. She thereupon told me that I might be, but that she had no idea of being a mother of toadstools, and turned her back."

"And what did you say to that?" said Alethi, not daring to look at the monstrous head which had suggested the lady's disagreeable metaphor.

"I said, that a productive fungus was better than a sterile excrescence, and wishing she might ever remain in the singleness of a blessed virginity, turned my back and whistled. So we walked off, *dos-à-dos*."

CHAPTER X.

The Artist who worked without models.

They were one day looking at a picture of a noble young lady, who, maddened by the most monstrous of all outrages, helped to murder her own father.

"What do you think of it?" asked Alethi.

"Of the painting, or the subject?"

"Of the subject."

"One crime does not justify another. And, as it is written in a Book I have much read since among this people, 'Vengeance is *mine; I* will repay, saith the Lord.'"

Alethi looked at his companion, who was not wont to quote in that manner, with some surprise. "But surely you pity her?"

"I pity her from my heart; but I condemn."

They turned from the window in whose embrasure hung the picture, and observed, at another part of the gallery, a young artist who was copying a larger painting of less value and renown, and whose rapid yet careful manipulation arrested the traveler's attention. His fingers, which like his undersized body were delicate as a woman's, played with infinite grace over the surface of his canvas, but never with a hasty or indifferent touch. On the contrary, it was evident that he thought as he labored, and studied while he did the handiwork of a simple imitator. As Alethi watched him from a not obtrusive distance, one of his pencils dropped.

To prevent his getting down from his high stool, our traveler stooped, and picking up the pencil handed it to him with a slight bow. Blushing like a girl, the young man, who was almost as handsome as a girl, murmured his excuses in an accent that was not of the country, and, when Alethi responded that what an emperor had once done to honor genius in the art was not too much for a private man who was permitted to admire facility like his, the youth became so embarrassed, that, to restore the equanimity which was needed for his task, Alethi ventured to ask him if he pursued that work as a lesson, or merely to fulfil a commission.

"To fulfil a commission," said the artist with a very mournful look, and turning, with what the traveler fancied was disdain, his back upon the model.

"So I should think," said Alethi; "but —— Pardon; we interrupt you."

"Not at all. I am glad to have a respite; and in fact," (looking out upon the sky,) "it is almost time that I should leave off. — I beg you will not hesitate to talk," he continued, while he proceeded to put aside his materials and otherwise prepared to suspend his labor: "it is so long since I have had anybody to converse with, it is grateful; and — will you pardon me in turn? I should think you are strangers here like myself."

All this was well said, and in good Anastesian.

"We are," replied Alethi; "travelers from a far land. You are not an Alectryon?"

"No, I am of Vesputia."

"From the great republic there?" inquired Philosc.

"Yes, an Isopoliteian," replied the artist with a smile.

"That is, with us, no disadvantage," remarked Alethi. "I suppose you are here for study."

"Yes, but I almost repent of it."

"Indeed? That is rather strange."

"Why so? I find myself, despite myself, laboring to catch

the manner of others, and to reflect, so to speak, their soul. This, if not servile, is at least dangerous. I feel it is so, I mean, who — may I dare to say it? was not, I think, born to ape even artists like to these. The same light which gives us color, the same shadow which renders form and expression, are for me as they were for them. Why then should I measure out their breadth, elaborate their effect, and dabble in their tints, instead of being guided by my own discernment and my own taste, not to speak of following inch by inch the line of their designs and mimicking the very absurdities or extravagancies of their compositions, which are often, as you see," (and he swept his hand carelessly, without looking in its direction, first to the right side then to the left,) "full of unnaturalness and of absolutely impossible incongruities. I sometimes feel, as now, that I could break my pencils and my colorboard and trample these dead pigments in the dust." As he spoke, his fine hazel eyes sparkled proudly and scornfully under the broad leaf of his drooping felt hat, the beautifully brown moustache rose closer to his nostrils, and his cheeks, which were shaded with one of those beards which grow lighter at the inner side and deepen at the ears, making thus a harmony of tone that is itself a beauty and artistic, glowed ruddy as an Indian's in the light of sunset. He closed the lock of his box with a kind of passion, then passed his dainty hand over the beard of his chin, which was lighter than the rest and worn as artists love to wear it, but not always so well as he, who, choosing so to wear it, let his hair grow also long, its dark brown ringlets curling to the slope between his uncovered neck and his shoulders. He evidently waited for the travelers to leave. But Alethi felt a yearning to the handsome painter, and pursued:

"And why then do you?"

"Because" —— He hesitated for a moment. "You know how it is with us fellows," he resumed in a lighter

tone; "we cannot always choose. While we study, we must earn the means to live. And were I boldly to reject commissions such as this, and run the risk of failure in the path that I am ambitious to enter and vain enough to think I was made to pursue, where am I to find my models? We cannot guess at nature. Yet I have tried to do it for seven long years. And O the toil, the anguish often, of groping in the dark for what my memory did not serve me with and what I had no chance to buy."

"Surely, here in Ariospolis" ——

"There are enough; but they are professional. They sit for every painter, and are little more than animated laymen, with countenances that their trade has deprived of everything natural."

A sudden thought flashed over Alethi's mind. He hesitated, changing complexion as quickly and completely as the artist, then said: "Perhaps I can fit you. Will you paint for me?" The artist looked at him. "Come dine with me to-day," said Alethi. "There is my address. Perhaps we shall be able to arrange matters so as to gratify in the highest degree both you and myself. Come, you will not refuse me." The artist gave his card. "At four o'clock. Will that suit you?"

"O, with thanks," said the young man, lifting his hat. But Alethi, after raising his own, put out his hand, and pressed the small fingers of the painter in his nervous and hearty grasp.

CHAPTER XI.

Minnchen's picture, and what came of it. The Schoolmaster philosophizes thereon.

MINNCHEN sat to the artist. She sat in her Maurusian dress, which with a trifling alteration suited well a damsel of Mesopotamia, and sat as Bethuel's daughter at the Well, — a familiar subject, but which Hilarius, the artist, proposed to treat in a novel mode. Alethi consented to serve as the patriarchal messenger. Philoscommon had taken great pleasure in offering himself for this part, as ethically more proper he observed, Alethi being the veritable Isaac, who should keep in the invisible background of Canaan. The philosopher pressed the point with apparent earnestness, putting himself into various postures which were perfectly delectable but pronounced too grandiose, and finally offered modestly to let Hilarius make a dromedary of him if he wanted, or two camels, or anything he liked but a eunuch.

When the design was completed, which pleased Alethi well, the latter insisted upon advancing a handsome sum to the painter, to secure, as he said, the picture for himself, and engaged moreover, that, simultaneously with the colored sketch which he was to make of it, Minnchen's head should be accurately done on panel the size of life.

Hilarius worked with uncommon zeal, and Minnchen seemed herself to sit to him with pleasure. Alethi generally accompanied her, sometimes he left her and returned for her,

and sometimes, at his desire, she went alone. Philoscommon, once or twice, expressed his wonder at this confidence; but the younger traveler, who in his proneness to form attachments had conceived a warm friendship for the artist, would not listen.

Two months had elapsed, the season was becoming unwholesome in Ariospolis, and the portrait was already sufficiently completed for the artist to commence upon the figure of Rebecca, when one morning, on calling for Minnchen at her lodging, he learned from the aunt, who seemed in great alarm, that Minnchen had not been seen since the preceding evening.

Alethi flew to the artist's study. The door was locked. The landlord, opening it, said he believed his tenant was gone to the country. All of the art-furniture that was easily moveable had disappeared from the room. Minnchen's portrait was gone, and the sketch for the picture, but the larger canvas with its outline monochrome stood yet upon the easel and the rest-stick leaning against one of the pins.

Alethi did not storm, nor wring his hands. He stood motionless for several minutes, then recollecting himself, and finding the man's eyes fixed upon him with a kind of malicious satisfaction, as if enjoying his confusion, departed without a word.

When he got to his own lodgings, Philoscommon met him at the door, but, looking at him, instantly disappeared. It was two hours before he returned, and he saw his friend walking up and down the sitting-room with a very haggard look, as if he had not slept for nights. Philos' turned his head away, and said, "I will come in presently, Alethi, when you are more composed."

"No," said Alethi, grasping his hand and pressing it till it ached. "You know all then?"

"No; I but conceive it."

"Ah, you were right."

"Of course. What else could you expect? But let us drop the subject till to-morrow."

"Fear not; I can discuss it now. I have reason to be glad that I am rid, before it was too late, of such a" —— He stopped; then abruptly, "What did you mean by what could I expect?"

"You are in trouble now, my dear Alethi."

"No matter; I can partly guess your meaning: let me hear it."

"But positively I will not answer now. Let one night pass over. Then ask me to-morrow, and I will resume where I left off. Let us meantime prepare to leave this place."

"O yes, at once."

The preparations for departure were a good diversion, as Philoscommon foresaw they would be, and, when the morrow came, he put off further question till they were actually on their way to Parthenopè, till indeed they had reached their first stopping-place. It was then, at the inn where they supped, that Alethi who seemed to have recovered his serenity, though he was very serious, renewed the subject.

"And now, Philos', my dear old wisehead, whom I ought to have minded better," (Alethi took both his clumsy hands,) "what did you mean, yesterday?"

"To remind you of the proverb of the purse and ear. I smelt misconduct in her origin."

"What! do *you* believe in birth?"

"Who have so little of it? Undoubtedly. Are not men and women animals? Would any but a fool buy a horse without knowing his pedigree, or overlook the blood-characteristics of his sheep or his cattle?"

"I thought you set at nought all aristocratic pretensions?"

"Pretensions, certainly, but not aristocratic qualities, where real. It is not easy for a man to say who his father is, for his mother's chastity must be always problematical." — Alethi opened his eyes in amazement; Philoscommon drew up the

lower lids of his own only the more. "Not to the husband; he never doubts it — till he is compelled to," he resumed; "but to such fellows as you."

"The devil! do you take me for?" ——

"A marital-honor robber? No; but for one of those who may find women false, if they choose to have them so. Chastity, my dear fellow, as nobody should know better than a man of your nose and legs, is not more common than other virtues, though its absence, like that of other virtues, is not one time in ten thousand suspected, even where it has ten times gone astray, in the spirit if not in the flesh. But where was I, when you led me into this commentary on genesis?"

"Calling in question your own paternity."

"Ah, are you there? Well, the shoe will fit me as others, though, if you had seen my mother's husband, you never would have doubted where I got this pompion head. — I say, or meant to say, that though one cannot often be sure that there is no cross in the breed, yet it is easy to tell, when you know a man's ancestors, what, under certain circumstances, his course will be. Minnchen's father was (I suppose) a Leipoderm of Abyla, and her mother for a Gentile could have been no great things or she had hardly given him the chance to make a mother of her. Their habits of life were sordid, and all their associations vulgar. What could you?" ——

"Stop!" cried Alethi. "It is bad enough to have passed through the torture; don't explain to me the machinery of the rack."

"No, my dear fellow. But as it has left those magnificent limbs whole, and I am sure, despite its straining, that gallant heart quite sound, there is a chance for the fairhaired girl you left in Medamou. She has at least six good generations in her family-record, and something as respectable in the books of banks and other stock-companies."

"You are a fool," said Alethi, blushing and smiling despite of himself.

"That is the very reason why I would not have you so," returned his companion, putting himself in the first dancing-position and bending his hams; "one is enough for pleasant company."

CHAPTER XII.

They visit the scene of an earthquake. On the way the Schoolmaster tells a history. Carradora.

ALETHI could not however so easily forget his loss, and on one occasion he reopened the subject.

It was some weeks since their arrival at Parthenopè. They had set out to visit the scene of an earthquake which had occurred the night before, and had been attended with some loss of life as well as destruction of property. The younger traveler had fallen into a revery. After a long silence, watched patiently by Philoscommon, he said, without lifting his eyes from the floor of the open carriage:

"That girl's — conduct, is unaccountable. I cannot get her out of my head."

"You meant to say, her ingratitude," said the schoolmaster.

"How did you know that?" returned Alethi surprised.

"Because," said the other, "you hesitated. Generous natures feel a sort of shame in mentioning their own benefactions, and never reproach others with what they have done for them, though they often long to."

"Well, admit it, my Œdipus; is it not an extraordinary case?"

"That you who are most worthy to be loved should be

disregarded for one who is greatly less so? Not at all. Does your own mother love you best of all her sons?"

"You have heard me say she does not."

"Yet you have loaded her daily, hourly with proofs of your affection, while those she prefers give no evidence of filial sensibility. And the more you show you love her, the more, without intending it, she wrings your heart, as the less regard your brothers pay to her the closer she clings to them. There you are answered. The case is a plain one."

"You mean then to tell me?" ——

"If you are so dull as to need an explanation, that not only is love rather the result of caprice and accident than of real sympathy or considerate judgment, but superiority on one side is apt in many cases to engender anything but admiration on the other, while everywhere, where reciprocal love does not exist, the continued efforts of the loving party to excite the affection of the loved only tend to alienate her the more, because not only she wearies of them, but they convict her before her own conscience, and that is not pleasant to self-love, which must everywhere be propitiated; and lastly, because the exertion to win her but proves that she herself has won, and secure in her conquest she grows more indifferent, while for the inverse reason she heaps her caresses on those whom she hopes, and hopes the more that she always fails, to win."

"You may be right," quoth Alethi, sighing; "but it is hard."

"I did not make the world," replied Philoscommon drily. "Now did it never occur to you, that by playing the indifferent you might have succeeded better — with your mother I mean, amiable and every way estimable that she is? for you prospered well enough with Minnchen, till the artist came."

"Spare me. — Yes; but" ——

"You never had the heart to try, or at least to repeat the experiment — for I dare say you did try it. All men do

occasionally — when in a bad humor. It is your own fault entirely — no, not entirely, but in a great measure. Men of your heart spoil women, who, when petted, always pout. Let me tell you a story, and a true one; though it is apropos of a fool, and not of a man of sense. But men of sense and fools are much on a par in affairs of the heart. A very fine woman, who was a dear friend of my grandmother's (you see it was pretty long ago,) was persuaded by her parents to wed a wealthy man whom she could not bring herself to like. She even told him so before the engagement; but he persisted, thinking — for he was a fool — that by and by she would come to love him, seeing how he doted upon her. She led him a dog's life; and the more he labored to please her, the more she seemed to hold him in aversion."

"She probably was secretly in love with another."

"Perhaps so. But it was never so supposed; and I think, had there been a fire in anyway, its light had shone through some crevice, at least for my grandmother's eyes, which were sharp ones. One day, when the friends were in a room together, the husband came in with a rouleau of gold pieces which he had just received from some substantial tenant. Not regarding my grandmother's presence, or perhaps only the more therefore, for ostentation is at all times apt to be uppermost, especially in fools' breasts, and even the generous have no aversion to be found out, — he poured the entire roll into his lady's lap, who thereupon slowly rose, and lifting her lap with icy indifference let the whole contents roll over the floor."

"She was!" —— exclaimed Alethi.

"Not a monster. She was simply an — ungrateful woman. But what would you have? She had no heart for *him*."

"She might have spared him though before her friend's face."

"True enough; but what mattered such a scratch in public, when she excoriated him daily in private? But I have

not told you all. She said, as the money fell to the floor, 'It is not gold, Onetus, will buy my love.' You see she had some cause, or thought so, for her aversion."

"But she should have stuck to her bargain. Why did she marry him?"

"It was one on both sides. Did he not take her too, for better, for worse? — Well, they had one child. And the poor woman's heart seemed to open for the little thing that did not knock at it so loudly and importunately as did the father. But it soon withered. And when the solitary flower was laid in its last bed to mingle with the air and dust that were its elements, the hapless mother went down into the vault, and kneeling on the pavement prayed earnestly that she might soon follow it. And she did. — But, bless me! this is melancholy talk." The little man sprung up briskly, as if to shake off the unpleasant subject; but almost immediately he added, in a graver tone, "And here we have the melancholy in effect."

They were come indeed before the scene of the catastrophe.

There was no fissure of the ground, no sign of any cause of the misfortune; but the village was full of ruins; houses fallen, or so shattered as to seem to threaten fall, and, through piles of stones and crumbled mortar and broken timber, men and women, dust and dirt begrimed, were bearing off their battered furniture or laboring to extricate it from the incumbent rubbish, while others stood or squatted near, with countenances full of despair, gaping on the desolation of their homes and the ruin of their little all, others tending some wounded relative, or friend, or neighbor, while again a party of four men were bearing off a dead body. Crowds of spectators, more or less sad, and all silent, were gazing on the scene. Everywhere ruin, misery, physical suffering, sorrow, curiosity.

The two travelers passed silent and sympathetic through

the crowd. Alethi approached one group, a family that sat benumbed with grief and helpless, — spoke to them, asked if he could aid them, — received a sorrowful denial in a single motion of the hand of the principal person, who however accepted, but still in silence, a considerable alms, kissing earnestly the hand that gave it, which Alethi drew quickly away, — then made his way hastily to the extremity of the place, where were but few persons. Here he turned about to look once more upon the scene, and saw, a little apart, sitting on the ground with her back to a large stone and holding something in her lap, a woman of rare beauty; so rare indeed that it alone would have arrested him. But she was dressed like the people of the village, and her face was almost stony with what might not be termed, in its impassiveness, despair, but was the torpor, the anæsthesia of utter wo.

Alethitheras, exchanging looks with his companion, whose own visage showed unwonted seriousness, hesitated whether to approach the woman or not; but, as he stood irresolute, to his surprise she looked up, met his gaze, and instantly her dead aspect became animate with interest. But it was momentary, a flash of the lightning of an accustomed sensation; her eyes dropped, her face became as passionless, as cold, as stone-like as before.

Alethi approached her, touched her shoulder. She moved, again looked up at him, now bending closely over her. "Can I do anything for you?" he asked. "Will you let me?"

She met his eager and pitiful look with a penetrating gaze from her large black eyes, the power of whose transcendant beauty she seemed even in that moment to be aware of; for, as if she read a mingled admiration with Alethi's sympathy, her mouth lost its rigidity, a large tear dropped slowly on either pale but sunburned cheek, she shook her head, and turning down the skirt of her gown from the object that it covered in her lap, showed the body of a dead infant.

Alethi was inexpressibly shocked. Philoscommon himself stepped back. She saw the effect, and, covering again the infant, said, with a bitter smile: "What could you do for me now? Can you open its little eyes? If I put its lips to my breast, will it suck?"

There was passion in this utterance; it was a language that became the poetry of the woman's face, the unquenched ardor of her glorious eyes.

"But is this all that is of you?" asked Alethi. She did not answer. He sat down on the grass beside her. "Have you nothing else to care for in the world?" He took her hand. Fine it was,—a model hand, though tanned and somewhat hard from work, and now soiled as was her dress. "Where is the father of your child? Where is your husband?"

She turned her head, and pointed, with the other hand, behind her. Alethi dropped on the instant the one he held; for there, unnoticed as yet by him, but not by Philoscommon, who was already beside it, lay not far from him the body of a man.

"Is he dead too?"

"No," cried Philoscommon; "he breathes."

Alethi left the woman, forgot her. Together, the two friends raised the man. His arm was crushed; he had lain there perhaps for several hours, and was senseless from exhaustion and pain.

"Where shall we bear him?" said Philoscommon to the woman.

"Where you will," she answered: "is he not worse than dead? Who is there will help us?"

"Is your house destroyed?"

"No, we were not at home. Had we been, we were not wretched and ruined."

"Where is it?"

"Yonder."

"Come then." She stirred. "Come," said Alethi, going back to her, while he made a sign to his companion, who beckoned to two or three stout fellows who were drawing near: "Come; all will yet be well."

"Whither?"

"To your home. We will bury your babe. Your husband we will cure."

"Will you come then with me?" she asked.

"Certainly; nor will leave you till you are comfortable."

"Do you say that truly?" She took Alethi's hand and looked into his eyes. Reading there the confirmation he did not utter, she drew his hand, in the manner of her country, to her lips, kissed it fervently, said, "Come then," and stepped before him.

She was of a noble figure, as well as beautiful. As she walked, the short petticoat, bared by the upper dress she still held over her child, suffered her legs from the slope of the calf to be seen. Alethi had noticed them still more exposed when she sat, and observed then their symmetry. Her arms, brown, but fine of skin and round, corresponded with this part, and her hollow back, graceful hips, and well-formed head, which was covered with a scarlet cloth whose square ends drooped behind and hid her neck, made her tall figure very striking. Once she looked back, as if fearing that Alethi would not follow, then stepped up to the men who were already bearing off her husband, and saying something in the dialect of the place which the traveler did not comprehend, preceded to the house.

It was a little, low-roofed, gloomy dwelling of a single story, and two little rooms with unglazed windows even disproportionably small; the floor of tiles, the furniture poor and scanty. There was a small stable beside the house; and this, with a cart which stood without, seemed to indicate the occupation of the tenant, who was, as Philoscommon had ascertained, a carter or carrier.

The older traveler made the bearers wait till he had restored the man to consciousness, dressed temporarily his arm, and given him wine. He then recommended that he should be taken to a hospital. To everything the woman and the man assented. The man was borne away in his own cart, Philoscommon following in the carriage. Then Alethi took gently the dead baby from the woman's arms, and going into the inner room laid it on a bed. She looked at him with eyes swimming in tears, suffered him to spread his handkerchief over it, heard him say she must have it buried at his expense, looked at him full again, her eyes through their glistening moisture showing a tenderness that made him thrill, then grasped his hand, and despite his efforts covered it with passionate kisses.

"Cease!" he cried: "I do not like it. It is not the fashion of my country."

"It is of mine; to such as you. It ought to be of yours; for such as you are angels."

"Fi, fi!"

"I speak truly. I could worship you. O, were all men like you!"

"You will offend me —— What is your name?"

"Carradora, sir."

"You will offend me, Carradora, if you persist. Sit down now, and be comforted. All will yet be well. If you want anything, my friend will supply the means when he returns."

"But you are not going, sir?"

"Yes."

"Then I will do nothing, take nothing." She sobbed, she wrung her hands.

"What is the matter?"

"I do not want to be treated as a beggar."

"Do I treat you so, Carradora?"

"Yes. You wish to help me; you have helped me, — like

a king; but you want to go at once, without my thanks, and to forget me."

"Is that likely? Will it console you, if I stay?" — her eyes sparkled — "if I stay till my friend, who is sometimes my servant, for he will be so" ——

"I do not wonder. It must be Heaven to serve you."

"For a man, O Carradora!" She smiled, — smiled through her tears, — smiled coquettishly, — at least Alethi thought so, — and smiled, O how beautifully! It was the sunlight through a summer shower.

"Well, Carradora, — and I am glad I have made you already more cheerful, — I will stay till he returns. Now let us go back again to the other room. That bed with its little burden is too doleful."

He led the way himself. It was the kitchen and the parlor. Carradora wiped the table off, drew to it a chair for him, which she also dusted, then hoped he would suffer her to leave him alone awhile, and went into the inner room, but, doubtless through deference, only partly closed the door between. Through the space left, Alethi, without intending it, saw her go before a little mirror and arrange her headdress, then retire and return with a wet towel and clean her face, taking very great pains; and he thought of the child that was on the bed behind her. She then withdrew again to the unseen part of the chamber, which was where the child lay, and when she re-entered the first room was clean and bright from head to foot. Had she lifted once the handkerchief he had laid upon the child?

She brought with her a bottle of wine, which she said was better than their accustomed drink, such as she had given to her wounded husband, though it was not so good as the gentleman was used to. Alethi poured some into a glass and drank a mouthful, and declining more, she raised the glass to her lips, and purposely taking the side that was next him and asking him first to permit her, drank what he had

left. He then inquired into the accident, which she described in expressive but artless language.

"We went to see the ruins. Becco — that is my husband — he took the child from me, to ease me. He looked into a door, and as he stood on the sill a beam fell on him, and knocked him down. My little babe — O my God!" She sobbed. Alethi, full of compassion, said not a word. Finally, when he took her hand, she wiped her eyes, and continued. "The poor thing fell under him; and when I pulled her out" ——

"No matter, Carradora; never mind the rest."

"But she was my first, my only one. Oh, to have it one moment smiling in your arms, and the next"——

"Hush, hush! Do not say any more."

But she went on to tell, how Becco staggered to the place where the travelers found him, and there fainted, and how there was none to help him at such a time, and how, overwhelmed by this double misery, she had sat down, not knowing what she did, and not caring, — and so on, on, till Alethi found she was forgetting child and husband, everything in the desire to captivate him. Uneasily, and she perceived it, and became herself anxious and dissatisfied, he watched for Philoscommon, and when the latter came felt as if he were to leave a prison. But all was not yet over.

"You will come again?" said Carradora.

Alethi hesitated. Is the man well cared for?" he asked of Philoscommon.

"Surely."

"What do they think of him?"

"Poor fellow! he must lose his arm."

The woman turned pale under her nutbrown skin, but uttered not a word. Alethi took her hand. "You must not be downhearted," he said. "Think how it might have been. And besides, it is the left arm. He will be able to maintain you, will he not?"

"O yes, there are many poorer than ourselves."

"If you want anything, Carradora" ——

"Will you come again?"

"You will not need me."

"Then I will take nothing, — nothing — nothing! Will you come again?"

Alethi, conscious of what was passing in Philoscommon's mind, looked aside and read it in his face. "You are wrong," he said in their own tongue; "I have been too lately scalded."

Carradora turned at the sound, with that searching look which eyes like hers, especially in women, give better for their beauty and their brightness.

"My master says," replied the pretended servant to the look, "you make the place too hot for him. You must not press him so."

"But will he come again?"

"Yes, I will," replied Alethi.

"To-morrow?"

"No."

"The next day, then."

"No."

"Well, the next day after?"

"No, I will not promise you for that."

"Then it will be certainly the next?"

"Yes."

"One, two, three, four. Four whole days with this! But then you will come? Truly?"

"Truly. — This to lay the baby in the earth."

"No."

"I will not come unless."

"Then I will take it, anything."

"Adieu." He held out his hand. She took it, and again, to his great vexation, kissed it.

"Adieu, adieu, sir," she exclaimed with the most affecting accents. "Do not forget the poor Carradora."

CHAPTER XIII.

Alethi falls into a new peril of the heart. How he escaped, through the advice of the Schoolmaster.

"I WISH he might," said Philosc, as he followed his friend into the carriage. "This is the old devil in a new form; or worse than that, it is he of whom the Jesousian evangel tells, who has returned unto his house and 'findeth it swept and garnished. Then goeth he and taketh to him seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there; and the last state of that man is worse than the first.'"

"That is not good gospel for my case, Philos'. I told you my scalds were too recent, for me not to dread hot water."

"Why then will you go near the kettle?"

"How can I avoid it? I put off the day as far as I could. Her fancy — if she has one — will have worn off when I again see her."

"And suppose it has not? Suppose it has increased? She is of a country and of a temper that threaten serious things. 'Faith, I should not be surprised if she came after you, if you did not go to her."

"So you see I must, whether I will or no. And I have promised; which is enough."

"And if you find her worse than before?"

"I do not think it. But if so, what shall I do, dear Philos'?"

"How should I know? I have not your experiences. Mehetabel was my only love."

"Bravo!" cried Alethi, laughing. "But, however you got it, you do have knowledge of women, — though I fear not one of them would admit it. How shall I treat her?"

"Humph! Let me think. Is she vain?"

"I think so."

"You know so. You may be sure of it, or she had not so eagerly seized on you as an admirer. You see I do not allow anything for your six-foot stature, handsome legs, and unexceptionable mien."

"Well then? But you are envious, you rogue."

"I? Indeed! If I had but your inches, there is not a woman could look at my head with impunity. In fact, it *was* irresistible — in one way. "But I forgive you. You want to know what to do. Well, make her some presents, and fill her topfull with self-admiration. You can leave her then to repentance."

"Pshaw!"

"I am serious: try it. Ninety-nine women out of a hundred love themselves better than they do their best-loved admirer. Here is a sudden caprice. It may be as suddenly extinguished. Try it. If it give you but a day's respite, we can leave Parthenopè before she has time to wish you back. She will not hang herself."

That night, Alethi went to a private musical party. The entertainer, a fine old gentleman, after making all his friends happy and giving to every amateur his opportunity of display, sat down himself, being urged thereto, to the piano, and played a long and difficult piece. He was overwhelmed with plaudits. One of the most rapturous of the hearers turned abruptly round to Alethi, and grinned broadly, in a way that expressed the utmost ridicule for the old gentleman's efforts. Alethi, indignant, disgusted, outraged, looked severe, but said nothing, though he wished that Philoscommon could

have been present to chastise in a proper way the insolent sycophant. Perhaps however his own silent reproof was better. And so Philosc assured him.

"But what would you have said, Philos'?"

"I should have asked the impertinent if that was part of the performance, as we were not promised a comedy, and offered to go and thank our host for the extra entertainment."

"How that would have frightened him!"

"And my explanation, had he asked one, would have enraged him. I should have told him, I suppose he enacted the buffoon of the old-time plays, who is foisted in to keep the major part of the audience from wearying of the wit they cannot understand."

"I wish you had been there! His malice, worse than his hypocrisy, deserved such castigation."

"With your will then, I should carry with me everywhere a cat-o-nine-tails; for where will you find a society in which there are not plenty of these pestilent malignants? Do you forget the darkeyed man at Ariospolis who took the wall of you, and when you went to the outside of the narrow pavement, though it brought you on the left, smiled like a devil?"

"He was a fool. I did not anticipate his motive, or he would have had no triumph."

"Then would you have been the fool. What matter, Alethi, the malice, the envy, the pètty malignancy of such devils incarnate? they lower but themselves in the eyes of the truer men they would depreciate. They cannot equal these in good acts, or in the outside advantages of nature; so they triumph over them in trifles that are never worth regarding, and which no even temper would be ruffled at finding disregarded. That man at Ariospolis, who probably mistook you for a Philautian, and hated you instinctively for your supposed rank and riches as well as for your better form and carriage, was but a sample of a large part of mankind everywhere."

"I shall never be used to them," said Alethi, with a look of pain.

"Then you had better remained in Medamou."

When the morning was come for the visit to Carradora, our travelers had all things prepared for their departure from Parthenopè. But the younger one must make the visit alone. As the little parcel for the rustic beauty was put into the carriage, he tried once more to persuade his companion to accompany him. The schoolmaster proved inexorable.

"In conferences of that nature," he said, "three interlocutors are one too many. Besides, 'Humani nihil a me alienum puto,' — I confess an interest in knowing how she will act on the occasion; an interest I cannot gratify except you be alone. But — be careful!

Χαλεπον το μη φιλησαι,

as I used to hear my Medamousians, who knew nothing about it, recite. And for her!

Χαλεπωτερον δε παντων
Απατυγχανειν φιλουντα·

there may be a scene."

Alethi shook his head, but smiled, flattered despite himself; for what man is not, at the mere idea of being loved by a beautiful woman? Nay, we may go further; to a man of naturally loving disposition, what is there so dangerous? Without beauty, a woman might gain much with such a nature, through his consciousness of her good opinion and amorous desire towards himself; but, with beauty like Carradora's! — Alethi did well to add, "I will think on Minnchen."

"It will be," said his friend, "your only cuirass — for you. But for her, try the shawl."

"And if she prove intractable."

"Think of Potiphar's wife, and leave with her your jacket also."

Carradora was at the door of her dwelling. Beautiful she looked and radiant with expectation. Striking her palms together, she rushed forward as if to act the part of a lackey at the carriage, but for some reason checked herself at the step. When Alethi descended and put out his hand, she caught it in both hers and to his dismay pressed it twice against her heart, and would have held it there; but, full of shame because of the presence of the coachman, our traveler seized the pretext of the parcel, and turning briskly round obliged her to resign it while he took the parcel from the vehicle. "I have something for you," he said, "Carradora. But let us go into the house. — I have but a moment to stay," he added, as they passed the sill.

"Yet I have waited for you, O how many hours!" she replied with a tender reproach.

"That is not my fault. I am here on my day, and it is not yet high noon."

"But I was in hopes you would change your mind and come before. I know I should have done so, had I promised you; and you knew that I was waiting."

"But how should I know or even fancy that?"

"O sir!"

"True, you are all alone now." She was about to interrupt him. "No matter, Carradora. Whatever the reason, I am sorry I should have kept you anxious. But I am come at last. And now, how is your husband?"

"He is doing very well, praised be the Virgin. For three whole days I have waited you and done little else but watch. It is such joy to have you here!" Again the reluctant hand is seized, to be carried again to the heart, whose tumultuous beating the woman wished perhaps that he should feel; but Alethi drew it hastily away, and proceeding to unroll his parcel said, "You will see that I have thought of you as well. Here are some little keepsakes that will make you mindful of me, when I am away."

She pushed the parcel aside, and took one of his hands, which he had not the heart to tear from her. "Do you mean that?" she said, with anxiety in all her face, that did not lessen, or but little its beauty, but merely changed its character. Her features were too regular to be distorted, and the partial knitting and inward elevation of the long dark brows but gave a grandeur to the sorrow which made pathetical the earnestness of her unequaled eyes. "Are you indeed going? after all?"

"All what, Carradora? I have given you no cause to think otherwise. Am I not a stranger?"

"Yes, yes. You will go sometime: I know that well; I did forget it. But you will not go so soon? Say you will not."

There came, that moment, into Carradora's eyes, those matchless eyes, a look which made the fine nerves of the traveler quiver with a thrill that in its momentary intensity was almost painful, even while exquisitely pleasurable. It was well for him that look reminded him of Minnchen. He had forgotten Potiphar's wife completely. Without answering, he drew the parcel to him and completed the opening of it. There appeared within two packages, one very much larger than the other, and on the top of this latter a paper box such as is used by jewelers. Alethi undid this, and took out a pair of large earrings of gold filagree. They were not unlike those he had seen Minnchen wear in the church at Liburnum. He had indeed chosen them on that account, and they now helped his recollection of all that fickle girl had made him suffer. Looking on Carradora as he lifted them, he saw she was attracted and became excited by a new longing.

"You are a fine creature," he said, "Carradora. But" ——

She did not let him finish. She ceased to look at the earrings. "Why then do you go so soon?" she said.

"What has that to do with it?"

"A great deal, I should think," she answered with a readiness that surprised him, though the common women of her country, he knew well, are not unapt. "When we admire anything, we do not care to go from it."

"But, when we cannot get it?"

"But, when we can get it?"

Alethi did not choose to look into her eyes for explication. "You put me out," he said. "I was about to tell you, that you are very handsome, but would look still better with these ornaments than with the simple rings you wear." He held the trinkets before her face. It was but natural she should be dazzled.

"But you must put them in for me."

"No, I should hurt you."

"Try."

"Nonsense."

"Very well, then you can put them back."

"Really? Well, take out those wires, and I will try."

She unhooked the old rings and removed them. Alethi, with some trouble, and not a little nervousness as his fingers moved over the soft lobe of her well-formed, but not small ears (for her nose was long, though perfectly feminine,) succeeded in placing and securing, to Carradora's great satisfaction, the large but unsubstantial pendants. The pleasure she had seemed to feel in being thus fingered by him, gave way to a livelier delight when hurrying to the other room she looked into the glass. She was indeed charming.

"Now," said Alethi, repeating the blow, "let us try the pin." She stood as if expecting him to place it. "No," he said, "I will not put in the brooch."

"Yes."

"No, Carradora; no, most positively."

"Ah," she said, "you are not like my countrymen. Where are you from?"

"From Medamou."

"And where is that?"

"The only place, according to the big-topped friend you saw with me, where the people do not stand upon their heads."

"Then he can't belong to it," said Carradora, laughing lightly, while she began to unhitch the pin of the brooch; "for I should think he was just made to stand on his. He would not tumble over."

"No," said Alethi. "He is solider in his upper works than most men."

She did not understand his true meaning; but it did not matter. The pin was put in.

"By the by," said Alethi, as he watched the village beauty, earringed and brooched, surveying herself in the lookingglass, "how readily I understand you, Carradora. You don't talk like the people of these parts."

"No, I am of Ariospolis," she answered with a new elation. "Becco, the stupid fellow, belongs here." With another long and satisfactory look she turned from the mirror. Alethi had brought into the inner room the parcel with him. He now saw her eyes turn anxiously to the two packages that were yet unfolded. He set the smaller one aside.

"That," he said, "is of some useful little things that you can look over at another time. Here, Carradora, is something that I long to see around you." He undid the shawl. In its purchase, Philoscommon had recommended the gayest colors; Alethi's tastes directed otherwise; but, yielding to the suggestion that the uncultivated woman would not appreciate a refined selection, he had compromised the matter by choosing something between the two. The shawl was gay, but not vulgar, nor more than modest. He threw it round her shoulders, watching her expression in the glass.

"Fold it closer," she said. "Closer yet. You seem afraid to touch me. I am not dirty."

"Fi, Carradora!"

"You are the strangest gentleman! Will it do you any harm to wrap it round me? Your own gift too? O, it is splendid!" she exclaimed, as he fell back from her and she gazed upon the glass, holding herself the folds together over her shapely bust. "I look almost like a princess."

She suddenly turned, darted to him with an expression of the liveliest transport, and was about to kiss him, on the very mouth. Alethi drew back again.

"No, no, Carradora, not in that way. What would your husband say?" She looked amazed, as at first she had seemed pained.

"What should he say? Isn't it right? How am I to thank you? Becco would say I was a beast, if I did not. And for such a gift!" gathering up the shawl, which had fallen from her shoulders.

"Give me then a trifle in return. A ring, if you have one, or the earrings you have removed."

Eagerly, she opened a drawer in a little bureau near the bed, and took from it a small round paper box. Therein, imbedded in cotton wool, was a plain gold ring. "Can you wear this?" she asked, handing it, but slowly and thoughtfully to Alethi. He put it readily on his little finger.

"It is not your wedding-ring?" he said.

"O no, that is here," — extending him her left hand, which he did not however take. "The ring I give you was my first present from my earliest sweetheart. I was then but sixteen. It was too large for any but my forefinger."

"You will regret it."

"No, he is dead long since. And besides —— But will you wear it? Truly?"

"Yes, Carradora, — certainly for some time, — and will always keep it, precisely as you have kept it. I will write upon the box the date and place, besides your name, and it will be a reminiscence of our acquaintance, of your beauty, and your kindness."

"No, of yours, if you will not say more. But you are not going now? no, no, not now?" Her eyes, those grand and beautiful eyes, filled to the brim; but the cup did not run over.

"Yes, I must."

"But not for good? You will be back again?"

"Perhaps not. We travelers cannot always be sure beforehand of our movements." The cup ran over.

"O Carradora!" He put his left arm round her, over the shawl; he staunched with his handkerchief the tears upon her cheeks. "Look!" he said, "look, Carradora dear, you are spoiling those grand eyes. You scarce can see now, through their moisture, how well you look. You will stain your shawl. Don't let me take away with me the memory of your sorrow, Carradora mine, Carradori'na." As he pronounced this diminutive of affection and familiarity, gazing on her as on a weeping child, his breast upon her shoulder and his face brought round close upon hers, Alethi touched gently, as he would a child's, familiarly and with affection, her warm cheek with his lips. She smiled through her tears, flattered, soothed, perhaps made hopeful, and turning the eyes whose magnitude he had extolled full on him, with their beauty brightened if possible by the shower, and made dangerously fascinating by the expression of her feelings and by his position, as he stood thus, almost holding her in his arms, she said: "But you will come again? some day? when you return?"

"If I return, dear Carradora, I will come; that I truly promise. Now, let us part. See, how those rings become you!" He turned her face from him to the glass. She looked well satisfied; she even turned her shoulder proudly to mark the richness and the graceful hanging of the shawl; but, turning, she turned to him.

"And will you go thus?" She put up her lips. "You have given me so much; so much it almost bewilders me:

give me but this, — it is so small a thing, — but this to think on."

Alethi, half-conscious he was doing wrong, brought his own red lips into contact with hers ; but ere he could withdraw, putting her arm behind his shoulder, she kissed him twice lovingly and lingeringly.

Extricating himself, with a burning cheek, burning with shame, not pleasure, he escaped from the room. "Goodbye," he said, pointing to her ring on his finger: "I will remember you."

Carradora was about to cry; but, as she followed him, her eyes turned to the little mirror. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "I shall not need your presents to remember you."

She followed him to the carriage, where the traveler gave his hand to her, which she kissed again with reverence and with gratitude. But she had the shawl about her, and the pendants glittered in her ears. The coachman noticed both, and, glancing at the traveler's reddened cheek, put his own construction on the interview.

CHAPTER XIV.

Love and self-love: a sermon on a kiss.

Alethi got back he knew not how; he was in revery all the way. When he related his adventure, which he did faithfully and from beginning to end, Philoscommon, who had listened without interruption, and without remark, except the running comment and marginal notes of his elastic features can be considered such, until the close, rubbed down his knees and shins with his ugly palms, and finally, throwing himself back in his chair, said: "You are not a miracle after all, as I began to think you, and the Patriarch in Kemi

must yet stand alone. But what made you recoil from the first temptation?"

"I don't know," replied Alethi, "unless it was disgust to see that she thought more of herself after all than of me."

"Precisely so," rejoined the schoolmaster: "she sprung to your neck from the lookingglass. It is with men of sensibility and discernment like you, in nine cases out of ten, the sole antidote to the poison of love. Women win us by flattering our self-love, — as we do them; they lose us by sacrificing that self-love to their own. Coxcombs and self-seekers see nothing but themselves; but a man who has both sense and sensibility very soon discovers that a woman loves him not so much for himself as for her own sake; that she has a preference for him only while he is present, but in his absence is ready to turn her vacant affections, or at least her unemployed attractions, to the first man who may be willing to be his successor. And this it is which saves him, if a fine man like yourself, from ever becoming, through the flattery of a woman's predilection, a coxcomb."

"You slanderer! you avenge upon the sex at large your injuries from Mehetabel."

"That is very well for a jest, Alethi; but for the nonce I am serious. A famous tragic poet of the last century, — an Anastesian, by the by, — having, with the indifference to the marriage-tie so usual with his countrymen, had an amour with the wife of a Philautian noble, discovered to his chagrin that he was only playing second-fiddle (to use a vulgar phrase) to her husband's groom."

"Bah! She was a common woman."

"If you like. A philosopher of the same period, who had had a good deal to do with women, has said that 'to a common woman every man is a man.' How many of the sex then do you find that are un-common?

'Most women have no character at all,'

declares a poet who knew the sex as well as he did his own,

— though how the devil he got the knowledge, with his defective spine and spindle shanks, is more than men know — who never saw my pompion head and cockerel terminations."

"That too will do for a jest, Philos'. But, in fact, how the deuse *did* you get your knowledge of the tender creatures?"

"Tender in loin, you mean: they are not always so in heart. Do you admit I know them, eh? Well, perhaps I do. But how did I come by it? Not by my churchsteeple practice. I will tell you; and it is another thing perhaps you have not thought of.

"People talk, Alethi, of 'experience' and 'a knowledge of the world.' All such knowledge, believe, is, — where it is not purely empirical, but what may claim to be philosophy, — almost, and always when in its perfection, purely intuitive. A man who is born with this power of insight into human nature,—which I repeat is as much a physical sense (a connate faculty of mental vision, so to call it) as is the power of the external eye, — will see directly into characters and motives which have no transparency to ordinary men and escape their observation though they search for them for years. In his closet, with the telescope and microscope of his individual mind, the born observer explores, everywhere, on all sides of him, all that is of human nature, and finds nothing hidden. The world applauds him, yet talks all the same, although it never did and never will make its foremost teachers in ethic knowledge of those who are aged, who have traveled, who mingle with the world. Of this fact, the greatest poet of Philautia, who is generally, by the idolatry of his worshipers, termed 'the Master of Human Nature' — because, I suppose, he so often misuses her, is a prominent example.

"And so much for a sermon on a kiss."

CHAPTER XV.

How the travelers left Parthenopè, but got into the woods and were obliged to return.

They left Parthenopè. But an adventure which they met upon their way obliged them almost immediately to return.

They were alone together in the traveling-carriage. Suddenly there was a stop. Six men, armed with muskets, were seen approaching from a wood. Alethi looked at his companion. "Banditti," said the latter, shrugging his little shoulders.

"You take it easily," said Alethi.

"'Cantabit vacuus,'" replied the schoolmaster. "But in fact, Alethi, there will be trouble enough about it without my forestalling it. See, it 's beginning already; that fellow orders us out."

"I suppose there is no use of resisting?"

"The devil! Six to one? Perhaps with a dozen to back them; and muskets too." Philoscommon was already out, and now helped out his companion.

"Follow," said the bandit who had ordered them to descend.

They stepped after him into the wood, Philoscommon trying to look serious, but only succeeding in being more ludicrous; three of the bandits followed, and the remaining two were left with the coach.

"We shall have no nightshirts to-night," said Philosc, venturing to look back at the vehicle.

"Keep your eyes before you," cried one of the rear guard threateningly.

"And silence," said impressively the man in front.

After winding their way diagonally through a long piece of woods, they came to an open. Here the leader halted. "You must submit," he said civilly, "to be bandaged."

"What is that for?" asked Alethi. "Can't you settle with us here? We shall not betray you."

"I shall give you no opportunity," said the man. "But if you would be well-treated, ask no questions."

Requesting Alethi to give him his handkerchief, the leader bound his eyes. One of the others proceeded to do the same with Philosc.

"I have no objections," quoth the little man; "but it is buffoonery. We don't know an inch of the country, if we had eyes on every side of us."

"That head of yours is big enough to hold your tongue," said the man who had before threatened him. "See that you don't put it out again, or I will cut it off."

"Which?" said Philoscommon.

"Both," replied the bandit, tying the bandage so roughly, that his patient pushed him. "You are a little monster," said the man angrily. "I believe it will be better to take the head clean off you. Your legs will have then less weight to carry."

"If you would only take a part of it, it might be of service in that way," rejoined Philosc; "but if you take all, there will be nothing to bandage."

"No more of that!" cried the leader. "And you, my little umbrella-plant, if you are as wise as you are ugly, keep your jests till you are out of danger. Forward!"

Something that felt very like the prick of a bayonet, but might have been but a pinch, was added to expedite the philosopher's movement, who clapped a hand behind him very suddenly, and the whole party proceeded.

The captives' senses soon told them they had left the woods and were following a road. Presently was heard the rippling of water. They were stopped, and made to mount the backs of two of the men, and were carried carefully over the stream. Soon after they were set down and had passed through another bit of woods, the captives were halted and their handkerchiefs removed. They found themselves in a small grassy open, beyond which at no great distance could be seen through the woods before them a country-road. Here they were desired to sit down, and the leader, standing up before them while his men appeared to watch the road, asked Alethi what he could give for his ransom.

"I cannot tell what are your expectations," replied the captive. "Name it yourself."

"You are wealthy."

"I am not."

"But you have means."

"I have."

"And your companion?"

"Nothing."

"Ten thousand gold pieces for you both," said the brigand,

"It is impossible," said Alethi.

"We will see to that," rejoined the brigand, but with the same well-bred manner which had qualified his sternness throughout. "You might as well submit at once as be detained for days."

Alethi appeared to hesitate. "Good-bye to your travel, if you assent," said Philoscommon in their own tongue. "Offer the fellow five thousand."

"Let your friend take his own counsel," said the leader, looking at Philoscommon, "unless you are advising him to what is best."

Resting his musket on his arm, the bandit took from his pocket a blank-book and writing-materials. He was about handing them to Alethi, when suddenly a low signal, some-

thing like the call of a bird, was heard from the man nearest the road. The leader, without even a muttered oath, put back his writing-materials, and taking his musket in his right hand, seized with the other the arm of Alethi, and drew him up and after him into the woods again, obliging Philoscommon with a sign to follow. After hurrying some steps in the direction of the length of the forest, a shot was heard towards the road, then another. The brigand now swore deeply, halted and appeared to hesitate, looking for a moment menacingly at his captives. Several shots were now heard. "Stay where you are, for your lives!" he said, and rushed back toward the road.

In a few seconds, he came back again, looking haggard with desperation, demanded with a sign Alethi's purse, which was handed to him, made another sign, of silence and of farewell, and darted forward, making scarcely a sound, though he sprang over bushes and dived under branches like a deer. But it was too late for him. Three soldiers rushed into the wood, asked the captives as they passed them in what direction the robber had gone, to which neither Alethi nor Philoscommon answered, then made after him. Presently a shot came, and the foremost of them fell. The two others paused an instant, then darted with a cry directly after the brigand. In a few moments two shots were heard together. And all was over. The soldiers returned unwounded, and Alethi, having handsomely requited them for getting him back his purse, was with his companion free.

When they were again in the coach, but on their way back to Parthenopè, it was late in the afternoon.

"That was a narrow escape for your money," said Philoscommon, "and it cost six fellows their lives, — one of them a bad one though, who had no respect to my honor," he added, as he rubbed himself on the seat.

"What a terrible country!" ejaculated Alethi thoughtfully.

"Yes, that is the moral of it," said the philosopher, "as well of my wound as of your captivity. You saw how well that leading one behaved."

"Yes, quite a gentleman, though stern," said Alethi. "I could n't bear to set the soldiers on his track."

"Nor I. In truth, I believe I rather wanted him to escape, though that is quite contrary to ethics. But what conclusion do you draw from such a state of things in this old country, at this era of the world?"

"That, in despite of art and learning, civilization has gone backward."

"But you say nothing of religion."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that it is not in despite of religion: for these fellows, unless I mistook their accent, were subjects of the hybrid potentate who rules in Ariospolis; and no doubt they were devout ones. While Anastasia is cut up into petty kingdoms, and a man may buy absolution for a murder and commit fresh sin, you can expect nothing better. Law here wants not its expounders, but it is destitute of all real efficacy, and the difficulty of obtaining a livelihood in a land where churches and priests absorb all the revenue, does the rest. It is only a wonder to me that every gay fellow in the country who loves adventure, has pluck, and is idle, is not a bandit."

CHAPTER XVI.

They visit the city of Departed Splendor, take a look at the Ptochalazons, and settle down in Monachopolis.

THEY left Parthenopè, this time successfully. They came to the city of Necraugè, lying silent in its bed of waters, where pomp looks mournful and the numerous palaces have each its tale, too often tragical, of buried centuries, and with their ornate walls remind one, in their stained and weather-worn marbles, and faded paintings often done by famous hands, of a wealth and greatness long since departed. Here they saw the native citizen, sullen and dejected, measure his step and speech and check his intercourse under the watchful eye of the armed guards of a foreign nation. As Alethi looked upon this worse than vassalage and this imprisonment in free air, he turned with dissatisfaction from the city's faded splendors, and thought they were better buried in the lazy brine that laved them, than to mock with a past glory and a departed but not forgotten freedom its once haughty children.

"But they never had real freedom," said Philoscommon, "though affecting the name."

"No, but their masters were their own lords, not foreigners. To any of these men who love their country life must be perpetually embittered. The dawning sun shows the white coats of the servants of a foreign master, and, till he shuts himself up in his chamber, the night does not conceal

them. It seems to me I would rather be the crab that creeps upon those walls, where the tide has left him, than one of these down-hearted citizens."

They took a second long and unsated look of the greatest work of the great colorist whose fame is more eternal than the city whose walls he adorned, without sometimes as well as in a hundred sites within; they glanced hastily over the varieties of the treasure-house, where, among other things of scarcely more utility though less unreal, they were shown specimens of the true milk of the Jesousian Virgin-Mother, her hair and her vail, of the blood of her celestial Son and the wood and nails of his tree of suffering, and hastened from the noiseless streets and water-ways of the widow of the Radian Sea.

They visited next well-peopled Niwè, capital of the Ptochalazons, those misproud masters of the sea-crowned city and its territory; a people gay and pleasant enough; but with whom amusement is not always innocence and enjoyment does not imply rational liberty; for, with more numerous public libraries than are found perhaps anywhere else, the press is bridled with a bit of iron, the Leipod'ermi have fewer rights of men than now are allowed them by the Keblah-Alum, and the Emperor himself, among the haughtiest of earthly potentates, binds himself by written contract to the priest-elected theocrat of Ariospolis.

Leaving Niwè without regret, they journeyed east to Monachopolis, head city of the modern kingdom of Neryba. Here it pleased Alethi and rejoiced his scholarly companion to see the well-stored walls of the stately palace reared to letters and set wide-open to the world. After they had viewed its ancient treasures, and explored awhile with infinite delight its endless catalogues, each wrote upon a slip of paper furnished him the name of some book he wanted, Philoscommon to the extent of several folio volumes, and subscribed his name, then sat down to a commodious table where other

students were already seated, and read uninterrupted till the hour the place was closed.

"This," said Philoscommon, "is, saving one, the largest library in the world. Its greater sister is like it free to every visitor, but not like it, that I know, in one respect, that this adds a privilege for such as give the personal pledge of some official personage, or, if a foreigner, of the ambassador of his country, of taking home with him the volumes he desires to read. It is one however that will be of no advantage to us, for, of course, there is no ambassador from Medamou."

It was with a feeling of deep respect that, as they passed to the grand staircase on their way out, Alethi turned round to see again the lofty statue of the royal builder and patron, which, with that of the ducal founder, his progenitor, stands newly cut in marble outside the great entrance to the Reading-Room.

"And there he is now," said Philoscommon, as descending the flight of steps from the portal, where sit above the parapet the giant images of four great men of old, each foremost of his kind in ancient days, and representing Poetry, Philosophy, Medicine and History. "That is King Dwigul of Neryba, or the Old King, as they call him now, since he has resigned in favor of his son."

It was a respectable, but by no means distinguished-looking person whom they saw approach; and this want of marked gentility of mien was increased by a brown suit of clothes and a sky-blue silk cravat, which was tied with a broad double bow, the two ends, broad likewise and stiff, projecting horizontally on either side of his neck. His gait was hasty, careless. But as he passed the travelers and saw them stand and raise their hats, he lifted his own completely from his head, and swept it toward the ground in the fashion of his country. In so doing he projected his bent arm so directly from his body that the action had an unusual air of awkwardness; but there played about his lips and lighted up

all his visage a smile of acknowledgment that was exceedingly attractive and almost fascinating. The features of the King were strongly marked, with a character of passion, his light eyes denoting rapidity of thought and intelligence and high education, his mouth voluptuousness if not sensuality, which was read also in the indentations and muscular furrows of his face, and was heightened by the lightness of his complexion, which seemed to indicate a beard that, if worn, would have been sandy or very light of color. On one side of his forehead was a large wen, resembling in proportion as in size the longitudinal section of an egg.

Remarking on this deformity, Alethi expressed surprise that the King by his over-courtesy should reveal it. "It is both of the man and of the people — and indeed of the King," said Philoscommon. "In the land of turbans, they are said to have an imprecatory proverb, 'May your grandfather's head be uncovered in Hell like a Micromereian's.' Dwigul himself is one of the best of fellows (I cannot express his personal character better than in that familiar way,) and as a king is too immeasurably above his people to feel that there is danger in approaching them too nearly, as with constitutional monarchs in freer countries."

The travelers as they talked had crossed to the other side of the spacious street, so as to keep the King in view, and Alethi now beheld, to his surprise and delight, the little children, as the King passed them, put out their tiny hands, which he took in his, lightly and without stopping, but with an expression so full of goodness, so full of that best of feelings which is most Christ-like, that Alethi felt already that he loved him. But all was not yet seen. Presently a common boy, at least fourteen years of age, came up to the King without removing his cap, still more without taking from his mouth the segar he was smoking, and asked him something. The King made a full stop, answered the boy, pointing as he spoke with his right arm in the direction of the fountains,

and finally taking hold of the boy by the arm led him a few steps, and pointed down a street to the right which led to the great Garden.

"There," said Philoscommon, "you have this singular man, King, Micromereian, just as he is. He is a creature of impulses; a poet, a scholar, the friend and patron of artists, if not an artist himself, of a race that were princes in the land a thousand years ago, he has no pride in his birth or rank as such, though perfectly conscious of it. Yet is he so vain, I might say vainglorious, you will everywhere, on almost all the monuments — for almost all are of his creation, find his name as the erector, everywhere his picture. — But let us turn back, not to seem to follow him." They left the King pursuing his way toward the Gate of Victory, and took their own over the asphalt pavement in the direction of the Palace. "Such a character in its moral attributes," continued the schoolmaster, "few people are able to understand. They would measure his actions by certain rules, though he himself has never regarded them. A few years since he became enamoured of a fascinating foreign dancer, gave her a pretty house, embowered, and secluded behind a wall, a carriage, and to crown his folly created her a Countess. His subjects — he then was regnant — hissed him in the streets, and pelted the carriage with stones."

"Rightly."

"Ah! 'Pluck the beam out of thine own eye.' Dost thou forget Minnchen?"

"No; but she is the mote and not the beam. Am I married? Have I a people to set an example to? Was my fancy, besides, a sensual amour?"

"Cleverly put, Alethi. But you misapprehend me. You are not guilty of a crime, which Dwigul was. But you obeyed in your case precisely the impulse which the King allowed to drag him on in his. I meant merely to show you his character, which is precipitate, impulsive, passionate, but

full of generous and manly feeling, susceptible of every good and honest and noble impulse, and fearless in giving way to the dictates of a wide-reaching humanity, unchecked by sense of station and unsuspicious of ridicule. When that rude boy, ignorant (he must have been an entire stranger here) of whom he addressed, kept the segar in his mouth, while he asked the way of that plain-looking solitary gentleman, there is not perhaps another in his royal station that would not have turned from him disgusted. A Philautian noble, ten to one, would have brushed haughtily by, and told the boy to ask some of the people."

"Such a king might reconcile one with monarchy, and make one deem it was the best of rules."

"Ah, not so fast. Look around you. You see this noble street, and these great buildings. All are of his creation. The very quadriga on the triumphal arch was paid for out of his privy-purse. When you view the picture-gallery, called, after his scholastic predilections and perhaps from a little pedantry, by a naturalized Hellenic term, and the sculpture-gallery, designated with a like not inelegant affectation, when you mark the many new churches everywhere adorned with paintings by his order, and the outside walls of a new gallery similarly decorated (though you will not admire in an ethical view the taste of the adornment, which is however more the painter's fault than his,) you will think him admirable. But go into the streets of the old town. See the petty shops. Learn how tied down by prescription is every mode of business-life, — every tradesman limited to certain articles, and every artificer to certain fabrics, — a price put daily by the magistracy upon meats as well as bread, — and mark how very poor are all this people, you will think there is something else for a king to do than to make beautiful the capital of his ancestors and to glorify his own name among monarchs."

Alethi was very silent. His companion looked at him a

moment, then said: "Here we are already at the Old Residence, as they call the ancient part of the Palace. Let us enter this arch. You see that irregular mass of stone with the iron band about it. Do you believe any man could lift it?"

"No!"

"Well, one of the King's ducal ancestors did, and hurled it too. Yet, as you see by the same old verses on the tablet which tells this, it weighs three-hundred and sixty-four pounds."

"What stuff!"

"Read on. The topmost of those three nails in the wall is twelve feet from the ground, and the same doughty personage leaped up and struck it down with his foot."

"These are fables for children."

"Surely not. When we ascend, in this same Palace, to the Rich Chapel, as it is called, where royal superstition and devotion have collected with misapplied extravagance all sorts of relics into a cabinet of costly, puerile, and often from their nature repulsive vanities, you will find the right hand of Joannes Baptizator, the precursor of these Jesousians' man-god. I think after that you may believe the leap and the lift."

It was now the first month of summer. So one day they rambled with satisfaction in the great and fair Garden, which is called Philautian, from the imitation of a Philautian park. Here too, they found monuments of the king's taste and at the same time of his vanity. As they returned, they heard toward the Palace end the sound of music. It was the opening of the season for the weekly public concerts in the Garden. A crowd was gathered. And there, in the midst of the crowd, sat in one open carriage the young Queen with her children standing up before her, while on the outside of the circle, in another vehicle with a single seat was perched King Dwigul with his wife, he himself holding the whip and reins. The old King soon drove off, and the travelers gave their undivided attention to the Queen, who was

a charming person; charming, not from her beauty, although she was rather pretty, but from her modesty. Though the daughter of a king, and the mother of children the eldest of whom, a boy, could not be less than twelve years of age, she seemed as abashed as a school-maiden who for the first time receives a prize in public, — blushing and casting down her eyes, while the people stood close at the wheels of the carriage, with no guards to keep them back and the liveried servants taking no notice of them.

"Is this always so?" asked Alethi.

"I believe not," answered Philosc. "The royal family probably attend the opening concert, but not the others."

"But what a charming princess!"

"Truly."

"And such freedom of the people!"

"Ah, my dear Alethi, it is precisely because the people are not free that they enjoy this facility of access. It is so in all despotic countries. In Philautia, where there is real freedom for the populace, the Queen does not suffer its near approach, and probably dares not. You will never see in Chaunopolis the common people bare the head to their sovereign with the same reverence, mingled with a kind of filial affection, which you may observe at all times here."

"And is that difference in loyal regard owing solely to the difference in political freedom?"

"It is a puzzling question. In countries where slavery exists the master allows himself a greater familiarity with his slave (and the slave assumes it on occasion towards his master) than would be sufferable in the case of ordinary servants, with whom the license would subvert all discipline. But in governments this approach to patriarchal habits does not prevent revolution; and one particular is to be observed as common to all kinds of monarchy, — wherever you go you will find the barracks of the soldiery in convenient nearness to the dwelling of the sovereign."

CHAPTER XVII.

They see an extraordinary picture, and witness a decapitation by the sword.

THE travelers remained long in Monachopolis, Philoscommon, as Alethi meant he should, going every day to the great Library, where he immersed himself in the deepest study, and to his companion's surprise in a subject of Jesousian church-history, wherein he toiled hour after hour unwearied in research and busy as a bee, never trusting to the assertion of any author, but going himself in all cases to the very fountain-head, and with a delight that beamed from every feature and seemed to tremble in his very fingers, making his neighbors forget his strange figure in positive admiration.

In one of the intervals of rest which a religious festival compelling the closure of the Readingroom afforded him, he accompanied Alethitheras to see a great picture which had just arrived from the North, from that country whose painters were in olden time famous for their coloring. It was a masterpiece in every respect; rich in coloring, vigorous yet chaste in tone — as became the subject, powerful in effect both ethic and æsthetic, able in design and drawing, and good in composition. It represented the dead bodies of two nobles, the highest in birth and popular estimation in their country, which was the country of the painter. These men had been beheaded by the merciless order of the minister of a merciless and bigoted tyrant who was the foreign master

of the country at that time, and who dreaded the influence of these men, especially the foremost, with their subjected countrymen.

They are on a bier covered to the chin with a black velvet pall, on which lies a massive silver crucifix. The heads are so disposed, that while they join each its respective body you see they are not united thereto. The livid aspect, the closed eyes, the beard matted with blood, as also partly the hair, tell the rest; and the story has its confirmation in the hand of the nearest body, which, beautifully executed, hangs life less yet perfect outside from under the pall. In the foreground, at the foot of the bier, are the burgomaster and other citizens of the place of the tyranny, who, with heads uncovered and with countenances and attitudes full of sorrow and reverence and awe, are approaching to pay their last respects to the dead. On the other side of the bier stand certain satellites of the tyrant, one of whom, leaning on his long cross-hilted sword, bends his eyes with a gloomy scowl on the chief person of the group. You read instantly his feelings, and his purpose; his hatred — national jealousy perhaps, his suspicion, and his determination to report to his superiors the least sign of resentment that the burgomaster may betray. In an angle of the remote background a priest, with his back turned, is seen lighting one candle by another upon an altar, thus indicating the scene.

It was impossible to speak before such a picture. Not till they were in the open air did Alethi say:

"What does that picture want to excite the admiration of the universe, but time?"

"That time which will mar its splendor, and add nothing to the justness of its tone."

"How contemptible," continued Alethi, with the effect of the spectacle still evident in his voice, "how contemptible does such a theme, so executed, make the thousand and one Madonnas with the Infant, apocryphal Saints, and incon-

ceivable Cherubs, which have wasted the best energies of the best painters of the best century of art!"

"Contemptible both in effect and in the lesson they convey."

"Yes, this is History arrayed by Poetry, with not a fold of her drapery amplified into heaviness or multiplied into littleness, and with nothing overcharged in ornament. And for the lesson! is it not a wonder, Philos', that they would admit this picture here?"

"It would be, but this is a great School of Art, and its chief creator as most munificent patron has always made politics a secondary thing; not to say that the one of the two dead Counts who is the chief was married to a princess of this country. But the lesson is unmistakable; and the effect must be endurable."

"With those who feel as I do. It is a picture never to be forgotten."

"No more than the accursed deed which furnished its subject. A great Micromereian poet has made the scene the occasion of a badly constructed drama. It has good repute; but I would rather be the painter of that one canvas than the author of all his jumble, which has belittled his hero and not aggrandized his theme."

The winter was come. One day Philoscommon asked his friend if he would not like to see an execution. Alethi showed reluctance.

"Come," said Philosc, "it is the only chance you will probably ever have of seeing one done by a sword. And to blunt your sensibility, I will tell you it is to be on a youth who poisoned his own mother."

"Through what motive?"

"To obtain her money sooner than it would come to him in the course of nature. As she was a peasant, it could have been at most but a pitiful sum; yet the wretch mixed the arsenic with her food time after time, till at last becom-

ing impatient at the lingering kind of sickness he had craftily produced, and feeling no compunction at her agonies, he increased the dose, consummated his work at once, and was discovered. We will first go to the town-house, where a ceremony takes place that is curious."

They found the streets leading to the square where stood this edifice guarded by cavalry. A considerable guard was also drawn up opposite the building, and forming three sides of a hollow square. The morning was intensely cold. Alethi's breath made little icicles in his beard, and Philoscommon's singular features were swelled and discolored to a degree that increased their comicalness and made them little in harmony with the occasion. The crowd, which kept increasing, wiled away the interval of expectation by commenting with audible mirth upon his appearance. Presently the rattle of wheels and of iron hoofs was heard on the pavement, and into the square of soldiery drove an open wagon with low sides and painted a dull lead-color. In this sat between two priests, and with the jailer behind him, the criminal, bareheaded and dressed outwardly in a long sack of black cotton cloth. He was barely twenty-one years old, with stiff black-brown hair, cut short in the neck, but left somewhat long on the crown. His face, not particularly ill-featured, but swarthy in complexion, was expressive of nothing but extreme abjectness. But it was not the abjectness of fear.

The wagon stopped close to the wall of the edifice, directly under a window from which hung a square strip of red cloth, about a yard in length and covering the sill. A man with a cocked hat appeared, and read the particulars of the crime and the sentence. He then took a short staff which was handed him, broke it in two; the fragments fell into the wagon; the window was instantly closed; the crowd taking the signal rushed from the square; and preceded, surrounded, followed by the cavalry, the wagon drove to the place of execution.

But fast as the crowd ran, the wagon went faster, and soon had passed our travelers, who were walking, though hurriedly; and they noticed that on the back of the convict, who sat constantly with his head down and with the same abject, criminal look, was a board with the word, in Micromereian, *Murder*. After the wagon, followed an open carriage with certain fine-looking officers whose duty required their attendance, in the full uniform of their functions.

As that portion of the crowd which had been behind them passed our travelers on a run, Alethi noticed their great good-humor. At first, turning round as they ran, they bantered Philoscommon for his blue nose, which they called a veal-sausage, telling him it was badly cooked; but a chimney-sweeper coming along with his ladder and brush, they turned their jocularity upon him. One of them jostled him. Rapid as thought the man shook his sooty brush over him, angrily, with certain exclamations. The crowd was delighted, even he who was sprinkled taking his correction in good part, and the laughter was loud. All this when the wagon with its miserable load was directly abreast of them.

Alethi for the moment felt as if he would like to turn back, for very shame of being mixed with such a herd. But the schoolmaster, pressing his arm, said: "It is always so. What would you? These people come out to see a show, and have no thought of the misery of him who furnishes it."

"But they might be decent."

"That would be demanding of them to be unexcited. In the height of their spirits they forget, as the best of us will do, that their mirth is out of place. It is involuntary and purely animal, nothing of the mind."

"But why are you and I not of them?"

"Not pleasurably excited? O Alethi! Do you not think, that of all this crowd there is not perhaps one man so bred as you or so educated as I? But for your pride, you would now run; for the chance is we may be too late: you see the

wagon is driven, humanely, at the rapidest trot, and the guards are galloping. What have these people to do with pride? Besides, their motive is different from ours. (Let us hasten.) They probably have seen the act more than once, some of them at least: two men were beheaded, on the same spot, not two months ago. (Quicker! nobody sees us now.) It is to these but an exciting scene. You go to gratify a reasonable curiosity, to obtain a certain knowledge; but your sensations are the reverse of cheerful. Therefore you have no excitement (come, you must hurry!) to make you forget decency."

When the travelers reached the scaffold, which was an open platform, surrounded with a red stuff curtain about two feet high, and having a simple arm-chair with a low back, like an office chair, in the midst, the criminal and his attendants were no longer visible, while the horsemen were drawn close up to the scaffold, and the crowd, of whom a large proportion were women, in their rear. Standing among them, close to the tails of the horses, Alethi and his friend were well posted.

They had but just time to notice the decent appearance and good behavior of the whole assemblage, when on the scaffold came the actors in the brief tragedy. First was a man of extraordinary stature, whose height, certainly full six feet and a half, was made still more remarkable by his lofty bearing, and the manner in which his hair, which was red, was combed upward from his forehead. He was dressed, like the criminal, in a black cotton sack or gown girt about the waist, which showed his straight and powerful figure to no disadvantage. His countenance was serious without moroseness, and even dignified. You would hardly have thought him the executioner but for an enormous two-handed sword which he held aloft. After him came the criminal. After him, the executioner's assistant, likewise bareheaded.

The criminal was secured in the chair. The assistant grasped with one hand, extended to the full length of the arm, the hair of his crown; the executioner at his post raised in both hands the huge weapon. At that moment Alethi, who had his eyes on the face of the criminal, which as yet had betrayed not the least emotion of any kind, saw a slight, an almost imperceptible flinching, as if he heard the sword in the air, and the next instant the broad blade went sheer through the neck.

There was an audible though low exclamation from the women, a drawing of the breath as if in pain. The executioner had disappeared. His assistant carried round the slightly dripping head, which became almost instantly of that livid color which Alethi had seen in paintings of Goliath's head and the like, and had discredited as unnatural, while from the motionless body spirted up, like fountains, three streams of blood, the central one much larger than the others, and which looked black in the frosty air.

Alethi, who had not observed that the criminal was fastened, so quickly it had been done, now saw the assistant unstrap the legs and arms from the chair; another man appeared; the body was carried down, laid in a coffin with the head beside it, a pall with a cross of white cloth sewed on the centre was thrown over it, and it was borne away, all with the greatest celerity. Then one of the priests, wearing his sacerdotal cap and holding a book in his hand, ascended the scaffold, and began to harangue the crowd, commencing with "This is human blood," and proceeding to show by what course of crime the heart which once held it had been made to forfeit it to the law. After listening to a few commonplace words, pronounced in the genuine sacerdotal nasal tone, Philoscommon said "This is not for us," and the travelers turned away.

When they had walked for some time in silence, "Well?" said the schoolmaster interrogatively.

"I am surprised," replied Alethi, "that I am not more shocked. I did not feel the least horror."

"You will to-morrow, enough of it, and perhaps to-night. It may last you for a week, and undiminished."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because you will then have the bloody scene before your imagination, without any of the circumstances which mitigated the aspect of the reality."

"And those were?"

"In the first place, your detestation of the crime, which deadened all feeling for the criminal; then, the presence of the crowd and the novelty of the scene with its actors; and finally, you had wrought yourself up to the expectation of something more horrible, and the celerity of the act, and its cleanness so to say, and the evident absence of all pain — at least for more than a moment, acted like a disappointment, and kept your nerves from fresh tension."

"Yes, I was not prepared for such dispatch. It was wonderful. Not a motion, not a quiver; as quickly as you could clap your hands together; and the death as instantaneous as that of the mosquito you crush suddenly between your palms."

"Then do you think this mode of execution preferable to hanging, or decapitation by the drop-axe?"

"To hanging, if the object is to save from suffering. I have never seen the drop-axe. But I confess to you, Philos', that this dissolution seems to me to have been too easy for that wretch, who saw unmoved his mother die by inches and in agonies."

"Certainly, there is hardly exact justice in it as a retribution, and as a punishment of crime with the view to deter others, which after all should be the sole object with the law, I doubt whether it be wise any more than just to make one mode of punitive death apply to every mode of murder."

"Would you then prescribe exact retaliation?"

"I am not sure. The subject of crimes and punishments

is one requiring profound study. I have thought seriously, Alethi, of some time devoting myself to it, with a view to a treatise thereon. All my opinions as yet are undecided."

"But as you have formed them?"

"Well, I am not prepared to say that I would, were it in my power, make the mode of punishment in capital cases to correspond, so far as it could be done, precisely to that of the crime; but it seems to me at present that it ought to be so, not merely in justice but in policy. Where is the sense of executing in the same manner the fiendish wretch who commits a deliberate murder with circumstances of peculiar atrocity, and the unhappy victim of his passions who strikes down the object of his hatred with a single blow? Him who poisons by repeated doses I would destroy in like manner, as the wretched youth we have seen beheaded."

"And do you think that this discrimination would tend to make such monsters less inhuman?"

"There, Alethi, is my doubt. In Philautia, they used to hang a man for forgery, for highway robbery, and in some cases for petty theft. Yet such crimes were quite as common there then as they are now. In the oldest empire of Taprosheo, they will cut a man to pieces for rebellion. In one recent instance, they actually flayed the chief criminal and dissected his wife, commencing with her breasts, while upwards of a hundred of his followers were one after another beheaded, yet rebellion may be said to be there perennial if not perpetual. In a certain barbarous nation I have read of, the punishment of adultery is burial of both the culprits alive in one grave, yet I need not say the sin thrives there as everywhere else. In Tisnu lately, a Sheikh, who was a Hadjee and sixty-seven years old, was ordered by the Bey to receive two thousand blows with a stick. He was laid on his face, his feet tied together, and his head and shoulders kept motionless by a soldier. A good-sized cudgel was used, and the strokes were given upon the small of the back, dif-

ferent men succeeding as executioners, till the whole two thousand blows were given. The old man was taken up dead."

"Are men such devils?"

"Devils, my dear Alethi? If ingenuity in cruelty and mercilessness in its infliction were the qualifications for rule in Hell, its government might be left to humanity. Seven more chiefs, some older than the Hadjee, were put to death in the same manner. And the punishment but not prevention is repeated, we are told, almost daily."

"Then it is not the severity of a punishment that will make it effective?"

"To deter from repetition? No. The certainty of its infliction will more avail. But even that is ineffectual. Hence it was perhaps, as much as from his benevolence, that our good King Dwigul abolished capital punishment, which has been restored under his successor."

"That showed its necessity."

"Not at all, any more than its efficacy. Did I not tell you that two men were beheaded here at one time but a few weeks ago? The only remedy for crime is education, and how precarious that is I need not say, with the thousand examples before us, from history and in our time, of the best-instructed and the foremost in position failing. Thus you see I am all in the dark even yet. But one thing is before me in the brightness of noonday."

"And what is that?"

"That whether it deter from capital crime or not, the punishment of death is necessary as a means to get rid of noxious animals. There are creatures which we dare not leave at large; there are others which we crush at once. And many human beings are of this kind, both men and women. Would you kill a cobra, yet leave alive one moment the deliberate assassin of his mother?"

"And what was the crime or crimes of those two you mentioned?"

"I know not. — But here we are in Dwigul's own street; and there is that magnificent Library, — blessings on its founder!"

"I fear, Philos', these people are very bad."

"The Monachopolitans? Have you then found them so?" And the schoolmaster smiled — after his odd fashion.

"Not particularly savage. I rather like them. But they are great rogues."

"What, more than the Anastesians?" said the schoolmaster laughing.

"I did not suffer as often at *their* hands."

"No, you did not stay long enough in any one place to give them a chance, as here. Wait, my dear susceptibility, till you have passed through several more kingdoms. I will then ask you where you found the rogues most numerous, and you will be at a loss to tell me."

CHAPTER XVIII.

They go to the kingdom of Chassen and visit Blinrè, where Philoscommon gives an ethic lesson in art-matters. Sursia is passed by, but not forgotten.

When Spring had cleared away the snows, the travelers journeyed north, to the Kingdom of Chassen. They spent a day or two in Isapli, famous for its fairs, and the great book-mart for all Micromereia. Thence deflecting south again, they visited the renowned porcelain-factory at Semseni, and rambled till near sunset in its romantic environs, then, abandoning the land road for the pleasant river which flows beside the town, pursued their way to Nedders the handsome capital.

The travelers looked with amused surprise, not unmingled

with contempt, at the monstrous iron crown which surmounts the gateway of one of the Palaces. There, as they admired the sitting statue of one of the princes, Philoscommon said, pointing to the pile of buildings in ruins, "You see, Alethi, that emblem which was made as big as possible, as if to make the most of a crown that — as royal — is only of yesterday, has not made much impression: the people destroyed the substantial edifice, but left the empty bauble upright that formed its sign. When we visit the famous picture-gallery, which invites and retains visiters to this city who would not go out of their way to inspect all the costly knickknacks assembled in the curiosity-shop of the King's residence, you will see other deplorable evidence of the blind fury of a populace, or of their destructiveness, half-wanton, half-malicious, when they have a temporary power over what they envy and have been accustomed to respect as above them. Its walls are perforated with bullets, and some of the precious paintings have not escaped."

"Is a mob more moderate in republics?"

"Usually. They consider such things as belonging to them, and spare their own property. You remember how indignant you felt to see the green sward stamped into barrenness in the Garden at Monachopolis, although a large ticket set-up in various places commends it and its property to the public protection. You and I with our thin soles were walking over the gravel, at the same time that groups of workingmen chose for their heavy clouted shoes the springy turf that was so fresh beside us. In the great Park of the chief city of Isopoliteia, I never saw that done. In Chaunopolis, a royal Garden which adjoins the principal Park has been made free to the people. In return, the public trampled out a new walk for themselves through the grove. So the wardens were obliged to follow their traces and finish the footpath with the spade. In the same city a few years since, their greatest hero had every pane of glass

smashed in the windows of the stately house that was given him for his services."

"It is the lawlessness arising from over-restraint."

"Probably, though there is not much of that in Philautia. It is owing also to their ignorance. In Isopoliteia, it is noticeable that riots of every sort are almost always the outbreak of foreigners."

"I shall be impatient till we get there," said Alethi.

The schoolmaster's proboscis seemed to shorten itself in wrinkles. "Be moderate," he replied: "to expect too much is to solicit disappointment, everywhere but in Medamou."

Again they traveled north, and went to Blinrè, capital of Pseusern. Here Philoscommon made his friend stand between the magnificent equestrian statue and the vast Palace, and facing the Museum look up and down, then facing the Palace turn to his right hand and his left.

"Well?" he asked.

Alethi turned to him his visage beaming with satisfaction. "This," he exclaimed, "is truly worthy of a great capital. I should suppose the like of this place is not to be seen elsewhere in the whole world."

"Taking it altogether, — the general view, the buildings, and the objects of art, noble in themselves and placed just where they should be, — I hardly think there is. We shall have to spend some weeks in Blinrè. When we visit the neighboring town and the country-palace famous as the residence of the great king whose brazen figure is beside you, you will then see a row of marble nudities of both sexes that will make you blush, unless you choose rather to laugh at a demoralizing ugliness which is permitted to deform the approach to what is otherwise pleasing to the eye and good for the soul. What we *now* admire is worthy of the best days of the great city of ancient art; *then*, if you think at all of such, you will only remember that *her* sculptors made their women virgins and their men innocent."

Alethi asked him for an explanation, which Philoscommon gave. "But," said the former, "unless the people were gross, would such ridiculous indecencies be tolerated? You remember what we saw when going up that goodly river in Chassen."

"You mean the men who leaped and dived in the water and turned summersets above it without a rag upon them, while the ladies in the boat looked on unflinching, but not without a blush. Psha! that is Pantachousian, not Micromereian. In Chaunopolis, they permit bathing in the artificial river of one of their Parks, provided it be done at a certain hour in the morning and in the evening. One morning in early summer, I saw on the bank of the stream a young man stark naked, drying himself with a long towel, which he held by the ends and passed first over one shoulder, then over the other, with more advantage to his muscles than to the modesty of the girls who at that hour were going to their work, and two of whom were actually crossing the bridge directly in his face at the time."

"Perhaps they think the modesty of working-girls not worth minding in Chaunopolis."

"It is not improbable. At all events, you will find men in general decent, and women for the most part chaste, only in Medamou."

"But, in that ancient city you alluded to?"

"I made no reference to its morals, but only to its taste in art. At the time the latter flourished, the former were what you may suppose from the witticisms of its best comic poet. In the great Museum at Chaunopolis there is a vase, among others made in a colony of that people, on which you will see a satirical picture of Zeus's amour with Alcménè. Hermes, who is holding a ladder for the god to the window of the lady's chamber, is provided ethographically with an appendage that is only a caricature of the deformity that will disgust if not amuse you there."

The travelers' stay in Blinrè was long and satisfactory. Then Philoscommon said: "Shall we visit the provinces that lie above us and at our right hand, or better, going north to Oderufer take there passage on the East Sea for the great Sursian capital, built in despite of nature by the perseverance and the despotism of the iron-nerved man whose name it bears? The season is yet pleasant. Sursia is one of the two Colossi of the Earth."

"And the other?"

"Is Isopoliteia. They will one day divide the power of the world between them. They stand as two giants, whose growth, already prodigious, is not yet finished. And the little nations that are between them hate and fear them equally, anticipating with terror the day when their mighty hands shall touch across the ocean. Hence, and because of their similarity in youth and wonderful increase, though there is nothing congenerous in their forms of government, and because their respective spheres can never come into collision, until that distant era when, having attained their utmost growth, the Titans may become rivals, they are natural allies, and as Sursia is the staunchest friend of Isopoliteia, so the latter is the only country which does justice to Sursia."

"Perhaps it is the only one that can appreciate her."

"Perhaps so. But there is more than that. Isopoliteia, from its form of government has immeasurably the advantage of Sursia, therefore cannot envy it, as the latter, moving, though more slowly, towards the same goal, sees everything to admire in the towering giant whose arms, stretched out to meet its own, evince already the unconquerable force itself shall have one day, while both behold themselves envied, hated, maligned and vilified more or less by all the Powers that lie between them, and most by those that are least dwarfed and shadowed by their enormous magnitude. Shall we go thither?"

"Not unless you wish it, Philos'. It is too far. Of what character are the people?"

"I have never been there," said the philosopher smiling. "And if I had, you know how travelers draw conclusions. They take the individuals that cross their path and make them sit for portraits of the nation."

"Well, what do they say of the Sursians?"

"The Philautians, who do not love them, for the reason I have given, call them boors and gluttons, and the Isopoliteians, who favor and are favored, find their nobles courteous and affable, and their common people kindly and fair to deal with. How have you found the Pseusern?"

"Humph! pleasant, but rather tricky."

"More so than the Chassen and the Neryban and the Anastesians?"

"Why no. Confound it! I never know where I am worst treated."

"When it comes to a bargain. You will find out perhaps in Medamou. *As a nail sticketh fast between the joinings of the stones, so, in buying and selling* — all are Pantachousians."

CHAPTER XIX.

They descend to the middle region of lakes and mountains, where the younger traveler is enlightened unpleasantly.

Sursia was not visited, nor yet the intervening provinces of Pseusern. Instead of journeying east and to the north, they went both to the west and to the south. City after city they visited, and capital after capital, finding in most of the latter some prominent object worth remarking, but nowhere meeting with adventure, and nowhere gathering anything worth recording in manners or in morals. Panta-

chousia was in every people, and lent sameness more often than piquancy to intercourse with all; and Philoscommon smiled, or laughed, or made contortions, or wriggled, as he saw his companion vexed to find his trustfulness repaid with extortion, his truthfulness and openness with dissimulation and falsehood, his courtesy with insolence, and his gentleness and considerateness with presumption and selfish encroachment. "In time, you will learn," he said. "When we get to Medamou again, perhaps you will tell me, Alethi, which among men are the worthiest."

But coming to the lovely river the poet calls *bicornous*, they ascended toward its fountains in the region of eternal snows, — greatly to Alethi's relief and pleasure, nor less to the gratification of the schoolmaster, who reminded, by the epithet we have cited, of the six-foot measures he had tried to beat into the laggard youth of Medamou, cried in a droll sort of rapture to his road-mate, bidding him bridge over the hiatus in the Homeric way:

> "Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, *Alethi*,
> Hic nemus ! Hic ipse tecum consumerer aevo."

"Heaven forbid!" said Alethi.

"No, I suppose you would rather grow old with something more pastoral — Minnchen, for example." He had hesitated; but Alethi, though he said nothing, did not wince; and Philoscommon felt satisfied that the wound he had touched was well scarred.

Disembarking, they went to see the queen of ruins, looking from her hilly throne on the graceful and fair-featured stream which does homage at her feet; and when the younger traveler had, with a painter's eye and poet's heart, taken-in all the magic of the unrivaled scene, and they passed slowly on their return the yet portcullised gate where lies the shattered tower, Philoscommon woke his indignation by going through the story of the wars of which this was but a memorial, but whose most deplorable traces were long since overgrown and

are never thought of save in connection with this picturesque and stately ruin, or when one pauses to analyze the worthless material which helps to make the glitter in the crown of him whom, for even such ravages as these, his people surname *Great.*

Not yet sated with the loveliness of nature, the travelers passed the short remainder of the summer in the land of mountains and lakes, where a purer air, and the silence, the distant snows, the deep and transparent water, seem to give a new being to the inhabitant of cities who enjoys them for the first time and whose blood is yet young.

"Here man should be purer and less sordid," said Philoscommon, turning round on his elbow where he leaned on the ledge of an open casement which overlooked the largest of the lakes. His eyes were directed to Alethi, who stood with a somewhat dissatisfied expression on his countenance, while turning out the contents of his traveling-bag.

"Bah!" said Alethi, "and the unselfish and moral creatures, some of them, have robbed me of my hair-brush, my morocco slippers, and one of my newest shirts."

"So I thought," said Philoscommon drily.

"You knew it then! you saw it — as you did the glove affair in Chiliopolis. Philos′!"

"No; you need not look so hurt. I neither saw nor knew; I guessed."

"How?"

"From your dismay. I had no thought of brush, or slippers, or shirt; but I had noticed that the iron clasp of that miserable bag —— They don't make such things so well in Parthenopè as they do in Chaunopolis."

"Perhaps not — unluckily. Well?"

"I noticed it had been tampered with — (see! the rogue has bent it so, that you can put your hand between) — and I supposed you must have lost something."

"Was it the driver?"

"Doubtless. We were his only passengers, and he had fine opportunity while we were going through that old castle."

"I had thought these mountaineers were too virtuous. But it may not have been one."

"Yes; there are few foreigners that come here to labor. Besides I know him by his tongue. Do you suppose that men are good and bad, simply according to their less or greater distance from the clouds? In that very castle, not many years since, an estimable young woman (I knew her,) the daughter of the keeper, was shot dead by a discarded suitor, who instantly after put an end to himself. Men, Alethi, are more independent in these snow-capt hills, and have a better chance to be virtuous, but they are not therefore born such, any more than the inhabitant of effeminate cities is necessarily destitute of manliness and integrity. In the only circulating library of this little town I found yesterday the largest as well as vilest collection of smutty books I ever saw together. The least objectionable was a translation of the old pastoral romance of Longus, with a curious illustration of the final enlightenment of the innocents. It is true they were all printed in Lutetia of the Alectryons, which is the cosmopolitan fountain of obscenity in art and letters; but how came they here, and why do they abide here?"

"In that respect I suppose these mountain folk are not peculiar, or perhaps their circulating library is so. But they say they are mercenary and will sell their blood."

"When they want good wages. So will most men. In nine cases out of ten, it is a question of means whether a man shall be liberal and uncovetous or not. I have told you one story of my grandmother's. Let me add another, which is equally authentic. A gentlewoman among her friends was always well spoken of by all who knew her; but the commendation was usually qualified by a depreciatory pity of her meanness. 'What a dear good soul she is! She has but one fault, poor woman. She is so stingy!' In due course

of time the good lady died, and lo, she had left barely money enough to bury her. Then everybody wondered how, on so mere a nothing, she had managed to keep up appearances. — As a reckless expenditure often gets the name of generosity, so an enforced economy is generally stigmatized as sordidness. In fact, in this latter condition the noblest nature will sully itself by actions that may well seem such. The people who are straitened in the mountains here are as those whose purses have collapsed in Pantachou. It is only in Medamou that moral attributes are assigned correctly."

They crossed the frontier into Alectoreion, where in one respect Alethi found himself agreeably situated. His amenity, his affability, his open and benevolent disposition, and his genial manners, and the mirthfulness and jocular shrewdness of his companion made them everywhere liked by the gay, intelligent and witty people with whom they freely mingled. Philoscommon indeed remonstrated with his friend and quasi patron that he had forgotten entirely a condition of their partnership in travel, and suffered him no longer to drop behind as valet. "You will see," he said, "that this obstinacy of good nature will bring us both into difficulty. In Micromereia and the mountains it was of less consequence that I should keep down to my subordinate part; but here we shall be mocked at every step."

"I have not found it so as yet," replied Alethi.

"Not offensively perhaps, nor conspicuously, to you; but I have seen it; and when you get to Lutetia, where the people are the most impudent in the world, while they affect to be the most refined, you will remember my warning."

CHAPTER XX.

What they found in the capital of the Alectryons; and how the little pedagogue displayed his manhood.

They reached Lutetia of the Alectryons.

"Do you begin to see the character of the people?" asked the schoolmaster.

"I think I do," replied Alethi. "It is indicated, unless I mistake, in the characteristics of their capital. I see here nastiness and refinement, sordidness and magnificence, the grossest impurity and an affected regard for outward delicacy, all in close neighborhood and often cohabiting together. And if I mistake not there are besides, discoverable through an air of very high spirit and manlike independence, contemptible trickery and servility, and, with an assumption of great integrity in trade and the most amiable candor, abominable roguery and dissimulation."

"Ah there," said Philoscommon, who seemed to relish the emphasis of his friend, "you will have to take the palm of excellence from them and hand it over to their rivals of Chaunopolis, who will outdo them in the servility of their manliness and outlie them in the candor of their dissimulation. But in every other virtue you have ascribed to them, the Lutetians are peerless. They are in fact the modern representatives of that vain and mercurial people who as autochthonès wore the *tettix* in their hair, — as valiant, as witty, as fickle, as wise, as immoral, as irreligious, as refined and as

dirty as they. They will detect your foibles in a minute, banter you, flatter you, oblige you, push you into the kennel, and if you resent their insolence, or remonstrate civilly, take off their hat to you or fight you, just as you elect. If you can put me through them, head, legs and all, without a rubbing, I will allow I am no Erra Pater."

They were on their way through the Garden of the palace to one of the great galleries of paintings, and as this was said there approached them two young men dressed in the prevalent fashion, one of whom had that peculiar sprightly, half-saucy half-intellectual air, which showed him to be an impertinent of too much brains to be thought a fool, but of too little sense to be much more than a fop; a tall, handsome, petted child of fashion in fact, who stood quite as well in his own conceit as in the favor of a light-hearted and licentious but refined society. When they were but a few steps in front of our pair, the fop, looking directly at the little schoolmaster, burst into a laugh and said something to his companion, who smiled, but not offensively. Finally, when about to pass, he looked again in the most insolent manner at Philoscommon, and said aloud to the other, "Is it human?"

Philosc instantly retorted: "Not of your humanity, or I should drown myself as a monkey."

"You may do it at once then as a monster," returned the Lutetian. "There is the river. Unless you prefer to exhibit yourself at so much a head."

This was unbearable. Alethi stepped before his friend so as to bring himself almost in contact with the insolent. "If you have" —— he began; but before he could complete the defiance, which the fop, to do him justice, was awaiting with a steady yet fiery look, Philoscommon jerked him back, exclaiming in a tone which Alethi had never heard from him before: "Stop, this is my quarrel. — Give me your card," he added to the Lutetian, who looked down

upon the little man at first surprised, then amused, then with a haughty gravity. "Your name, at once," repeated imperiously the schoolmaster, "or!" ——

Here, to Alethi's astonishment, the diminutive sage, whose features had become perfectly immovable, with the under lid of the eyes drawn upward a little and the under lip a great deal, actually raised his thin and disproportionably long arm with the large fist clenched. But at this critical moment the other Lutetian, who was narrowly observing Philoscommon, said authoritatively to the offender: "He is right. You must apologize, or fight him."

The fop looked down again upon his strange antagonist and hesitated; but the latter had dropped his hand, though he still kept it clenched and his face was still bold and determined. So his look of pride relaxed into a pleasant smile; he put out his hand frankly, saying, "You have an ugly head, but a very fine heart."

"And that would not do to exhibit," said Philosc with his old manner, while he took the hand thus offered; "for no one would give a copper to see it, anywhere."

"But it has afforded me a lesson I shall remember, and for which I might have dearly paid," said the other. As he spoke, he nodded in a friendly way to his transient antagonist, his companion exchanged a distant salutation with Alethi, and they both passed on.

"Had he known I was a schoolmaster, he might have been still more satisfied with his pretty saying than I dare say he was," observed Philoscommon.

"But you, Philos′, you are wonderful!"

"What! for merely showing my teeth? — figuratively, I mean," added the disfurnished mouth with a grin.

"No, but for setting your lips in such a way as to show that you did not want them. I knew your magnanimity; but I thought you were too philosophical for the duel."

"And so I am; but you see, there was no choice. It was

you, who would nonsensically interfere; and do you think, because I am little and ugly, I am to let you resent my quarrels or usurp my honors?"

"That is well turned off," said Alethi, shaking heartily his hand; "but in future I shall look on you as having no less valor than wisdom."

"Why should they be separable? They were not in another ugly fellow you wot of, to whom you have before compared me."

"No, yourself."

"As you will. But I assure you there was in the present case more wisdom than valor. That coxcomb would have fought *you;* but he would as soon have thought of a duel with a frog as with such a monstrosity as I. So you see there was more bluster than boldness."

In the Gallery, they stopped inevitably before the great picture of the Deluge. After a very long pause of silent, melancholy admiration, Alethi, turning first to see that no one was behind them, remarked in a low tone to his companion, "How admirably, but with what painful effect, is everything here in keeping! The very sky fills one with the same sadness and awe and horror as that struggling group. I know not what you feel, Philos'; but the poetry, the tragedy, of that group makes me at once devout and irreligious. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly. One needs all one's faith to aid one's resignation: and but in natures like yours, Alethi, which have what might be called the poetry of devotion, and which carry to a sublime height, at once by their piety, their tenderness of adoration, their knowledge and their consciousness of what is right, the religious submissiveness of the Salaman, such a picture would be more likely to foster infidelity alone, — that is, with hearts that rebel at injustice and commiserate misfortune. The mass look on without understanding and with but little sympathy. But apart from its ethic char-

acter, do you not see something to condemn in the painting?"

"In its execution as a work of art?"

"No, not absolutely; rather in the point of judgment and good taste in one minor detail, or that should have been minor, only that, consistently with the very error I speak of, the great painter has thrust it into unpleasant prominence. Do you remember the fault we found with a certain row of statues in the approach to the king's palace near Blinrè? Here we have to deplore the same deformity; only here it is not ludicrous, although it is still indecent."

"Yes, I wonder how any modest woman can look at it."

"Or look at it and remain modest. Here comes a party. Let us give place to them. Those two pretty young ladies, if they draw deductions from what they see, will not be benefited in a matter of general history any more than in the suggestions of chastity. It is nature, I assure them, but not the best nature; nor is the latter, as we see it in the statues of ancient high art, any more rare in vigorous manhood than is the prominent length of the second toe. The matchless man-figure we saw dying in marble in the folds of the serpent makes a beast of this otherwise true hero of the painted Deluge."

"But here," resumed the schoolmaster, as they stood before a picture which represented the burial-scene in a once-popular and always-fine romance of savage life, "here is nothing to mar the pathos of the poetry. What beauty in the mental agony of the lover, who with closed eyes hangs desperately over the body of the young girl which the aged hermit-missionary is about to commit uncoffined to the grave! It is the extremity of manly passionate grief. And the calmness of that lovely face where, with no degradation from long illness and no distortion from sharp pain, is the quiet of the sleep of death!"

Alethi said nothing and turned not round. He could not. The face resembled that of one of his departed sisters, and his heart was in his throat and in his eyes.

"Now," continued the schoolmaster after a while, "contrast with this touching poem the unpleasant pomp of this picture of the old story of ancient Ariospolis. Those men, who fight stark naked with helmets on their heads, are absurdities of falsehood."

"Yet he was a great painter who made this work."

"The foremost of this country, in his day. But you see to what a passion for the classic may carry a man, blinding him to nature and making him insensible to truth and probability. One figure naked yet armed, like the *Mars Gradivus* of the intaglio you had stolen from you, would be tolerable and is understood. The mind adapts itself to the image presented as it does to unmixed allegory. But you introduce a second figure, and you add female figures fully robed, and the improbability of the scene overpowers all merit in the design and makes the composition censurable."

As they turned away, a similar occurrence awaited them to that which had varied their coming to the Gallery. Two well-dressed men were observing the travelers. One of them with an expression of great amusement measured the little schoolmaster from head to foot, then calling his companion's attention to him by a significant look, gazed impertinently directly in his face.

"For a polite people," said the object of the insult aloud to Alethi, but facing the insulter, "it seems to me the Lutetians are very much given to staring."

"They like curiosities," replied the impertinent.

"So I should suppose," said Philoscommon with emphatic significance. "What do you ask for the exhibition?"

"More than such as you would be able or willing to pay," retorted the Lutetian contemptuously, yet with a flushed face, and eyes that explained perfectly his meaning.

"Try," was the prompt but deliberate rejoinder: "you may find me richer and readier than you suppose."

As he spoke, Alethi, who was very much annoyed and only kept from anger himself by Philoscommon's coolness, drew the little man away by the arm, whispering, "Remember your philosophy and never mind the buzzing of such flies."

"I do not," said Philos' with unconcern; "I only philosophically brush them away."

Alethi looked around, and saw a like movement taking place with the Lutetian, whose friend appeared by his gestures to be remonstrating, while the former, led away unresisting, replied only by shrugging his shoulders.

"Twice in one day," said Philos', with a pleasant wreathing of his lithe proboscis: "you will allow the modern Cecropians are fully a match for the old."

"They are the most impertinent people I have yet seen," said Alethi tartly.

"And the glibbest of tongue. The dogs are quick-witted."

"Say you? It is a reputation ill-acquired at the expense of benevolence."

"Benevolence has nothing to do with it. A man may be witty and have both good-nature and benevolence, and he may be witty without either. He has then steel gaffles on his spurs. I think the Lutetians have quite as much of either quality as most people, but they certainly are very apt to show a great want of both. Here you will encounter a deal of impertinence, set off with a garnish of sprightliness. In Chaunopolis you will find a great deal more, without any garnish at all, and often served in the rudest manner on the most trumpery kind of ware."

Some days afterward, they were walking soon after breakfast, when few persons were passing, in one of the widest streets, when suddenly a gentlemanly-looking man, who was approaching them, made a full stop, then, his whole face lighting up with pleasure, rushed to Alethi with an exclama-

tion of joy, and clasped him in his arms. "My dear friend!" he exclaimed, trying to kiss him on the cheek; then, as Alethi struggled, "it so long since I beheld you!"

"The devil!" said the latter, breaking loose, "I never saw you in my life."

"Ah, what an error!" cried the stranger with an air of shame and mortification. "Ten thousand pardons!" With a profound bow, hat in hand, he was about to make off, when Philoscommon grasped him by the sleeve.

"Not so fast, our friend!" said the philosopher.

"What do you mean?" said the stranger, trying in vain to remove the ugly fingers. "It was a mistake."

"No, a take. Hand back the watch." At the same time the captor beckoned to one of the military police.

Alethi's watch was restored. The policeman took their address, and took away the thief.

"Why, Philos'!" cried Alethi, "we shall have to put you in the army; you are getting a habit of it."

"Of what?"

"Of *pluck*," said Alethi, rather embarrassed.

"And did you think I wanted it?"

"No, my dear fellow, I did not doubt your manhood"——

"O Mehetabel!" interejaculated the quondam admirer of the churchsteeple-mustard-pepperbox.

—"For I remember your coolness with the bandits."—

"Except in one part," said the philosopher, rubbing his gluteus with memorial itch.

"Pshaw! you put me out. You don't want my apology, I see."

"Certainly not. But what were you going to say about my pluck?"

"Why, I never thought about it at all, either one way or the other. But it was you know so—so very odd, that a philosopher"——

"Should have common courage, that is it. But in fact,

Alethi, it is habit. And I dare say, but for that first affair, I should not have been so prompt in this. Now, confound it! we shall be obliged to stay here, and be put to more trouble than your turnip is worth. I wish I had let it go."

"Thank you. And in return, I hope you may be kept here long enough to finish your labors in the Imperial Library. — But that was not a bad trick of the Alectryon?"

"*My dear friend! — Ah, what an error!* — No. They certainly do manage these things in Lutetia with infinite grace. The best exploit of the kind I ever heard of, was of one of these gentry who went into a mantuamaker's shop and asked the mistress to show him some ladies' dresses. He said he was about to be married, and wished to surprise his betrothed by a present of the handsomest one he could purchase. The woman showed him several, and he selected one of light material, a ball-dress, which pleased him greatly; but he modestly deferred to her opinion, confessing pleasantly his own ignorance in such matters, and lauding artfully the judgment and good taste of the shopkeeper as she indicated for his admiration this and that. 'If I only knew;' he said, 'if this would fit her. There is the difficulty. She is a very elegant person, and, as you may suppose, is rather particular as to fit. If there was only some one like her to try it on. Ah! how fortunate! You are — indeed more so than any person I ever saw — like her in shape and height. Would you be so complaisant?' —— 'To try it on? With pleasure, sir.' — 'But pray don't move from the shop. Just throw it over your head, and I can see in a moment how it will appear. As I said, she is a beautiful figure, and what will look well on you —— Ah, but that is charming! Now the back a little.' The woman turned. The fellow, putting his hands delicately on the waist of the dress and affecting to smooth it down, managed to fasten it securely with a large pin to the woman's clothing, both upper and under. The instant this was done, he snatched up a roll of silk from

the counter and disappeared. The poor woman could not go after him so ridiculously attired. She attempted to draw the costly dress over her head, but found she was exposing her person. It was an hour when all her work-people were abroad; and by the time she had loosened the pin, which her trepidation made it not easy to do, the rogue with his plunder was out of sight."

CHAPTER XXI.

Philoscommon opens the book of Government for his companion, who is disgusted and disheartened at what he reads there.

"WELL," said Philosc one day, "what say you of Lutetia?"

"It may be a pleasant place," replied Alethi, "for pleasure-seekers and those who love to forget themselves, but it has no charms for me."

"So I should have thought."

"Still, it is not a place to yawn in. But in one respect it surprises me. Everywhere there is quiet, everywhere the aspect of peace, yet everywhere I meet the bayonet."

"It is because the bayonet glitters everywhere, that everywhere you see what looks like peace. Beneath this surface which is so dazzling and which looks so happy, there are the elements of convulsion. I know not but that, as in Parthenopè, the greater the quiet the more reason one has to fear the earthquake."

"Is it the turbulence of the people, or the despotism of the ruler?"

"Where the ruler is not despotic, one has rarely to fear from the turbulence of a people. In this great city, Alethi,

are gathered all the restless spirits of the land. In vain the press is muzzled, in vain the Argus of police has his hundred eyes forever open; you cannot stifle liberty by bandaging her mouth, there is no spy with such plurality of vision, but sometime on some side the men and measures he is set to watch will find him blinded. There was a day when there plied no public press; still further back in the benighted ages, a time when the reduplication of a writing by means of types was never dreamed of, yet in those days men thought, conspired, and rose in revolution just as now. What avails it to interdict opinion? It can circulate through hidden channels, in a narrower current indeed, but the stronger perhaps for its restriction. You dam it up, the waters are but gathered into one place. Still through the obstacle some portion of the flood will trickle, and the danger always is, that, if the wier give way, you have suddenly a torrent for a rivulet, a resistless cataract for a feeble waterfall."

Alethi looked at him in silence.

"You wonder to hear me talk thus," pursued the little man with a smile.

"I was surprised at your elevation."

"See what it is to have a bad name! But in fact, I was on my war-horse, to do battle against the hypocrisy of this Government, which is forever proclaiming itself to be in the van of civilization, yet continues to be guilty of acts that would mark it to be retrograde but that the like are practiced in Philautia. There is a rich island owned by Jactantia which is cultivated by slaves. Philautia, finding her own slave-possession in its neighborhood dwindling in importance, and the laborers rapidly decreasing in number, set the latter free; and Alectoreion having lost hers, both these powers have become particularly excited by the atrocities of the slave-trade, and vehement in their abuse of Jactantia, which is supposed to connive at its secret maintenance. Yet both have attempted to press colored laborers

into their service by a sort of forced apprenticeship that is harder than slavery, and Philautia in fact is known to have sent for many recent years into various of her tropical colonies cargo after cargo of these unhappy blacks whom her own vessels had recaptured from the slavers; which you see may indirectly stimulate the trade itself."

"Through the necessities of the colonies."

"And the advantage in the shape of prize-money accruing to the captors. It is certainly a temptation both ways to let a cargo be shipped occasionally. Well, recently a ship of the Alectryons with such laborers on board was found in the neighborhood of a slave-coast, in waters which are watched by one of the weaker Powers who is ruler there. The circumstances were so suspicious, the blacks themselves declaring they were forced or beguiled on board, that the vessel was seized by this Power under the mutual law providing for such cases. But there was on board a delegate of the government of Alectoreion, and it was too monstrous to suppose that any sanction could be given by such a passenger to a violation of the law. And then did not the captain too maintain his innocence? Consequently, the Alectryons, who in a similar case before, where the negroes had uprisen and seized the slaver, had been compelled to submit to the interference of Philautia and see them all returned as freemen to a new republic in their native land, being now the stronger Power, sent several vessels directly into the native waters of the feeble Power, which will be compelled to yield to all their demands. Philautia is notorious for a lust of territory which she never hesitates to gratify where she can do it in safety. Alectoreion has sent out an expedition to seize Han-San, the best harbor of the maritime province of a kingdom in Ta-pros-he'o."

"But she has some pretext?"

"O, certainly. In the last century, there was trouble there, and a missionary of the Alectryons who had become

a favorite and minister of the legitimate despot returned to his native land to ask for aid to his coppercolored master. But trouble still more serious occurred in his own country, and when finally a few of his Alectryons arrived, Caung-Shung, a most energetic and enlightened prince by the by, was in his proper seat. The opportunity however, though unprofited by, was too favorable to be forgotten. Two or three provinces will now be exacted. And that is all."

"And is it after this fashion that these powerful nations act toward the weaker?"

"O my dear, this is but the beginning of the alphabet. Before we return to Medamou, you will have learned all the letters. Do you not see it is the mere fortune of the stronger nations that others are not able to resist them? If Providence had designed the contrary, why did it not make a parity of force? Not to take advantage of their fortune would be a disregard of the celestial provision. As for blacks of every shade and nationality, and coppercolored highcheeked people who have diagonally-set eyes, they are of no account whatever, except, like certain fishes, for their number; and to thin the shoals may be of advantage to the tribe, as well as affording sport and profit for the captors and destroyers."

"But surely in a country, in a capital like this, where you allow there are so much intellect and shrewdness and the soundest moral and political knowledge, there must be many independent thinkers and some few courageous maintainers of the right."

"Certainly, they are of the opposition to the Government. But how far do they go? This morning there is an exposition, a denouncement in mild but intelligible terms, of certain measures of the Government. To-morrow the liberal press will receive a warning, and, if this be disregarded, in a day or two you have the editor fined and imprisoned. Do an unusual number of persons assemble in a private house to discuss

affairs of state, the police breaks up the meeting. Does some writer succeed by the disguise of a title in insinuating his views upon the public, the success of his pamphlet arouses suspicion, his publisher can escape imprisonment only by informing himself against the author, and the whole of the new edition is suppressed. Does another, bolder and having more regard to his reputation as a wit and sage than to his safety as a man, attack in terms unmeasured and unmistakable the corruptions of the court and the abuse of power, he is challenged to the death, and if one opponent fails to pierce his body, another stands ready, and yet another, to play the executioner through the imposing mode of a combat, where murder is not less done that it is done openly and under the laws of the duello. Add to all this, when all is said and all is written that can be written and be said for truth and right, are there not two to one, ay three to one, hired satellites of the Government, minions of power and parasites of place, who publish and who speak as loudly and as much, and in words perhaps as well, and who, having no conscience and no sense of honor, turn inside out, transform and color, subtract and add and multiply, vail with specious reasons, or slur over with affected oversight, the things they treat of, that falsehood shall put on the guise of truth, and wrong be made the sublimity of justice? To hear them thunder, you would think that Heaven itself was roused in defence of political virtue, and the lightning of their indignation seems ready to strike with merited annihilation the least wavering of believers in the immaculateness of the sovereign."

"It is a picture which, I hope, applies to only Alectoreion."

"It is a portrait which has the peculiarity of fitting, as you narrow or extend the frame, almost every other country, but in its actual proportions represents especially Philautia, and even Isopoliteia, though in the latter original there is this variety, that whereas this latter almost invariably confines its misrepresentations to itself, τα προς ἑαυτον, the two others

extend them liberally to all other nations and particularly to this last one, which, if you believe their estimate, must be a colossal agglomeration of everything that is vile."

"When I reflect," said Alethi, "that historians are as likely to take the statements of one side as the other, it fills me with distrust, and with dismay. What is all history?"

"What but a tissue of calumnies, with here and there a silver thread of truth, crossing the particolored yet dingy fabric. What would you have it?"

"What it pretends to be."

"You have answered better than you thought. It is but pretence. Men scarcely find the truth. But few men seek it. Thousands feel themselves justified in lying for a favorite cause, while tens of thousands lie without caring for justification. It is, I am inclined to think, the normal condition of mankind."

"What is?"

"To lie."

Alethitheras looked sad. "I am forced to believe you. But you make me melancholy."

"I did not make the world," said Philoscommon.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Emperor of the Alectryons. Our travelers set out to go to the Opera, but are made spectators of an unfinished political tragedy in the public street.

THE younger traveler was unwilling to let the subject drop, and, after some moments, he thus resumed the conversation.

"And what is the monarch under whom such a state of things is allowed to exist?"

"A state of things which I have but feebly penciled after all; for dispatches from foreign parts are often falsified to form opinion, and, when with later news the contradiction comes, this is suppressed as long as possible, to keep the public mind in the required track. You look astonished and may well; but the same systematic falsehood has been practiced by the press in Philautia and upon the very same subject, the state of public affairs in the object of their terror and their hate, the giant republic of Isopoliteia. Would you now repeat your question? The monarch could not have created this condition of things. Indeed I have said it exists as vigorous in Philautia. Society must already be depraved where such a moral monster, which looks one way and sees another, can have even birth. The monarch finding it useful suffers it to grow, and, without exactly employing it, takes advantage of its services, while taking care that his servants shall watch it, lest in its unhesitating fury it turn upon himself. In Philautia it is not the sovereign but the Government which has in secret service this foul creature; here it is the monarch, for here there is no real government but the monarch."

"You have answered then my question. He is a tyrant."

"No, not in the received sense of that once innocent word. Neither is he what is called a despot; but he is despotic. Born a prince through usurpation, he is here a usurper, and the self-made successor of a usurper. A man of undoubted ability, but with the credit of having more than perhaps he really possesses, because he follows the maxim which teaches dissimulation to his kind, and, keeping his own counsel, avails himself of circumstances which he has not created nor even perhaps foreseen, but which are ascribed by his sycophants to the force of his will guided by his foresight, unscrupulously and when he thinks it necessary remorselessly ambitious, his heart was long set upon the power which he now enjoys. After repeated disappointment the adventurer

found, like his relative the conqueror whom he pretends to have succeeded, but without any such show of service as the latter could put forward, the happy moment of revolution, and availed himself of it. Once made the head of a republic, but with the foolish and dangerous addition of a qualifying title which marked his claim to sovereignty, he soon found means to have his power made perpetual. The army then gained over, the ambition of individuals availed of, a stroke of state, as it was nicely called, when blood was shed to aid a usurpation, the adventurer stood up a monarch though uncrowned, and though at first unrecognized and despised by other potentates and vehemently abused by their subjects, he has wrested from the prudence and the policy of all, if not from their fears, complete acknowledgment, and the sovereign herself of Philautia has lent her cheek to his kiss and bound her badge of highest honor on his knee."

"Such a man can not be common."

"No; I acknowledged his ability. But remember, Alethi, that where a man is determined to attain a certain height, and allows no obstacle to intercept him, he is surer of success than he who hesitates. Further, he excels in that antithetical style and that studied sententiousness which are favored by his people. He will generalize a whole campaign or the policy of a year into an abstract political maxim, and condense the prospective measures of his reign into a brief, sounding epigram. This gives brilliancy and a look of vigor to his speeches and letters, and makes his glittering unsubstantialities pass for the dogmatism of recondite wisdom. Would you like to see this man?"

"By all means."

"Commission me then to buy you a ticket for to-night's opera. He is to attend it."

"What is opera, Philos'?"

"It is the perfection of the lyrical drama, an expansion at once and sublimation of what charmed the Cecropians on

their ancient stage. But there are two kinds. The true opera, the opera of the Anastesians and after them of the Micromereians, is all music. You readily sympathize with the emotions of the characters, follow them without distrust through their chanted dialogue, and find no confusion or absurdity in that they love and fight and rave and die, all to the softest or the grandest strains elaborately composed and accompanied and partially rendered by fifty or sixty instruments. It is in fact as in the reading of poetry, where, without any surprise or dissatisfaction, you have the hero threaten, swear, entreat his mistress and adore the gods, in rhyme, because all his actions from the first to the last and all that is related of him are done and presented in like manner. But in the other kind of opera, which is native here and to Philautia, you have the interlocutors conversing in ordinary unmeasured prose. All of a sudden the music strikes up and the speakers fall to singing, no matter what the subject or their emotions at the time, though the scene be the public highway or the parlor of a house where they are strangers. At this the mind is shocked, as at the impossible and the unnatural; *incredulus odit.* If anything could redeem such nonsense, it would be the spirit of its perpetration here, where under a particular name we have this sort of hybrid production marked by the brightest sallies of wit, the most delicate humor, and a general vivacity and graceful lightness that are peculiar to this people. But I must off for the ticket."

"Tickets. You must go along."

"Do you want a scene not set down in the books?"

"No, but I don't want through fear of a scene to commit a meanness. Either you go with me, Philos', and sit beside me too, or the play goes on without me."

"There will be plenty of ladies," said the philosopher, with a grin and a grimace; "but I think there will be too much of a foil about me. Remember, it is your own fault, if you be made to wish yourself in Medamou."

It was their intention to go early, but owing to an accident insignificant in itself it was after eight o'clock before they left the Sathrartos. The opera-house was but a few steps from that hotel, and they set off on foot. When near the street of their destination, they heard the sound of many horses' hoofs, and, stopping at the edge of the crowd already gathered, saw in a few moments, driven past them at a rapid rate and surrounded by a body of lancers, the carriage of the Emperor. Working their way through the crowd, they were about to follow, when suddenly there was a loud and sharp explosion directly in the course of the carriage. The crowd receded. Philoscommon, laying his hand on the arm of Alethi, whispered him, "Don't move! or rather, fall back. We have come perhaps to see a tragedy." The whip had sounded, the carriage had dashed on up to the steps of the playhouse, and, as these words were spoken, there was a second explosion. They saw one of the horses drop. Then there was a third explosion: the windows crashed in the neighboring houses, the street lamps were extinguished, pieces of iron hurled through the air fell in the midst of the throng where our party stood, wounding several persons. But before their cries and groans were heard, and the loud orders of the officer of the guard, Alethi had distinguished the sound of the carriage-steps, and again Philoscommon whispered, "He is probably safe." Then the crowd commenced to disperse, and pressed by the horsemen surged backward like a receding wave. Alethi and Philoscommon, retreating with them, helped into a shop a poor fellow whose legs had been cut badly, and before their good work was completed they heard the galloping of horses, and saw a squadron of mounted guards with drawn sabres hurrying to the scene.

"You will hardly get in now," said Philoscommon.

"Nor do I want to," responded Alethi. "I have had enough of the Emperor, and have no stomach for the play. He is safe you think. What an escape!"

"The Devil, you know, is said to be good to his own."

"Philos'! You can't approve of this dastardly and murderous way of effecting a revolution?"

"Not more than you, Alethi. If it rested with me, every one who had the least hand in the conspiracy (as I suppose it) would have but a short shrift. Nothing ever did justify assassination. It is all sophism that is used to palliate it. And here are perhaps a dozen murders of persons inoffensive and unknown to the assassins, and wounds and mutilation, and the slaughter of dumb animals, all to compass the destruction of one man. That man is undoubtedly guilty, guilty of usurpation and guilty of despotism, and well deserves his death if ever despot and usurper did, but not in this way, not by these hands. If one wrong can be held to justify another, where will men stop, or who shall set a limit to the means when the end alone is made the sanction for their use? Come, it will not do to loiter here, especially as we are foreigners. I am sorry though, we did not get in. It would have been worth your seeing, the mien of the monarch."

"Do you think then he entered the house?"

"Certainly. It is a part he would delight to play. He has perfect self-command; and I dare say you would see the ladies of the court examining curiously pieces of the exploded shells."

"And what will be the result of this atrocity?"

"What would you suppose?"

"The tightening of the reins of government, which will probably be stronger than before."

"And more despotic. When a mettlesome horse tries to unseat his rider and fails, the latter plies both spur and curb, and becomes still more the master than before. To-morrow all parts of the country will be interchanging congratulations; the next day new edicts will be issued against the Press which will extend their action even to foreign parts."

"But not to be obeyed?"

"Yes, by the weaker Powers directly; and even Philautia, though reluctantly and after indignant protestation, will forget her boasted right of asylum, (a right by the by which this very Emperor had enjoyed when himself a fugitive,) and lend her courts of justice and police to neutralize that hospitality which has, it is true, been often abused; nor should I be at all surprised if the Postoffice, one of the most admirably systematized and conducted of its institutions, should be called upon to violate the confidence that is placed in the integrity of its management."

"By breaking the seals of private dispatches?"

"What else? And will do it."

"Impossible! in a country strong and haughty as you describe Philautia."

"Alethi, if a man were to insult you who had it in his power to ruin or destroy you, you would pocket the insult."

"No!"

"You think so. So does every man of honor and of spirit think. But let him be dependent on the goodwill of another who holds his happiness and his very life in his hands, he will find in his soul somewhere a spot of baseness which he has never suspected, and if it be to save his family, or himself, he will bend before an aggression that in another person he would resent to the death. States are but the aggregates of individuals, and the image that is given forth by the soul of one of them is reflected in the many-faced mirror which multiplies them all."

"From the sadness you make me feel, I fear that you are right. I almost wish that we were back in Medamou."

"No, not yet," cried the schoolmaster, laughing. "Wait till you have floundered through the fogs and egotism of Philautia, skimmed over the dirt and degradation of Taproshéo, and plodded weary and bewildered in the turmoil, the whirr and buzz of many-wheeled and ever-working Isopol-

iteia; and then, when we shall have gained the object of our travel, we will return to Medamou and dip our hands in its obliterating Lethe where alone is found the water of absolute contentment."

CHAPTER XXIII.

They arrive in Septicollis, and after a pleasant sojourn leave from a seaport of the country for Chaunopolis, and find on board the packet a notorious female character.

It was as Philoscommon had predicted. In all the neighboring countries measures of suppression and restraint signalized the prudence or the timorousness of governments. Where the Press was collared and chained it now was muzzled, where individuals were under supervision they were taken up and incarcerated, spies watched on the frontier, and police detectives searched the strangers' quarters in the interior; the republic of the mountains drove out the men it was not big enough to dare retain, and proud and overbearing Philautia sunk its first tone of indignation and defiance to a murmur of gruff assent, and allowed the myrmidons of a rival Power to dictate to its own servants measures that restrained the liberty of the subject and forced from their hospitable retreats the political fugitives whom, with all their spirit of intrigue and factious declamations, it had hitherto been proud to shelter.

"The little kingdom we shall next visit," said the schoolmaster, "has repaid its obligation to the Power which with Philautia helped by robbery to form it, by suppressing outright three insignificant journals. Septicollis, its capital, was somewhat conspicuous for its independence in letters;

but the little country is too weak to take exception to the insinuated threat of conterminous Alectoreion; so down went *The Red Rag*, *The Shark* no longer cut its swift way through the depths of journalism, and *From-Hand-to-Mouth* ceased to dictate to its scanty subscribers the communistical principles they could not understand. It is a littleness, the call for the annihilation of these pigmies, that shows the would-be Cæsar in his true light. He may be Augustus, but he certainly is not Julius."

They arrived in Septicollis during the three-days' festival of the independence of the country. In the Square near their lodging, a huge pear-shaped globe of varnished silk was filling with the inflammable vapor from the pipes which supplied the streets with light. The process was prudently slow, and evening had set in before the great oblong ball, swaying uneasily between its fastenings as if it longed to burst them, was sufficiently distended. Into the kind of boat or basket which was attached below its narrower end and mouth sprung now an agile Alectryon, who seemed as impatient as the air-bag itself. Hurriedly, but silently, he disentangled it, and as it rose rapidly into the atmosphere he lighted a mass of fireworks, which began to blaze and burst around his little boat, and filled the heart of Alethi, to whom his companion had explained the nature of the subtile gas by whose superior levity the mass ascended, with great uneasiness.

"He is paid for it," said Philoscommon; "his vanity and his folly have at least some substantiality in equipoise."

"It is not innocent foolhardiness," said Alethi, "and should be forbidden."

"*Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas*," replied the schoolmaster: "right or wrong, forbidden or permitted, men will always be found to peril their lives, whether on a tight-rope across the abyss of a cataract, or by swallowing jackknives, so long as their fellows are ready to receive the excitement

of beholding them. And this in the nature of things is inevitable. Eh! that spark was very near! That fellow can have no fear of hell-fire. Not long since, Alethi, one of these air-sailers had a horse fastened to the bottom of the car, as they call that basket, and ascended sitting on his back. Still more daring, another after ascending got out and hung by his heels with his head down, then nimbly resumed his former position again."

"And what is the use of all this aerostation?"

"Nothing as yet. But the time may come, when this may seem to what succeeds as simple, as the philosopher's basket in which he woos the Clouds in the play would be to this.

Αεροβατω και περιφρονω τον ἡλιον."

"Why, you don't suppose they will ever find the means to guide such a vessel against the winds?"

"I suppose nothing. But I should not be quite thunderstruck if they did. No man stares at the steamengine now, though it drives great vehicles on both the land and sea. A poet of Philautia once predicted that it would drive air-cars also. Yet the day is not so distant in the past, when men jeered the very idea of vaporboats. There! our daring navigator is quite out of sight, his fireworks being all extinguished. And so, as you are relieved, let us wander among the shops of this pretty city; and if you do not pronounce the keepers the politest pickpockets in the world you will have better luck or less taste than I had."

Leaving their inn, they took pleasant lodgings on one of the leveled and planted ramparts and for nearly two months remained in the handsome but inanimate city, then, traveling further north, visited the moated town where is the most famous picture of one of the two great colorists, and took passage finally at the chief seaport of the kingdom for the great metropolis of Philautia.

On board the packet, a young Philautian coming up to our party said in a low tone to Alethi, while he indicated a man

and woman who were pacing the deck: "Did you know that we have on board the woman who helped her husband to murder her own brother?"

"The case of poisoning with nicotin, you mean."

"Yes; that is the Countess. How curiously these things leak out! I don't know who first on board discovered her, but everybody is telling his neighbor that there is Madame —— I forget her present name."

"And who is that stout, smooth-faced, hypocritical and sensual looking man with her?"

"O, that is the man who proposed to her after the execution of the Count. A jolly fellow, is n't he? and a bold one to marry such a murderess."

"They are well-paired, I should think. He looks to be a mere animal, and she to be just the woman who would choose him."

"She is no beauty, certainly. But she has caused quite an excitement among us." And the young gentleman went off, to impart with equal eagerness the news to some one else.

On arriving at their destination, all the passengers were assembled in the custom-house, waiting each one his turn. The day was damp and raw, and as our party entered the room, they saw the woman alone sitting down with her foot upon the fender of the grate, where a small fire had been kindled. Several young men were staring at her and talking of her crime with intentional plainness; one, a Juvernan, who had been taking too many morning drams, even peering impudently under her bonnet. She never lifted her head, but sat with an anxious and gloomy look on her thin and rather dark visage, biting her lip, and tapping nervously with her small and well-shaped foot the rounded edge of the fender.

Alethi thought this indecent conduct in the young men, and unmanly, as the woman for the moment was unprotected, and drew Philoscommon away.

"It is," said the latter, "the just punishment of her crime."

"And a severe one, if she meets it everywhere. It is something like the brand of Cain in the Hebrew hagiology."

"Precisely like it, I should think. Who can pity her?"

"I do, while I turn from her with abhorrence. Where can the fratricide find rest?"

"Why, on the bosom of sensuality, as she has sought it there, — if indeed she wants it."

"Do you doubt that?"

"I do. You see her agitated. It is wounded pride, it is the sense of degradation. Conscience, which is not a universality, may have no voice whatever in her heart. It is a fine thing to talk of, Alethi; but such crimes, we may be sure, are never perpetrated by those who are endowed with it. That however is not worth discussing. What I want you to remark is, that here is another instance of the ease with which a woman in modern times escapes the death-sentence."

"Is it so everywhere?"

"Very generally; less so perhaps in Philautia. But in Isopoliteia a woman may blow a man's brains out at any time with perfect impunity, and perhaps be kissed in open court by her counsel after the trial."

CHAPTER XXIV.

In Chaunopolis: where Alethi himself has a painful experience of what his fellow-traveler underwent in Lutetia.

They arrived at last in Chaunopolis.

"Well?" said Philoscommon interrogatively, one day as they stood before the cathedral dedicated to the Apostle of the Gentiles.

"There are three things," replied Alethi, "that I think truly wonderful, for they are the only things that ever made me wonder; the ocean; that narrow street we just have threaded, with its endless train of vehicles, its continuous crowd, and its ceaseless roar and murmur; and now the outside of this truly magnificent pile. I like it better than that erected to the brother saint in antiquated Ariospolis."

"Good. So two of the three are here. But before you have done with Chaunopolis you will see much more to stare at, if not to admire."

"But to wonder at?"

"Why I have prepared you too well to expect it, for that. Here, you were taken, as on the ocean, by surprise. Let us go in."

Alethitheras was greatly pleased with the Chaunopolitans, although his landlady did conceive an affection for his tea and sugar, and would when winter came, his friend assured him, be equally amiable to his coals if he paid for them by the scuttle, and notwithstanding that in his dealings with

the quiet tradesmen he found them quite as wide awake as their lively brethren of Septicollis. He was particularly struck with the aspect of the city on that day which is set apart for religious services by all Jesousian communities. Nowhere as here had he seen it so respected. The good order, the decent stillness, the almost absolute suspension of traffic, and the cleanly attire of the lower classes charmed him, and made him, who was not bred to the religion of the place, sympathize in his own way with their devotion.

On the evening of such a day, he went alone to one of the principal churches, and ascending to the gallery was shown respectfully to a large pew near the organ. Directly adjoining this, at right angles with it, was another large pew, lined and cushioned like it, wherein was a gentleman with several little boys. The gentleman, looking at Alethi, made one of the boys hand him a book of prayer. This our traveler, who was well-read in the language of the country, gratefully accepted. When the service was over, instead of handing it back to the boy, he extended it, bowing his thanks, to the gentleman himself. Instantly, this person drew himself up with a haughtiness that brought the blood painfully into the stranger's cheek.

"I was indeed in error," said the latter to his friend, "when I returned it to him instead of to his son. But, the boy being nearest to me, how could I know the parent wished to avoid the condescension of offering it himself? It does not speak well, Philos', for the social condition of this great country, when pride can commit a rudeness almost insulting in the very temple of him who taught all pride to be sinful."

"This is but a small specimen," replied the schoolmaster, rubbing down his calves. "If there be anything that marks a Philautian of good standing more than another, it is this fear to be gracious towards an unknown person who may by possibility be not in so desirable a position. This Jesousian saw you were a man of birth and breeding; but, as you took

the book and read in it, he probably came to the conclusion that you were his countryman. You being then unknown, he feared to go too far. For the rudeness of his reserve, as I say, it is but a small specimen. You may see greater insolence, without the previous good feeling evinced by your gentleman in the temple, especially if you have me with you. Lutetia has not the monopoly of the article."

Soon after this little but significant incident, there was a levee at the Palace. Alethi with his friend was walking in one of the grand streets which are almost at all times bare of pedestrians, when there came along a state-carriage with the coachman in full livery, with cocked hat and powdered wig, and three lackeys on the footboard similarly arrayed. In the interior was a young man bareheaded, in scarlet coat covered with orders. When Alethi saw him, he had his eyes fixed on Philosc with a most amused expression. Alethi looked indignant. Instantly the noble turned the same look upon him, but with a still greater impertinence in his bold but fine eyes. The carriage rolled on.

Philosc turned full upon Alethi, who had stopped in the street, his cheek flushed and eye flashing. "You wish to follow that impertinent," he said. "Do you know what it would lead to? He would have you whipped out of his great gate by the porter." Alethi, with a deeper red in his cheek and his lips compressed, caught the schoolmaster by the shoulder and looked into his eyes. "I see," continued the latter, "I have stung you. But it was not meant, Alethi; I spoke but the fact. That officer is the greater specimen of that of which you had the less the other night. In pride, the nobility and gentry of this realm go beyond those of any other. The insolence is peculiar to the individual, not to the species. That fellow was not a gentleman, were he a field-marshal, and the richest duke in the kingdom. Indeed he may be really but the son of a menial, — *ουπω γαρ τις εον γονον αυτος ανεγνω* — *for it 's a wise child that knows its proper*

father, and I dare say that not one half of these putative nobles have any legitimate right to their coronets. Forget him, you who in the eyes of God are a nobler man in every sense than he."

A night or two after this, the friends were walking in another street, one brilliant with the light of many shops. Suddenly Alethi felt a shock which threw him against the schoolmaster, and he saw move by him, then turn saucily around and retreat rapidly backward on his heels, a young man in livery who had purposely run against him, at full speed, with his shoulder. Scarcely had our traveler recovered his equanimity when again the shock, and he saw the same lackey running by in the same manner. It would have been folly to pursue him. The rascal knew that, and had come round purposely a second time for this amusement.

"I would have given a good deal to trip him up," said Alethi, still discomposed.

"You would then, and would now, but not I think tomorrow. That fellow but avenges on you, who he sees are his superior, the arrogance and want of charity he is obliged to submit to hourly from his own master. He is a scoundrel, not the less; and there are thousands such and of his dirty kind in Chaunopolis. And this, Alethi, is specimen No. 3. I hope it will be the last — for your sake; for it does not amuse you."

"Does it you?"

"Setting you aside, it would; for I hold these Philautians to be in the matter of self-assumption, pride, and arrogance, the greatest fools in all creation. That they are not harmless ones, it is true, we have just seen in the malice of that miserable monkey. His outrage was the natural fruit of the full-blown self-sufficience of his betters."

CHAPTER XXV.

Alethitheras makes a pleasant acquaintance, witnesses a tender scene in the comedy of high life, hears a native orator, and becomes cognizant of various other products of an advanced civilization.

In one of those lovely parks which decorate a single end of the great metropolis, and afford wholesome air and recreation to those alone (as Philoscommon observed) who least need them, the friends were seated, their faces toward the stream which wanders through it. On the smooth gravel-walk before them, a number of sparrows were busy picking up the crumbs which an old sailor, who had the privilege to row people over the stream, was distributing to them from the door of his boat-house. When the man, a fine, stout, ruddy specimen of the native mariner in his proper uniform of navy-blue, called the little twitterers to him, they came one after another unhesitatingly into his box. Then he drove them back, crying, "Not you, not you. Come, Jack." Immediately, a single bird among them answering to the name hopped upon the sill alone, and was welcomed with a meal. There was a gentlemanly-looking man, of grave demeanor and about Alethi's age, seated on the other end of the bench, and at this familiarity of the sparrow, he turned and exchanged a pleasant smile with our travelers. Thereupon there ensued a conversation, and when Alethi with his friend arose the stranger rising too

walked on with him, talking still. He was evidently an accomplished man, but by the lines of his face, and a certain severity which occasionally crossed his otherwise pleasant talk, had seen trouble. He pleased Alethi particularly inasmuch as he betrayed no surprise at Philoscommon's eccentric appearance, and when the latter took his share in the conversation darted on him a quick, observing, and withal gratified look, which showed that he appreciated his rare qualities. The acquaintances parted at the gate, with a mutually expressed wish that they might meet again.

And meet again they did, the very day after on the very same spot, but Alethi and the stranger alone; for the schoolmaster was busy at the great library which is one of the richest treasures and truest ornaments of the royal city. The two men met with a smile, they walked together, they sat down together, and then walked again for more than an hour, Alethi more and more charmed, and the Philautian not unpleased; and, when this time they parted, they exchanged addresses, and the Philautian, learning that his new acquaintance was a stranger in the country, promised to make the first visit.

Our travelers had very pleasant lodgings in a small street, one end of which, on their left, was crossed by a great trading-thoroughfare and the other by a wide and fashionable street abutting in a fashionable square. They occupied the entire first and second floors; for Alethi had set his face resolutely against further traveling with Philoscommon as his servant, even in exclusive Philautia; so their bedrooms were contiguous above, and the drawingroom-floor made their parlors, in which they were served by their landlady's sister, whom, by the by, in the autumn, Alethi one day caught stealing his coals as his companion had predicted. But this was nothing, as he had been used to a like familiarity with his wood in Monachopolis. The corner of the street opposite and on their right hand was filled by the

mansion of a nobleman, whose ground, shut in from the street by a heavy brick wall, but open to them at their height, was pleasantly planted with great trees on whose tops the daws had built their solitary nests, which when the boughs were bare showed like old handleless baskets black with the smoke and weather, or like clumps of twigs and dirt which the winds had gathered there, accessories not picturesque, but from association not displeasing. One of the windows of the mansion, whose rear formed the half of a hexagon, was diagonally and laterally opposite their own. One day, when Alethi was busy with the *Weathercock*, the great newspaper of Chaunopolis, and so called from turning in every direction according to the wind or breeze of events, sometimes whirling round to all points in the twenty-four hours, so as to be, what it pretended, a perfect representation of the times, Philoscommon, who, leaning back in his chair in his favorite uncouth fashion, with now one, now another, often again both of his legs, over one of the arms, had his eyes on the noble's window, where on a sort of lounging seat or half-sofa reclined a lady apparently an invalid, attended by a maidservant, saw approach her a young man whose powdered hair and white cravat marked his situation as a lackey. The lady having dismissed the maid as he entered was now fanning herself, and at her direction the youth, who was handsome, set down on a stand a silver salver which he had brought in, took the fan and began to wave it for her over her face, which was greatly flushed. There was something in the look of the lady and the mien of the servant which made the schoolmaster call to Alethi, who arose and stood beside him. At that very moment, Alethi to his horror, and Philoscommon to his delight, saw the servant at a signal from the lady's lips lean forward and kiss her full on the mouth.

"D—n her!" cried Alethi. "So shamelessly too, in the open window."

"She had no time to think of her neighbors, who are besides too insignificant to have entered her ladyship's head," said Philos′, who, getting down from his perch as Alethi turned his back on their lookout, had made a demi-pirouette on the hearth-rug to express his glee. "Why should you damn her, poor feverish thing? It is a prescription perhaps of her doctor's" ——

"Of her passions," interposed Alethi, in huge disdain.

"Which is more reasonable, being of nature," subjoined the philosopher. "Have you forgot the other Philautian lady on the ramparts in Septicollis?"

"No; but that makes it worse," said Alethi. "It shows it to be too common."

"As the air," said Philos′; "or rather, as spiced dishes and high wines with the wealthy."

They had in fact been in the habit of seeing a buxom, full-bosomed young lady in Amazon costume riding alone under their windows with a young groom in unbecoming familiarity at her side; both mounted superbly, especially the man, on thoroughbred Philautian horses. One morning they saw the same lady attended by a man old enough perhaps to be her father, but not too old to be her husband, stately almost to haughtiness, tall, well-made, and very noble-looking, and sitting his horse like a real gentleman. Behind them rode the groom, a plain, plebeian-looking, middle-sized but strongly-built young fellow, at ten horses' length distance. One of the town-gates, between its two offices of the internal customs, was at a very little distance opposite where our friends stood, not much more indeed than the noble's window they had just now looked at, and in the same direction. As the lady and gentleman were about to pass through, the lady looked back with a significant and triumphant smile at the groom, who cast down his eyes and head and smiled too, but demurely. This exchange of signals, with the peculiar bluish darkness and sensuous look of

the eyes of both, which Philoscommon had made him observe, told Alethi unmistakably the story of the past night. "I would I durst tell him," he had then exclaimed. And he repeated now the same expression.

"You would have no right, if you durst," replied the philosopher. "What is it to you, if there are cuckolds in the world, you are none? though" —— He stopped.

—"I came very near being one," said Alethi. "It is properly suggested. But I had nearly forgotten Minnchen. Let her, with those two perfidious women, pass forever from our minds."

"Only first let me remind you of what I said of the insolent peer in the state-carriage. You see that a man may very well ride in a fine state-coach who ought to drive it, and a gentleman who betrays a malevolence of temper, and indulges in a vulgarity of conduct which would be unbearable though natural in his groom, may perhaps thank for them the extreme condescension of his mother. Don't rail at the world, Alethi; it is as it was in the days of the Book of Genesis and of the wanderings of Odysseus.

Μητηρ μεν τ' εμε φησι του εμμεναι, αυταρ εγωγε
Ουκ οιδ'· ουπω γαρ τις εον γονον αυτος ανεγνω."

"You are a scandalous fellow," said Alethi, with a smile.

"Thanks to Mehetabel. I have had wrongs," quoth the schoolmaster majestically; "'facit indignatio' versum.'— But since I have put you in pleasant humor again, hear that fellow — and look at him too. He is a curiosity."

Alethi faced the window, first looking sideways at the sick lady, whom the valet was still fanning and talking to. In the middle of the roadway was a man bareheaded, dressed in a suit of black cloth, clean, but glazed and threadbare, and holding by the hand on either side of him a little boy. And thus he talked, at the top of his voice, with the clear utterance and generally exact pronunciation which belongs to the people of the metropolis, but with a semi-theatrical,

pompous and conceited tone, to which the upturned face — which did not indicate poverty any more than his muscular figure — gave additional expression: . . . "I cannot see how in G— Almighty's providence any man has the right to deny me the right to live. Am I not a man? I have not gold, 'tis true, nor silver, but, as the poet says, 'A man 's a man for a' that.' What then am I to do? I came not into the world by my own volition; it was the will of Providence and the act of my parents. Being here, in the world, the world owes me a living. Does it give it me? 'Work,' you will say. Ah, that is easy to say. The little princess wondered why the people should starve for bread when such nice cakes were to be had. I cannot get work. I cannot steal; if to beg I be not ashamed, the law steps in and forbids me, — the law that should shield me and fight for me as well as for the rich! But the law shields only them, the rich, and fights against me whom God made of the poor. Thus, shut out from labor, hindered from direct solicitation by the agents of the law, I must either starve, — but *that* the cries of my children or the gnawing of my own entrails would prohibit, — or by my own utterance, while I perambulate the streets, make known my struggles with adversity, in hopes that my condition may touch the hearts of those who, born like me, — for come we not into the world, all of us, naked and empty? — have, unlike me, more than the wherewithal to cover their nakedness and to fill up the stomach, which must have daily food, or else we die." And so on he continued, without any break as if he searched his memory or sought for ideas or for expressions, until he was out of hearing.

Scarcely was he gone before a dull *tum tum* was heard; and there came along a turbaned and cotton-clad native of the East, with a tam-tam suspended horizontally like a miniature wine-barrel from his neck, and beating both ends monotonously and lugubriously with his extended fingers or

his clenched fists, to a monotonous and most lugubrious chant. His little child beside him looks around, but neither asks for the charity they expect. It is forbidden.

Scarcely were our travelers gone up stairs to dress for a walk, when were heard in the street rude voices loudly singing. "What! more yet?" cried Alethi, whose room was in front. "Come here, Philos'."

Three sturdy beggars were walking abreast in the middle of the street, in smock frocks and with necks like bulls and heads like bullets, both bare. They hold a narrow sheet of paper on which the words of a song are printed, and roar out ludicrously, all in unison, some stanzas, not necessarily in the song, to some air popular with the vulgar. There is a pause in the song. A servant steps up to them and exchanges a copper coin for one of the ballads, and you hear a "Thank you, sir," as deferential, though not quite as low in tone, as if it was rendered to a lord. These too are beggars; and by their looks they earn a substantial living, in which a sufficiency of malt-liquor is not forgotten; but, like the rest, they are not permitted to solicit charity directly.

"I think that will do for one day and one street," said the younger traveler as he put on his hat.

"For one street it may," responded the older; "but for one day, — why, you may see a dozen forms of mendicancy every day and as many more at night."

They went to stroll in the pleasant garden attached to the Palace where the reigning sovereign was born. It communicates with the gayest of the public parks. As they passed up the great street which stretches by both park and garden, they saw, under the windows of a large hotel, a native of one of the realms of Taproshéo sitting crouched together and gathered up, so as to be in fact folded or doubled upon himself, in his white cotton dress, with his turbaned head bent down upon his crossed limbs toward the pavement, so that only his dark-brown neck, but not his face, was visible.

"Return an hour hence," said Philoscommon, "and you will find him in the same posture, which you would think it impossible to keep for ten minutes at a time. And there he is, and thus he sits, in the same thin dress in winter as in summer. How abject, yet how touching! He carries you instantly in thought to the land where millions of his fellows are held in bondage, first to their native rulers, then to these haughty islanders, their conquerors."

In the evening their sympathies are again appealed to. Directly in the dry kennel, — perhaps in studied humility, perhaps as not permitted to obstruct the walk, — stands with mournful look, but silent, motionless, and uncomplaining, a decent young woman, in full black, with three children, all attired in fresh and equally deep mourning. Whether she is a widow or not, He, who sees the hypocrite as well as the sincere and unpretending, alone knows. But this is her way to collect an alms or to practice her trade. And now comes this young man with a little stationery in his hand. How pleasantly, yet how sadly he speaks! in those clear accents and with that careful and correct enunciation which makes the Philautian tongue of Chaunopolis so delightful. "Do, dear gentlemen, do buy a pencil of a poor fellow!" They pass him, but not willingly. "Thank you, sirs, all the same." It is said so submissively, yet with so sweet melancholy, that Alethi turns about, his hand in his pocket, and gives liberally, nor does Philosc attempt to restrain him. "Ah, thank you, sir. God reward you! I am sure you will not miss it, and it will do me much good."

"That may be, either way," said Philoscommon, as they turned again; "but it does not matter; you would have had it all the same."

"Why, I thought you did not disapprove."

"Nor did I. If you had not given, I should have done it myself. He fairly earned it, or there are no fees for orators. Some of these fellows would draw the very soul out of your

body, if it were loose. You go out in the morning resolved not to give a copper, but before you return in the evening you are lighter by some pieces of silver, even if your stomach has to sympathize. I was once going very hungry to an eating-house, when one of these charity-rhetoricians — it was a girl, by the by — accosted me in the park I was crossing. I told her I had nothing to give and would give nothing. She pressed the more, following me all the time. I then took the wiser part of silence. But still she followed. There was no constable in sight, or the police were not so active in those days. At last, by mere importunity, for she had none of the pathos and persuasiveness of this pencil-vender and could merely whine and weep, the girl succeeded. 'Here,' said I, 'is the price of my dinner. If you are not hungry, don't take it, for I am ; if you are, you want it more than I and are welcome.' The remorseless creature took it, and I dare say spent it in drink, while I lay awake that night for two hours, listening to the murmurs of my disappointed bowels, and recognizing myself at last for the fool I had not yet believed I was."

"It is better, however, to be sometimes imposed upon, than to deny our aid to those who may be really in want of it."

"No doubt, especially if you can do it without hurting yourself. But here, Alethi, if one make it a practice to give to all who ask, he will need to have an almoner with him."

"Why surely this day's experience is exceptional. It is with us."

"Because as yet we have walked but little, except where, as you saw by the board at the gate, shabby-looking people are not admitted. I don't know if Chaunopolis is the Paradise of beggars ; but they obey here the injunction that was given in Paradise, and increase and multiply. What you have seen to-day, disagreeable and multiform as it is, may

be duplicated to-morrow, and with variations; and the next day you will have it in triplicate, with a complete change of characters, still more melancholy, and perhaps every one of them fictitious."

CHAPTER XXVI.

They visit the public Galleries, and on their way see something more of the dark side of the Great Metropolis. The schoolmaster makes a favorable impression on Philetus, their new acquaintance.

THE next day, Alethi accompanied Philoscommon to the great library. The reading rooms, badly ventilated, were so crowded that, after two uncomfortable hours, Alethi was obliged reluctantly to interrupt the schoolmaster, who as usual was up to his ears in his researches, and was besides not so nicely organized as his companion.

"Don't stir, Philos′," he whispered; "I can find my way alone. But really it is too much for me in this place."

"Yes, they have not so many books here as in Monachopolis, but they have many more readers. Though I have not your nose, — I wish I had" — (here the little man looked facetious — perhaps to prevent Alethi's feeling so, perhaps to give him an excuse for smiling —) "I can see that if the laborers here do not eat their bread in the sweat of their brows they do it in the pallor of their faces. You are white as a sheet. Let us hurry out."

Instead of returning by the way they had come, they took a street which led them, by a not very reputable part of the town, directly to the great square where is the public picture-gallery, which Philos′ proposed that they should visit. They had just crossed a wider street when they heard

a man's voice cry out profanely, "What has G— Almighty sent us now?" With a shock, Alethi looked round involuntarily, supposing the exclamation was meant for his companion. But he saw it was directed against a woman, who, bareheaded, was passing over into the wider street. Her flimsy gown, trimmed over with a quantity of new ribbons of the most positive and opposite colors, her naked shoulders and her painted cheeks, spoke unmistakably her condition.

"We saw nothing of this kind in Lutetia," said Alethi.

"That is not because it does not exist there," replied Philos'. "It is one of the graces of that capital that certain vices do not there obtrude themselves, as it is one of the disgraces of this that here they do."

"That is because the liberty of the subject is more sacred here. You would not have a woman debarred from the privilege of making herself a laughing-stock, if she chose?"

"No, if that were all; nor a man either. But if the spectacle were likely to demoralize, I think I would. The existence of this class of women and its continuance is often called 'the social evil'; but it is not. Society has nothing to do with it, further than to multiply it, as it does itself. The oldest record of pastoral life is adorned with the individual portrait of a strong-minded and free-hearted woman, *quæ in propatulo ad viam prostitit;* the prototype of the imperial dame, who,

> —'Nigrum flavo crinem abscondente galero,
> Intravit calidum veteri centone lupanar,
> Et cellam vacuam atque suam, tunc nuda papillis
> Prostitit auratis, titulum mentita Lyciscae.'

But as no law and no regulation of social order can suppress the evil, the next best thing is to keep it, so far as may be, hidden. In Lutetia a man must seek the Thamar, here she will confront you in the highways, and if you have your sister on your arm her insolent gaze will make you tremble for the thoughts of the heart you would keep ignorant of

such pollution. — But now look there," continued the schoolmaster.

They were approaching a butcher's shop. On a broad shelf which extended in front of the shopwindow there was a row of little piles of meat, in pieces from two to three inches square fixed one over another in a pyramidal shape on wooden skewers. All were disgustingly black. A poor but decent-looking woman was on the pavement before the shelf, testing the greater or less offensiveness of the tainted morsels by lifting the little piles, one after another, to her nose. She did it with a kind of dread, and her face expressed a certain degree of dislike, if not of abhorrence.

Alethi, who would gladly have bought good meat for her, but durst not offer because she was plainly not a mendicant, was greatly shocked.

"I knew you would be," said Philoscommon, responding to his look; "and in fact one object in bringing you through this street was that you might see this sight, which has sickened me almost every day."

"But are there no laws to forbid the sale of such poison?"

"Yes, as in other places. The penalty for selling diseased or unwholesome meat is something considerable; but, as in other places, the law is easily and is constantly evaded. The meat *has been* good; it is only kept too long; and the poor have not the means to pay for fresher."

"It is horrible!" exclaimed Alethi.

"What? this special case of misery?"

"Not this alone, but as one of many which I have everywhere observed, and which make me feel that there is too great a contrast in the conditions of men. When I see the utterly hopeless condition to which thousands are born, who know no joy, not even in childhood, — so that, while in one street there is the constant ring of pleasant voices, the happy laughter of childhood, the graceful sport of girls and the jocund games of boys, in another but a little way off there

is no echo but that of discordant cries of vulgar trade, soul-debasing and thought-contracting, or the odious sound of blasphemies and ribaldry that make the heart shudder, I confess to you that I am tempted to doubt a direct Providence."

"And yet you have not seen one half that I have. Go down with me into the coal-mines, — and what then? Do you remember the print that so pained you in the illustrated journal in Micromereia?"

"Of the young Philautian girls on their hands and knees, harnessed like goats, and drawing up the slopes of the mines the dirt of the horses which they had there gathered?"

"Yes. That is but one picture of dozens as painful that might be made of almost every mode of life among the hard-working classes of this dominion, where the poor are kept so, and degradation is more degraded, that the rich and easy may enjoy their luxuries and their comforts unstinted and undivided. And this state is irremediable. What if labor stand out for better wages, the craving of the bowels soon compels it to give in. But this is not the worst feature. You may look with sadness on the immature girl stooping over her daily task in the unwholesome factory, you see her body crippled and you know her mind is stunted as her frame; but within a few miles of this metropolis the peasantry are crowded together in their cots or huts like pigs in sties, the distinction of sex scarce known, and squalor and misery, brutish ignorance and shameless immorality, are universal and perpetual. They are human, yet they live like beasts; they are God's creatures, but they never know happiness. Pleasures they have, but they are transient and in their nature degrading; and their most fortunate moment is that which releases them from a life which from their uncradled and rag-clad infancy has been one of constant care and all but constant suffering."

"You draw this picture, and you never color falsely.

What then are your thoughts? Do you too doubt at times."

"What can I say? All I know, Alethi, is the world seems devilish bad, and it requires all one's faith, and, if you will understand me, all one's egotism, to believe that it is cared for."

With the Gallery our traveler was well pleased, though he thought with his companion that the term of *National* as applied to it was not the most appropriate, seeing that in the whole collection was but one picture painted by a native modern artist, — who, by the by, had bequeathed it on condition that it should hang side by side with one of the best of the greatest of landscape-painters, thus challenging a comparison, which was rendered more easy by the barbarous rashness that had subjected the latter to the hands of the cleaner. After lingering over and returning to several noble works, not forgetting the incomparable Eros who is taking his lesson from a Hermes less unmatchable, they proceeded to another collection. Here in the Hall, while they stood in unqualified admiration before the group of Hylas and the Naiads, who should enter but Philetus, the gentleman whose acquaintance they had made in the Park.

"I find you well employed," he said. "I wish that I could see my countrymen as appreciative."

"Perhaps they are so familiar with its beauties," remarked Alethi, "that it is not just to complain of their neglect. To foreigners these marbles are a novelty."

"What you say is just, so far as it applies to the present fervor of your admiration. But what is the reason that all that is so admirable, not merely in the conception, the design, the composition, and the expression, but in the mechanical manipulation of this work, does not draw at least the same number of beholders as the many works of less merit which do? I fear because it is native and is not old. If it had been dug up in some ancient city" —

"It would have been less clean, but not more venerable," said Philoscommon. "Do you find that they discriminate better in the sister art? Let us go in. Ah, here is invention! What novel ever told the story of a life, with more pathos, with more humor, with more strength, and yet with more fidelity of detail, than does this series? It is by one of your most famous painters. Is he, do you think, more attractive than the sculptor?"

"I am afraid that you are right," said Philetus. "This painter is immortal, and his genius has been made familiar through his own reduplication, by engraving, of his works, but the multitude have no real relish or aptitude for enjoyment of them. They turn, as you see them now, to those madder-tinted water-nymphs and those white-lead Cupids, which together have gathered about their unflesh-like nudities the only five persons in the room beside ourselves."

"But to murmur at this want of appreciation, is it not to complain that all minds are not of a high order and all tastes are not carefully cultivated? While the masses of men do not rise above the level which makes them common, how are we to expect among them the perspicacity which is only enjoyed by those who stand more high?" Philetus was silent, as if he could not answer, and Philoscommon to Alethi's satisfaction thus continued: "Or do you believe that the painter and the sculptor really work for *them?* He has it is true their admiration in his eye, — for, after all, popularity is something worth the winning, — but does he lay himself out in his best efforts for *them;* or is it with the thought that he shall satisfy the few? The poet works upon the same principle; he hopes for popularity, he labors always with that end in view; but does he study to satisfy the masses? or is his aim directed through the very excellencies through which he can hope to win the approbation of the wise and well-informed alone?"

Philetus' face had become much flushed as Philoscommon

drew this last exemplification; but, when the schoolmaster had ceased, he merely said: "I find that you are right. We all covet the approval of the many, — for without it there is no fame; but the best of us hope to attain it while following our own predilections or obeying what we consider fixed principles in art, and thus sometimes lose it. Is it not strange that we should cherish truly the opinion of the few alone, yet hanker with a ravenous appetite for the weightless and unweighed bravos of the many?"

"Not at all," said Philoscommon; "it was so designed. The world is not all venison and plum-pudding. We better love the concentrated and high-flavored food, but we take but little of it on our platter, while we cram our entrails with the less savory and more unsubstantial. The brain and stomach are of kindred elements, and both work to one purpose in the alchemy of the Almighty."

Philetus looked at the quizzical visage of the schoolmaster as if in doubt whether he ought not to show disgust at this homely metaphor, but broke into a light and pleasant laugh, and said, extending his hand to Philoscommon, "We must know each other better."

"You have promised that already to one of us," said the philosopher without hesitation; "but you make no haste to come."

Philetus colored, then looked very sad. "If you knew" —— he began. "No matter. You will excuse me," he said, turning to Alethi. Then giving a hand to each, "To-night, if you please, I will really be with you."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Our travelers are visited by Philetus, and become engaged in discussing the rights of strong nations and the wrongs of weak.

That evening the travelers were discussing the recent war with Sursia. They agreed so well in their opinions, that nothing novel was elicited to either. So the schoolmaster observed, "It would not be easy to make fire from the collision of two flints. Let us wait the arrival of Philetus, who may serve us as the steel."

"But he is a Philautian," said Alethi. "Our sentiments would hardly please him."

"We need not obtrude them on him. They satisfy ourselves. What we want is to bring out his own. And I have that opinion of our new friend, Philautian though he is, that I am sure he will give them candidly."

"I am glad you think so highly of him. I was afraid, Philos', you ranked him with the rest of his countrymen."

"No, *he* is really what *they* seem. Philetus is one of those exceptions to the general character of this people, that are so noble and so lovely that one is almost reconciled for their sake with all the rest. If we wrong his country, be sure he will resent it, — perhaps intemperately; but in his passion for the truth he will admit everything against her, so the accusation be but just, and probably will be carried forward by his temperament to say himself what we should not presume

to say, and to reveal what from our knowledge we should not discover to be quite so base."

"There is a knock now. Tell me quickly, what do you take him for, Philos'? I mean in position, or pursuit."

"For a poet, or other author. He implied as much. And probably an unsuccessful one."

Philetus entered. After the first ceremonies and then familiar talk, Philoscommon said: "We were speaking, just before you came in, of the successful war your nation in alliance with its old enemy had waged against Sursia in defence of the Osmans."

"Not the nation," said Philetus with energy, "but the government, which, I thank God, is a very different thing, though its policy too often warps the natural sentiments of the people, and through their self-love, and that pride of self which is love of country or helps to form love of country, drives them into wars of ambition whose glory puffs their hearts but shrivels frightfully their pockets."

"But this was not a war of such a nature, but one of humanity, of" ——

"Of humanity?" cried the Philautian, interrupting Philoscommon with something like indignation, then looking sharply at him. "Do you believe that? *you?* You don't look it."

"My looks are rather peculiar. You must n't mind them," said Philoscommon drily. — "I but repeated what I hear. You make pretence of such; and not a journal have I seen of all your press that has not lauded to the skies the generosity, the self-sacrifice, the magnanimous disinterestedness and the expansive philanthropy, displayed by Philautia in this and other wars, all of which are undertaken in the interests of humanity, and waged" ——

— "For her own. You either banter me," said Philetus, "or you try to sound my sentiments. Very well, you shall have them, — though I see in your eyes they will but reflect

your own and those of every other intelligent and well-instructed foreigner. Of all governments, the government of Philautia is the most hypocritical, double-dealing, time-serving, and remorselessly selfish. Our enemies, and sometimes our friends when we have wronged them, call us perfidious. And we are, — that is, our government. We have simulated friendship for Alectoreion (though there we are fully reciprocated) and have shown real indifference to liberty when it suited our interest to make friendship with its enemies. Is Alazoneia in our way, then the revolutionists in Anastasia are to be encouraged; need we an alliance with Alazoneia to counterpoise the anticipated fraternization of Alectoreion and Sursia, then the liberty of Anastasia is to be sacrificed, Parthenopè ceases to be misgoverned, and Ichnusa is recommended to keep cool. As for this war you speak of, there never was a more turn-coat policy than that which has thus culminated. Now seemingly on the side of Sursia, then acting against her, our government showed through its embassy neither candor, nor honor; and when the game was up, what need was there to proclaim to the nations that the resort to arms was in behalf of the enfeebled Power which had so little claim to represent humanity? Could we not have said, 'Sursia would find her way to the Internal Sea. The possession of the capital of the Osmans would give her that, and make her through her great resources its mistress. This for us (not to speak of the danger to our Eastern possessions, to which the Osmans form a partial bulwark) is vital, and for Alectoreion and for other Powers is a danger too. We must stop the strides of this colossus; and we will.' This, sir, had been honest; and, unless I give men credit for more sense than they possess, would have been wise."

"Honesty being, you think, the best policy. How is it then that nations, like individuals, rarely practice it?"

"Because individuals are so devilish tricky that nations

represent but the aggregate of roguery. Look at what we are doing in Serica. Alectoreion and Philautia, both without declaration of war, and without any formal alliance together for the purpose, combining to attack one of her capitals; each too without any other really sufficient pretext than that which power and self-interest can furnish."

"And what other would you have?" said Philoscommon. "It seems to me that one would be enough, yet you have mentioned two."

"You speak ironically," said Philetus, with surprise.

"No, after the fashion of the world. It is true, his five-clawed-dragon Majesty, the Hoan-Ti, had a right to have a Summer Palace. Your sovereign has two. But what right had he to prohibit foreigners from looking at it? So you Philautians and your new friends, in the exercise of power, burnt it down to teach him civilization, and let your soldiers carry off all its contents to elucidate self-interest."

"You mistake," said Philetus; "that was not the cause. Two Philautians had been made way with, somehow or other, by the barbarians."

"And do they never disappear among the Alectryons or other Jesousian nations? Yet you do not burn down palaces and rob them of their treasures, by way of retribution."

"You are right," said Philetus. "This aggressiveness of my country, this eagerness to exercise its power on the most frivolous pretexts against weaker nations, and with a promptitude that shuts out from them the chances of compunction even had they erred, affects me with a kind of moral sickness. It is but recently Philautia destroyed by bombardment, with frightful loss of lives to the crowded population, a miserable wooden town in the kingdom of Nifon, that was perfectly innocent of all wrong but that of belonging to a country whose policy it is to choose to have nothing to do with us."

"*Nihil non arrogat armis*," quoth the schoolmaster.

"Yes, — as one of our foremost poets hath it, —

——'of those brave sons the mother,
Who butcher'd half the world, and bullied t' other!"

"Is n't it so everywhere?" said Philoscommon. "Would you trust the lizard if it had the size of the crocodile, or the cat if endowed with the strength of the tiger?"

Philetus looked at him a moment, as if measuring his capacious head. "It is so," he said. "But it is not the less painful to realize. Do you know that our popular assembly, or what should be our popular assembly, — for, as Lucidus lately said, 'the great body of the people, five million men, are totally and purposely excluded from any share in the government,' — do you know that a very large proportion, if not the largest relatively, of its members are military men? Hence we have Capreolus Dorcas, though not himself the wearer of a sabre, cry out in fury for the extermination of the brave savages in that remote island of the Southern Seas which we trespassed upon and, through the clemency and simplicity and, shame to us! the unsuspecting honesty of the innocent people, obtained a footing in, or invoke ferociously the horrors of a new war, though that last with Sursia cost us, over and above its more than twenty-two thousand lives, upwards of a hundred millions of our money. He did so, though the war he shouted to provoke would have been one of special wickedness, of injustice so abominable that it must have been utterly God-condemned, and would have taxed the already over-burdened resources of the country as they never before were taxed, and Capreolus was applauded to the echo by the fools with epaulets who vote away the money of a trading people."

"If they were fools in cassocks," said Philosc, "you would have them squandering it in foreign missions."

Philetus' eyes flashed, and his bold nose wrinkled up and swelled out at the nostrils. "Those missions!" he exclaimed. "To teach to the heathen, who cannot comprehend the

simplest proposition in ethics, the mystery of a triune godhead and the incomprehensibility of an angelical incarnation, while here we have at home, in country and city, myriads of the wretched to whom it would be a mercy as it is a duty to teach them anything!"

"If you accompanied the doctrine or the discipline with plenty to eat and drink."

"True again," said Philetus. "You should have been born a Philautian."

"Thank you," replied the schoolmaster: "such as you describe your country, I had as lief belong where I do, to Medamou."

Philetus turned to Alethi. "What a blessing you have in that friend of yours," he said with a sigh.

"He certainly keeps me amused," replied Alethi, smiling.

"Do you know," continued Philetus, after gazing at the queer animal with a melancholy look, "that I have a great mind to introduce you to a friend of mine. I am reminded of her by this gentleman. Not that they look at all alike," he said smiling, then turning very red; "but there is something —— I mean I always think of her when I see him."

"She must be devilish ugly," said Philoscommon in a whisper which he thought would not be heard by Philetus, as the latter was looking down, being lost in revery.

"No, she is not," said the Philautian without displeasure. "She has a beautiful face. But she is" —— He paused in embarrassment.

"Never mind *me*," said the sage. "She is deformed."

Philetus stared at him, and turned again very red. "How should you know?"

"I judge so, from your own language. Now don't look confused: I know my bad points, and admit them — because I cannot help them. I long to see your friend."

"You shall," said Philetus, "some day — soon."

After this moment he became sad and abstracted, and very soon took his leave.

"That man," said Philoscommon, "is in love, and with a girl deformed."

Alethitheras did not answer, but seemed to be absorbed in thoughts of his own. Presently he observed:

"I wish you would resolve a doubt for me which the conversation of that amiable and manly Philautian has suggested. Has one nation, however high may be its standing in the world, the right to force another, though this latter may be greatly lower in the scale of civilization, into association with itself?"

"That is easily answered," replied Philos'. "Suppose you had a neighbor who chose to resist all your importunities for a friendly intercourse. Would you have a right to compel him to the interchange?"

"Hardly."

"Well, as with individuals, so it is with states. There is no law of nature, of morals, or of human society, that can prohibit a nation which chooses to remain isolated, from following its own policy. But whether it has the power to do so, in the face of opposition, that is another question."

"It is merely then the so-called right of the strongest that assumes the color of a regard for the interests of humanity."

"Purely so. Had it not been found convenient or advantageous to disturb her, Serica might have made her teapots after her own fashion, and worshiped her pot-bellied gods without Jesousian supervision, till the world's end. Philautia never wants a pretext for quarrel, and where no ground of offense can be made to exist in the habits of a people themselves, she contrives to find some cause to provoke them to animosity, which she then lays hold of as an outrage and resents till she is satisfied."

Alethi was silent, as if he wished him to continue; and the philosopher proceeded:—

"Yet condemn as we will and must these aggressive and rapacious acts, there can be no question that the result will tend largely to the general advantage. Thus Providence converts even evil into good."

"Then you would make Providence to sanction evil."

"Not at all," said Philoscommon gravely. "If you set fire to an old house of which every part and all the contents are amply insured, and there result from the conflagration no loss of life nor even slight physical injury, the result may be advantageous everyway except to the insuring company or companies, whose loss, being divided among numerous stockholders and being more than counterbalanced by their daily gains, is scarcely to be computed. A finer and more solid house is built 'with all the modern improvements,' the street is bettered thereby, and the site rendered more valuable, while the inconvenience of those obliged to shift suddenly to a new home is not only temporary but may even bring them to better accommodations, as well as furnish them with newer household goods. Here is a good result from an evil cause; but the cause remains still evil, nor is your criminality diminished in even the slightest degree. Do you see that?"

"Yes."

"Well, when a strong, a well-governed, a moral, an intelligent people like the Philautians, sweep from the earth a weaker and an abject race, they do a service to humanity, but it is by evil means, nor can the aggression be admitted to any justification; and when you read of railways already laid in Serigal, you cannot doubt the good result to the world at large of the eventual absorption of Maurusia. Yet the Alectryons are guilty as are the Philautians. In other words, the laws set on nature by the Deity are such that, as in the physical world great and good results may arise from violent disturbing causes, so in the moral; and the earthquake which swallows up a province on terra-firma throws

up from the bottom of the sea an island, that more than replaces it in extent as the future habitation of men, and perhaps has every other physical advantage, of soil, of mineral treasures, and of situation. God from the unseen Infinite looks calmly over all the changes of this atom of His will, and sees in the very rottenness of human moral corruption the seeds of moral goodness and grandeur germinating, and, while commiserating the temporary affliction of his creatures, anticipates with tranquil satisfaction the change that shall overgrow its vestiges."

"But how can the Deity pity, yet bear patiently?"

"That which in the ordinance of nature is inevitable? It seems to me, with the awful yet beneficent calm of Infinite Wisdom. It is but our eyes, Alethitheras, that see the suffering in such colors that we overrate it. If ten thousand men are butchered on a field of battle, we think but of the wounds, the blood, the agony, and shudder. Do we ever say to ourselves that the wearisome suffering of a lingering death-sickness is far worse? do we stop to consider that the agony of many deathbeds that are said to be in the course of nature outdoes all that cannon-shot and sword and even fire can occasion? I have seen myself a strong woman tear her hair in such frenzy of agony that I ran out of the room unable to endure it; and she lingered in this torture, on a natural sick-bed, for more than six hours. If whole villages are laid desolate, and families beg their bread in abject misery, one conflagration in a populous town will do as much, and thousands are daily, in all great cities, without a morsel of bread to eat or a bundle of straw to lie on, and know not where they shall find either for the morrow."

"You make me shudder."

"Were the picture false, I should make you laugh. It is too real. Let us but bow our heads in submission and say with the Salaman, 'God is great.'"

Alethi looked with wonder at the philosopher. All

his mirthfulness was gone, and his ludicrous physiognomy had become lighted up by his imagination to a radiance that was almost beauty. The next minute the schoolmaster, who was gazing on vacancy, turned about, and seeing the expression in Alethi's eyes, resumed at once his ordinary manner, and even somewhat of his occasional buffoonery.

"You are again thinking," he said, "of Socrates, who was almost such an ape as I am. I suppose he may have looked at times so enlightened as to wake just such a stare in his disciples' eyes as I see in yours. But, if I yield to him in wisdom, I am more than his match in ugliness." The nose swayed to and fro, and shriveled up, and smoothed itself down, and the eyes twinkled funnily; and their owner, cutting a single boyish caper with his spindle legs, finished the destruction of his own edifice.

His companion looked at him with more wonder, but with anything but admiration; but in his heart he forgot not his words, and pondered them often when alone.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

They go to the playhouse, where they see a famous novel-writer. Philetus indulges in a criticism on a never-to-be-criticized dramatic genius.

THE next day, Philetus came early, to engage them to go to the theatre.

"You know of course," he said (addressing both gentlemen) "the worldwide reputation of our great poet. Perhaps," (but turning to Philosc,) "you are familiar with his works."

"Sufficiently so," said Philoscommon; "I believe, both of us."

"Philosc is, at all events," said Alethi.

"I am glad of that, and supposed it. I cannot promise you much to-night in the principal performers, except perhaps the female one. She is rather eminent. But you will at least see how we manage these things in Chaunopolis, and I believe that that will be a treat for you."

"It certainly will," said Philoscommon, "and something of a novelty for one of us; for we have no playhouse in Medamou."

The audience was large, drawn by the celebrity of the female protagonist, whose proper sphere however was in comedy, wherein she really excelled, and not the serious part she now assumed. The play told the story of a criminal and fatal ambition. A man, in the plenitude of honors achieved by success in war, murders in his own castle his royal guest and benefactor, and usurping the throne endeavors to establish himself thereon by a succession of murders.

The curtain dropped upon the first act. Alethi was asked if he was pleased.

"At first," he said, "quite the contrary. The *Soldier* talked fustian, and his language besides was unseemly in that presence." He looked at the schoolmaster, as if for his opinion.

"You are right," said Philoscommon. "As a whole too it was unnatural, and not the unpremeditated recital of a participator in the action. Well?"

"The scenes increase in interest. Much of the language struck me as nervous and masculine, and often stately in the highest degree, and in its fullest power so admirable that I cannot imagine anything beyond it, but too frequently again marred by unnatural conceits, insipid verbal quibbles, and bombast."

"They are everywhere faults of the poet," said Philetus, "and vitiate even his finest passages. But what have you to say of the plot, so far as it is yet developed?"

"It seems to me too precipitate, the resolution to murder. There is something of consideration wanted between the prediction of the witches and the suggestions of the wife."

"That is want of time," said Philetus smiling. "Our poets never regard it. They 'll make a fortnight pass between two Scenes, and a dozen years will be gathered in the space from Act to Act. The imagination of the spectator is expected to leap the interval."

"That can only be done," said Alethi, "where the play has been previously well-read."

"And what think you of the actors? Of course I mean the principal ones."

"They seem to me to mouth, their step is not a walk, but a stride or strut, and, like the poet himself, they too often aim rather to make a point with the audience than to obey the indications of their part."

"That is the custom of the stage," said Philetus, again smiling. "To speak and step and look like persons in real life would be thought tame. But we will talk of this further when the play is over. Now you have just a moment to take note of one of our *celebrities*. Do you see that rather young man in the front row of the second box from the stage on your left? the one with thick and somewhat long brown hair, full sensuous lips, and a pleasant twinkle in his well-shaped blue eyes that indicates with shrewdness selfsatisfaction, and a knowledge that the world thinks he has a right to it. That is Daisies, who first made his mark under the pen-name of *Fuzbuz*. He is our most popular writer of fiction, though he carried it rather too far when, returning from Vesputia where the republicans had made a god of him, he catered to the envy, jealousy and prejudices of his own countrymen by ignoring the many things that are great and good among that people, and exaggerating everything that was bad or ludicrous, or which from its want of consonance with our habits was sure to be to us distasteful. Yet

here, at home, for one stain and one sore that he there found, he knew there were, in the body social and political, a thousand, monstrous in spread and gangrenous in nature, — else are the pictures which have made him famous all a caricature and lie. And indeed such a pencil suits him best; for, with all his real talent, he is chiefly popular by reason of certain characters which he makes conspicuous by peculiar phrases and peculiar fashions that are repeated and obtruded on all occasions. Now, we know that a man with such a monotony of absurdity and such grotesqueness of mannerism would very soon be cured of his tomfoolery or moral idiosyncracy by the jeers of society, or of the street, or else would find his way into a lunatic-asylum. But the great public, which cannot otherwise discriminate, is happy to find a point by which it knows the character as often as it reappears, and, pleased with its own discernment, awards to the designer the credit of having drawn the character to life. 'It is *so* natural!' they say. Yet the fools know nothing of nature, never did know, and never will know — through Fuzbuz. But there goes up the curtain."

After the tragedy there was a farce, — "A time-honored observance," said Philetus, "which, if I were a tragic dramatist, I would not allow to mar the impression made by my catastrophe. Will you stay? It is more popular to do so, than well-bred."

"O let us stay by all means — unless you are tired or in haste," said Alethi.

So they sat it out, and were well satisfied. Alethi, on being asked, pronounced the acting better there than in the previous piece.

"It is so," said Philetus; "and for two reasons. In the first place, it is easier to find good actors of farce than of tragedy; in the second place, an exaggeration of their part — if it be on the humorous side — tends rather to enhance the frolic or gaiety of the piece."

"It is for the same reason, I suppose," added Philoscommon, "that it is very much easier to find a good writer of humorous drama, or even of the drama of manners, than of the serious and tragic. For one who writes in the latter naturally, there are one hundred who are stilted, declamatory, and otherwise unnatural; nor are the best, as we have seen to-night, always exempt from a like censure."

They took their way to sup together. As they walked, Philetus said, "You have now seen an entire play of our great poet. What think you of him?"

"*Facile princeps*," answered the schoolmaster, to whom the question seemed to be directed. "But" —— He paused.

"Not exactly a model," said Philetus, supplying the break. In the partial light of the street they could not see if he smiled; but his voice gave them the impression that he did. As he appeared to wait for Philoscommon to continue, the latter said:

"You are more competent than we are to give an opinion; and, as you are a Philautian, we would rather hear you."

"It is perhaps for that reason that I should not," he returned, now unmistakably smiling. "But as you are foreigners you will not perhaps accuse me of envy, as might my own countrymen. One of our best modern poets who himself wrote dramas, but not very good ones, is reported to have said that he feared to criticize this great author lest he should be suspected; and there are men, who claim to be critics, who actually become furious at the mere idea of one's questioning his completeness."

"I see how it is," said Philoscommon. "You have made of him a god and of his writings a religion. He who does not believe in them is damned."

"To the very lowest abyss of literary ineptitude."

"Such fanaticism," continued the schoolmaster, "is to me a proof that the religion is a false one. If the votaries themselves were sure of his divinity, they would not be so

clamorous against those who find fault with an image, the magnificence of which is overlaid with tinsel and whose members have visibly wooden and distorted feet."

"It is well said," returned Philetus. — "I wish you would continue for us, returning to the criticism of that single tragedy where your friend left off."

"No," said Philoscommon; "if nothing else were in your favor, but I were all you are pleased to intimate, you naturally have a better recollection of the piece. So pray go on; and as a compromise to save your modesty I will throw in, as occasion serves, a few judicial comments."

"If you knew him as I do," said Alethi, "you would believe they will not be few."

"Ah my Telemachus, is that the way you punish my monitions? Mind him not, Philetus; I shall be all ear."

"But not the less my Mentor," said Philetus. "Well then. We are at the final Scene of Act I. Fancy a man about to commit an unusually atrocious murder, and one which involved such doubtful issues for himself, beating his brains to quibble on a word, especially in a colloquy with himself!

> 'If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
> It were done quickly!'

This sounds well to the faithful in Doryp'alos, who do not question his divinity; and as it is followed by the stately language in which the poet is often so truly great, as he is usually in his serious parts magnificent,

> ——'If the assassination
> Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
> With his surcease, success'——

admiration does not stop to ask if this is natural, if indeed a man, in the mood the meditating regicide must be in, would use such language in the calculating arguments and impulsive fancies of his own mind. In the midst of the soliloquy, he falls to moralize, and well, as the poet almost always does, but somewhat out of place, as in general, in

such sentiments, he is absolutely so, and then he draws the case of his atrocity, reasoning well and painting naturally though vigorously. But who would expect that the pompous close of this fine passage,

> ——'Besides, this Cannud
> Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
> So clear in his great office, that his virtues
> Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
> The deep damnation of his taking-off,'

would usher in such arrant fustian as this?

> 'And pity, like a naked new-born babe
> Striding the blast, or Heaven's cherubim, hors'd
> Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
> Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
> That tears shall drown the wind.'

As his angels had put him in mind of the cherubim, and his trumpets make astraddle Pity blow, so the blind coursers furnish him a saddle, and the pensive murderer elaborates such an idea as this:

> 'I have no spur
> To prick the sides of my intent, but only
> Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
> And falls on the other.'"

"As the crime was in meditation, and if he were sure of failure he would not attempt it," said Philoscommon, "it seems to me that the passage errs in another respect besides the want of judgment and good-taste."

"The sentiment," returned Philetus, "is probably a general reflection, and not anticipative. But even then it is faulty, as this was no time for cogitations of the sort, any more than for swollen language and elaborated metaphor. Similar objections may be raised to the conclusion of the famous apostrophe in the next Act, — which, by the by, is all too sudden after the apostrophizer's communication with other persons, and had come in more aptly by itself like most soliloquies:

> — 'Now o'er the one half world
> Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
> The curtain'd sleep.' —

This were well, did it there stop. But when the speaker goes on to say,

> — 'Now witchcraft celebrates
> Pale Hecate's offerings,' —

he shows that he has deliberation. In his own quibbling phrase, 'Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.' And to continue with

> — 'And wither'd Murder,
> Alarum'd by his sentinel the wolf,
> Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
> With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
> Moves like a ghost,'

is to stoop to those miserable conceits which degrade this great poet and to make the character disappear in the author, who, unsympathizing, writes in fustian with cold blood.

"In the next Scene we are full of admiration; but, in the very midst of its excellence, we must have

> 'Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more!
> Camtheb does murder sleep, the innocent sleep,
> Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleave of care,
> The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
> Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
> Chief nourisher in life's feast;'

which is about as wretched a specimen of labored conceits and frigid amplification as we have perhaps in any of Dorypalos's great dramas.

"Let me see: what comes next? O, the *Porter*. Shall I go on?"

"Can you ask?"

"The Porter in the next Scene is one of those defects of taste which, characteristic of his time, and especially of this poet, are what has after all helped to make his popularity. The vulgar mind that would weary of the sombreness of unrelieved tragedy relishes these stupid jests, and the ignorant that has no real appreciation of nature finds here what he understands as such, and rejoices, though it is dragged in by the heels."

"And is moreover grossly improbable and unnatural. I recollect the passage," said Philoscommon, "though they omitted it in the representation, perhaps solely for its indecency. We read it over together, with the rest of the play, this morning, and Alethi reminded me that we had had some talk already together on this violation of good-taste in certain works of art."

"It is a defect," said Philetus, "which unhappily the overshadowing renown of the immortal poet has made permanent in our drama. Servile writers, too timid to follow the counsels of their more cultivated tastes, and ready at any sacrifice of propriety to secure the favor of the multitude, copy these very buffooneries, and in this, as in other respects, the false divinity of the poet has been of the most pernicious influence in his peculiar department of letters."

"It is the usual blighting effect of all superstition," said Philoscommon. "It checks the growth of wholesome judgment, and with the terrors of its threatened discipline makes genius itself cower, fearing lest its independent thought should bring on it destruction."

"As it does and will do," said Philetus. "Till men shall dare to speak the truth, as well as think it, of this powerful but undisciplined writer, we shall have no complete dramatist, as there well might, arise in our language, but our tragedy will be what our most successful modern playwright has made it, and the stage will resound with fustian, and the frigidity of inapplicable ornament be relieved only by the vulgar jocularity of improper characters. — But I weary you," he added, turning to Alethi.

"O no," said Alethi. "Thanks to Philos', I am, as you have heard, fresh from the reading, and follow you with pleasure. Pray proceed."

"Act the Third is, barring a few passages, all excellent, and graced especially by that quality for which Dorypalos is foremost among all our bards. I mean magnificence of diction."

"Wherein indeed, if I may venture to interpose my opinion," said Philoscommon, "lies his greatest merit. Other writers show for their occasions as intimate a knowledge of human nature as he, and few of any repute have so often and absolutely violated it; several again in comic drama have come very near him in both fecundity and brilliancy of wit, though there too, despite his frequent affectation and forced conceits, he will be long preeminent; but none are his match in force and grandeur of style."

"Thank you," said Philetus; "such is my own sentiment. We have in this very Act passages which for actual majesty have seldom perhaps been equaled, never in the drama, and which certainly are unsurpassable."

"But is it not strange," resumed Philoscommon, "that such evident taste and judgment as appear to have regulated the harmony, the force, the dignity, the majestic emphasis of his unrivaled language, should be so often wanting elsewhere?"

"I am not so sure," replied Philetus, "that taste and judgment had so much to do with the qualities of language you commend, — or at least judgment, in the exercise of which Dorypalos seems to me to have made very great errors. All the dramatists of his time are marked by the peculiar and generally excellent qualities of their diction, and by the very faults therein which degrade him. One of these writers indeed, Diaktor, is only so little known because of the greater brilliancy, variety, and more sustained vigor of Dorypalos, whose huge growth throws its shadow over him, as over smaller men, and keeps them mostly invisible. Thus it is that even their merits are merged into his own, as the smaller circles of a rippled flood unite their lines with the broader, or many waves into one vast billow. And what is not less interesting is, that this concretive power of the poet has taken in all that he has touched and appropriated. Of all plagiaries Dorypalos is perhaps the largest and the bold-

est; but of the vast quantity of matter which is not his own no one takes account but his commentators, and they themselves forget it in the common applause. All that is found in the deathless plays is his, story, plot, construction, language, everything, though much was taken by him in actual bulk that has helped to make up the immensity of his treasures. We Jesousians have in our good Book, as you probably know, a saying that is often quoted in a literal and unintended sense: *To him that has much shall be given much, and from him that hath little shall be taken away even that little that he hath.* So has it been with Dorypalos and his compeers. — Shall I go through the play, or dismount from my hobby?"

"Ride away," cried Philoscommon: "you sit it well."

"In the Fourth Act, we have in Scene 2. one of those violations of probability, which, even if they were not also violations of nature, would be displeasing. The strained wit of Camffud's son, out of place although he were adult, is absurd as uttered by a child."

"It is in fact the poet talking to the audience, and laboring with forced laughter to amuse them."

"True; but this want of nature is very apt to make grown people of all of his little ones. — In the next Scene the murdered monarch's heir outdoes his part; for none but a fool, which his hearer is not, would credit so over-drawn a picture, because no man who could consciously charge himself with all the vices there set down, and to that abominable degree, would ever so malign himself as to avow them. We come next to the famous Scene (it is in the Fifth Act) where the Queen walks in her sleep and talks. It is all admirable. But when the tyrant appears we have coarseness, and we are surprised to hear that he is grown so old, for nothing has prepared us for the lapse of time. Towards the end, which is not well wrought, we have him uttering sententious maxims which are in fact the poet's and not his, not

even in the language. There are however in this play very few of those deviations from the direct purpose of the Scene into which Dorypalos usually falls."

"Yet, if I mistake not," said Philoscommon, "no inconsiderable part of the poet's renown and of its abiding character may be attributed to such digressive passages."

"You are right," said Philetus. "They are considered among his special beauties. And by themselves they truly are. They display in masterly language more moral wisdom than will anywhere else be found in the like compass, or they introduce us to a description where often his sweetness and graceful elegance of verbiage compare in their degree of merit with his masculine force and majestic vehemence elsewhere. But these beauties, while we profit by them, are as I have intimated rarely in place; the moral sentiment does not always suit the character, the description more or less impedes the action, and both kinds are therefore almost at all times unnatural.

"I must not forget to add, since I am playing the Aristarchus, that in his desire to be strong he falls easily into the fault of being obscure."

"But that obscurity," said Philoscommon, "does not seem to impair his fame."

"On the contrary, it helps maintain it. Nothing tends more to keep a dead author at his height of reputation than that which contributed to put him there, the labors namely of his commentators, who frequently, through their very toil of study becoming partial, are his warmest eulogists."

"I coincide with you fully, in this as in all your criticism," said Philoscommon. "I only wish that you had better hearers than ourselves."

"Meaning my own countrymen?" said Philetus. "If I should venture to repeat one half of it to them in public, or were to print it and publish it — that is, could I find any

bookseller to circulate such opinions, — I should be hissed to silence or held up to scorn as an ignorant maligner."

"Yet you would speak what is demonstrable not the less. Were you to go into a mosque and preach to the worshipers the fallibility of their Prophet, I don't think you would be received with praise. A superstition in literature, if not so ferocious, is at least as intolerant as one in religion."

"And sha'n't I call on you, who so well understand it alien though you are, to say something more upon this subject?"

"I think my comments, as Alethi promised, or threatened, have not been few. What would you have?"

"I have given you a minute criticism on the most striking passages, as being those which every Philautian has by heart. Without taxing your memory for a single line, might I not ask you for your opinion of the plot, construction, and other characteristics of the play in its entireness?"

"Of plot, I should say," replied Philosc, "it properly has none. It is rather a fragment of history in a dramatic form; the actions are not the result of contrivance, but follow the course of the story, and the catastrophe marks its anticipated end. There is therefore little more of construction in it than the stringing together of its incidents. There is scarcely any discrimination of character, for besides the thane who executes vengeance, and who is simply a brave, honest and frank-hearted man, there are only two well-defined personages, the king-killer and his wife, and these have no marked difference more than what arises from the parts they act; for when the lady speaks of her lord as having 'too much of the milk of human kindness,' she indicates a carelessness in the drawing of the part, such as I have elsewhere noted in your poet. The regicide, who almost instantly after the salutation of the witches, and before he is alone, conceives the thought of murder, is visited by no compunction other than what comes of dread and doubt. He is

throughout simply atrocious; the wife in the sleep-scene suffers more. The play is animated, interesting, but little sullied with impurities or embarrassed with digressions, and is as a whole so well executed, as to make us regret that one of such a genius and so peerless a master of language should not have had the judgment to be more complete."

"But in that judgment, whose severity would exclude so much that is precious and prune down what is so often wondrously luxuriant, besides abbreviating what affords so lively and exciting a variety (I am speaking now of the whole series of his plays,) should we not have lost much more than we had gained?"

"In the poet, perhaps so; but in the model or the standard — since your authors and critics will persist in making him one or other, if not both, — I think not. He is the glory of your literature, and has enriched your mighty language, but his example, made despotic by unlimited success, sits like a nightmare on your art and may make its breathing difficult forever."

CHAPTER XXIX.

The discussion carried into the domain of morals, where the Schoolmaster opens his companion's eyes unpleasantly.

"I WONDER," said Alethi, when the travelers were alone, "that you did not speak of the influence which Dorypalos must exercise upon the morals of this people and of all indeed who read him. It seems to me that he is of all reputable writers, if not the most licentious, yet the most obscene."

"Don't say that, my dear," replied the schoolmaster. "It is blasphemous."

"Not in me, who am not of the religion. But be serious, Philos'."

"In seriousness then, Alethi, I know no poet in all the world, certainly no dramatic poet, that can match him in dirt. The master of the Old Comedy is sometimes grossly obscene, sometimes dirty, but all his nastiness put together would not make one tithe of the abominations of Dorypalos."

"Not in *Lysistrata?*"

"No, not were you to count up all its ribaldry, from Ουκ ειδον ουδ' — and so on, down. Even that line in its naked turpitude, is it worse than what, in the tragic story of the youthful lovers, the gallant Certumio, who is considered a pattern gentleman in the best Philautian sense, says to the Nurse? The out-spoken impurity of the old Cecropian is simply revolting, nor are his double-meanings, being usually witless, any less disgusting; the *équivoques* of the Philautian, who is immeasurably his superior in every quality as a comic poet, have generally humor and sometimes wit to make them readable, but they are so thinly vailed as to be intelligible to the most uninstructed and unsophisticated, while in grossness and licentiousness of idea they are seldom less censurable and often greatly more so than his, while almost always they are very much more corrupting. I have no doubt however that this lubricity and indecency add greatly to his popularity. Men and women, especially the young, secretly hanker after the pictures which such phrases, passages, and too often scenes, bring before the imagination. They read in fact in Dorypalos what they would blush to be detected reading elsewhere, and find delightful this open indulgence in a libidinousness of the mind, the more so that in gratifying it they are not only above suspicion but have the credit of intellectual refinement. Cut out of Dorypalos all that is objectionable on the score of morality, and his readers would diminish; for all the rest, for the great mass of plainly edu-

cated folk, would have little relish, and, it may be added, would be often with difficulty intelligible."

"Then, read as these plays are perpetually by this people, and all others who cultivate the manly tongue in which they are written, their depraving influence must be enormous?"

"Well, Alethi, I don't know. I am inclined to think that men and women, in their natural appetites and the indulgences these call for, are very much the same and ever have been everywhere. In Jesousian countries and refined society they cover up the impurity, but it peeps out none the less, while among the lower classes it outrages decency and often goes beyond all bounds of order and of law. Time was in Kemi when the women marched in procession in honor of the god of wine, bearing what they now would blush to look upon — if overseen. The publicity of the ceremony took off the sense of shame, and thus broke down the strongest yet most delicate of the barriers to licentiousness, so that in after days, in Ariospolis, the magistracy had to suppress the orgies. But are the sex in heart and fancy less impure than then? I doubt it. The talk and gestures of very young girls together are as lascivious, if not quite so coarse, as those of boys; that is, with the gentle-bred; the vulgar are as gross as the women in *Lysistrata*, and as salacious as the young lady who loves her House's enemy in the play just mentioned. (By the by, she is cited by the Dorypalians as purity itself. So much for superstition!) As they both grow up, they both refine, — that is, with the refined, — the women much more generally. But, in the ebullition of the passions does the vile scum never rise again and float atop? Is the polish of the morals ever deeper than the surface? The poet who has employed so much of our talk well understood this. 'Behold,' he says, 'yon dame, whose face, &c.' You will remember the passage."

"Its general sense and application," said Alethi.

"That is enough. It is in his noblest tragedy, to my

mind, but one that is among those most disfigured by improprieties and especially by that unrepeatable grossness of which we now speak, a grossness which however none disdain, and the vast majority delight, to read."

"From all this I judge you think as I do, though you will not allow there is any real chastity in women."

"Not *per se* — except in Medamou. But what is your thought?"

"That the influence of this great writer" ——

"Oh, we have not yet done with him! — Must be enormously destructive to the moral purity of the Philautians?"

"And of others that cultivate the same language."

"Undoubtedly. It renews suggestions that are everywhere too frequent to concupiscence, and affords a lawful and approved indulgence to sensations of the mind which wisdom everywhere commands us to dominate and check. But the lower classes do not read Dorypalos, and the lowest cannot read at all: yet where will you find grosser or more widespread licentiousness? It was lately asserted publicly, by a coroner, that in this city alone the number of women who had killed their own children to get them out of the way amounted to twelve thousand!"

"He must have exaggerated. He could have no real data for such an account."

"Perhaps so. But the fact remains nevertheless, that here, where are few or no foundling-hospitals, this frightful crime is for the population as rife as in Serica. The manufacturing towns and districts would give probably a greater number in proportion still. There they have burial-clubs, which for a weekly contribution engage to pay a certain sum for the interment of children at their death. And it is beyond a doubt that numbers have been sacrificed purposely to obtain this pittance."

"O, for humanity's sake!" ——

"There you are! I have read that very appeal against

belief this very morning, as I will show you. Men shut their eyes against the facts that betray the animality of their fellows, and proclaim grandly the title of their race, instead of helping it to maintain its preeminence by better providing against what sinks it to the level and below the level of the brutes. Is it worse to murder children for their burial-portion, than to kill men to sell their bodies for dissection? Yet this was done in this very country several years ago."

"You will make our stay here short, if you have much more to teach me of this kind, Philoscommon."

"If you are to be deterred by horror and disgust, for what have you traveled? These feelings make us pale and sicken everywhere, but nowhere more than in Philautia. A woman is even now in prison, who lived by practising child-murder for a fee. But what will you say, when I tell you of a mother's killing eight infants in succession by putting arsenic on her nipples?"

"I can't believe it."

"Yet it is a matter of public record. I read it this morning. Fancy her looking at the innocent babies and watching them suck their death on the breast of the body where they were born. You are aghast. Now listen to this statement of a daily paper. A Juvernan girl thought to get rid of her illegitimate incumbrance in a more ingenious way than any practised by the professional childkiller. That is the way the Devil tempts all murderers: he shows them how the crime was clumsily performed before, and promises them to teach a safer mode. So the fiendish creature for three weeks together broke one by one her little baby's bones, hoping that the discolored swelling over each place of fracture would be taken as indicative of natural disease."

"This is too horrible!"

"O yes; so, I dare say, thought the surgeon, who counted 'eight broken ribs, a broken shoulder, a fracture of each bone of the left fore-arm, another of'" ——

"Stop; read no more."

"No, it is enough. But the recorder of this most damnable wickedness hints at insanity, 'which, *for the sake of human nature*, he trusts may be established.' There is your phrase. It is stuff. Humanity is but animal after all, and a large portion of those who belong to it use the reason and the knowledge which are its prerogatives, to furnish them with means of gratifying their animality which dumb and wild creatures think not of and have no occasion for. When I was in Isopoliteia, a Juvernan woman hurled her newborn babe from the roof of the house she lived in to an adjoining one, hoping stupidly, or rather with that uncalculating impulsiveness which characterizes dangerously her people, that the crime would thus be transferred to other shoulders. A woman who would break the half-formed body of her infant to pieces with instruments would take other means, if she durst, with the living ones that are a shame and burden to her. Yet this is done continually. It is not the way to suppress crime, to believe it impossible except in the absence of reason. There are thousands of women in the world, who, to parody the words of the murderer's wife in the play we have just attended, would tear the nipple from their baby's gums and dash its brains out, to procure themselves a cup of liquor."

"O Philos'! don't speak so; and don't believe so!"

"As I have reminded you before, Alethi, I did not make the world, and all the protestations you can utter and all your disbelief will not alter the fact, that there are hundreds of thousands of human beings of both sexes who are as thoroughly, and in their hearts as ferociously, animals, as the catamount and the tiger."

CHAPTER XXX.

The prize-fight which they did not go to. Philoscommon sermonizes on Philautian fair-play.

"WOULD you like to see a prize-fight?" said the schoolmaster one morning.

"What is a prize-fight, Philos'?"

"Certain sporting-men, as they are called, who are always men of dissipated life and generally disreputable, make up a purse, for which two brawny fellows, naked to the waist and with their bare fists, contend under certain regulations. The one who makes the other give in, which is usually only after the breath is nearly beaten out of his body, one or both of his eyes closed up, and the rest of his face pounded to a jelly, is declared the conqueror. Of course the more terribly he is beaten, the better the sport, and the satisfaction is increased if the victor himself be nearly spent and have his own head scarcely distinguishable from a football."

"You cannot be serious in asking me to go to such an exhibition?"

"Why, there is a very large and very promiscuous attendance, Alethi. Men of decided rank mingle there with the most equivocal in position, reverend parsons (it is said) stand secretly in the shadow of most irreverent blackguards, and the ruffian and the dicer are for once cheek by jowl with substantial men of ease who pique themselves upon the

whiteness of their linen and merchants who never have an error in their balance-sheet. You would not be noticed."

"Philos', you are joking. Would you stand there, in such a crowd, and see two fellow-beings make brutes of themselves?"

"Alethi, I want you to turn your back upon cant, and look these things directly in the face. The objection to such exhibitions lies in the vile assembly they call together. If two men choose to stand up to a fair fight, or to wrestle together in the manner of the ancients, I don't see why they should not be indulged. Man is certainly a fighting animal, and to seek to check his combative propensities is to dispute the wisdom and beneficence of the Creator, who has seen fit to make him so. I see often in the streets, and everywhere but in Medamou, would-be-benevolent individuals who separate two boys that are at fisticuffs, and act with an earnestness in the matter as if the little athletes were committing a crime and they never themselves had been in any wise guilty of it. I never interfere, or, did I do so, it would be to encourage the less courageous one and see fair play. It is an interesting display of the nature of the male animal, and I believe that every man who knows himself and does not fear to speak his mind would admit it to be so."

"Then you really would like to see this fight?"

"No, I would not go if I could be there unseen and uncontaminated by the contact of the rascals who mostly attend it. I should have no relish for a combat so conducted, where they do not fight on till one is worsted, but stop and breathe and go at it again, round after round (as they call it,) and in the most business-like manner, giving and inflicting injury by rules, and measuring valor by endurance and skill by the suffering inflicted. The peculiar attraction of the present fight lies in the fact, that it is to be between a veteran Philautian pugilist and a raw Isopoliteian who has crossed the sea expressly to contend for what these fools, with ridicu-

lous inflation, call 'the championship of the world.' You see, these journals are full of it, and while affecting, in the usual name of humanity, to deplore the exhibition which disgraces that humanity, they do all they can to give it prominence and to incite a longing to witness its brutalities, so that, were it not for the disgrace of the association and were there none, I believe that half the better part of Chaunopolis would be there."

"But we shall not, under any circumstances."

"No, but I want you to watch the result. This people boasts perpetually its love of fair play. It is the Philautian claim of claims. If this fellow from across the seas shall be the victor, as he may, to judge from his confidence and that of his backers, you will see what this fair-play will amount to."

Notwithstanding the repeated announcement of the intended fight, for several months in advance in all the journals of the kingdom, and all the preparations of the training of the combatants were openly discussed, the laws, which pretend in the interests of good order and morality to put down such combats, were unable to prevent the exhibition's coming off. The fight was bravely and obstinately fought, but in the issue the transmarine antagonist was likely to become the victor; whereupon a rush was made against the barriers, the ring was broken up, and the conquest was declared undecided.

"You see," said Philoscommon, as he read of the tumultuous scene, "it is as I predicted. The love of fair play is easily forgotten by these boastful islanders, when it no longer is to their advantage."

"But was not the national antipathy and jealousy to blame?" said Alethi. "You have said they hold in special dislike the Isopoliteians."

"Do you remember, at the horserace which we attended some days since, when the Alectryon horse Mirmillo won the

people hissed? You were astonished then and disgusted, and wished to believe it was in the hereditary hatred of the Philautians for their ancient enemies."

"Nor have you yet convinced me to the contrary."

"Perhaps this kindred act will help me. These people would undoubtedly, Alethi, prefer to be beaten in these peaceful contests by any others than the nations they dislike, and fear, and envy. This is natural. But had the victor come from Medamou, or Pantachou, it had been all the same. Their self-love and superstitious belief in the unsurpassable qualities of their own nation admit of no contradiction and suffer no rebuke. Strange as it may seem to you, when the man from Vesputia ventured to challenge the best pugilist in their kingdom, the whole people, gentle and simple, were roused as if by a personal attack. I see nothing, myself, particularly remarkable in this egotism, and I have no doubt the Isopoliteians were, despite their good sense, quite as foolish in regard to their self-appointed champion. But I do very much doubt whether they, or any other honorable people, would have taken such means to prevent the success of the other side, as did these boastful lovers of fair-play. In fact, it is their character as I have read it: *per fas et nefas*, — if fair means will not effect the object of their national pride, or hate, or envy, or commercial avarice, they will resort, as they ever have resorted, to foul. In the last war between them and the Isopoliteians, when the latter, to their great astonishment as well as that of the rest of the world, proved to be their betters in almost every naval contest, the government ordered their commanders to overcome a certain commodore of the enemy in any way he could, only to overcome him. Accordingly, with two ships they attacked him where he lay in the supposed shelter of a neutral port in Colonia."

"And is this really the character of this manly and seemingly generous people?"

"I am forced to say it is. Attack but the prestige of their supposed supremacy in any field of human exertion, and you will see disappear at once all fairness, open emulation superseded by trickery and treacherous supplanting, and candor give place to falsehood, malignant criticism and detraction. Should a war ever arise again between these Powers, or between the Isopoliteians and some other people less obnoxious, and the Philautians should have an opportunity to do a mischief indirectly, perhaps even directly, to those rivals, depend upon it they will do so, aiding in every underhand way their antagonists, and adding to the injury of their malevolent acts barefaced calumnies and the most insolent distortion of every point to their advantage."

"You picture a detestable people; yet Philetus is of them."

"Does not the full and sound grain grow on the same stalk with that which is small and mildewed? And are the apples of one tree all equally good, or bad, or indifferent? There are no nobler men to be found anywhere than many of these same islanders, and the vices I speak of are ascribable in no small degree to the exercise of power, the spread of commercial enterprise, and the necessities of their circumscribed and insular position. With them, to stand still is, more than with other men, to fall away, to sink in the scale of nations, whereon hitherto they have stood topmost. Can they look with complacency on the means of their humiliation and their ruin?"

"That is but to palliate their national vices, not to justify them."

"True. Could they be justified, they would cease to be vices. This corruption, Alethi, is in everything. You have heard how wretched, how degraded, how brutalized are the largest part of the laboring population, in both town and country. But the whole trading-system of this kingdom, whose greatness and whose very life depend on trade, is pronounced by the foremost of its own journals to be rotten to

the core. When a bank goes down, like that in a great northern city, it opens an abyss of fraud above which many others have had their unsubstantial but showy structures standing for years, and to trade on borrowed capital, without the possibility of repaying it in the twentieth part in case of misfortune, is not the exception in this metropolis. Everything we eat or drink here is sophisticated that is not too simple to admit of fraud. A prominent surgical journal tells us that redlead is mixed with capsicum to increase its weight; one of the most eminent authors in their medical literature shows that confectioners adulterate their sugar-plums with gypsum, and under the name of *humuline* the deadly principle of the poisonous *nux vomica* is secretly sold to the brewers who make bitter-ale."

"But is Philautia alone in these iniquities?"

"No, they are Pantachousian. A large part of the wines and brandy that come from Alectoreion are purely factitious. I saw in a paper in Isopoliteia the advertisement of a foreign apothecary, who had powders for the manufacture of every liquor that has cursed the world since Noah disrobed himself. The very oil for our salads is sweetened when rancid by dipping into it plates of lead. And what your baker puts into his bread to whiten and to lighten it, nobody exactly knows outside of the bakehouse. In fact, Alethi, it is almost dangerous to eat and drink anything but the fruits of the earth and the rain from the sky. The safest way is of course to buy the dearest and to live where rank and wealth require the best. But what must the poor do? At a trial in this city, it was shown that of a certain kind of low-priced tea not a leaf was there but what had grown on the hedges of Philautia. Happy they who buy the dried leavings of the teapots of the hotels, which are gathered and sold to certain grocers by the servants, and who deny themselves sugar whose weight is helped by dirt!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

Athlia.

On an appointed evening, Philetus came to take our travelers to the opera.

"I have come thus early," he said, "because I wish first to make you known to Ath'lia, the lady I mentioned to you. I am in hopes you will persuade her to go with us."

"I think not," said Philoscommon very positively.

"Why not?" asked Philetus.

"Because" — The schoolmaster hesitated. "Because she would not go with me. And she ought not, if I am right." The color rose to Philetus' cheeks. "But let not that embarrass you; I can stay behind."

"No, that shall not be," said Philetus. "What an extraordinary person you are! I should have thought of this myself; but I did not." He became still more embarrassed, seeming to feel that he had said too much. But the unconcerned schoolmaster came to his relief.

"Does she readily go out with you?" he asked.

"Why, no," replied Philetus, coloring again, but evidently with another emotion.

"Do not be displeased," said the schoolmaster. "I don't mean to be impertinent. But you will see that it is best to put this matter in its true light. I am too used to ridicule because of my unlucky figure to mind it; and I could not

afford to, for I must go out, and I must mix more or less with the world. This is not the case with that lady, and it is very plain that my company would not diminish her sensitiveness."

This was rather delicate speaking for Philoscommon, who might have been expected to put the matter much more strongly, and he had instantly his reward in Philetus' look. "Come," he continued, "is she fond of music?"

"Fond?" cried Philetus, his fine eyes sparkling. "You shall hear her sing."

"No, let her to-night go with you and Alethi; I shall not miss the spectacle."

"That must not be," said the poet, firmly: "I have engaged you to go with me; and I do not mean to let you sacrifice yourself. Athlia can go some other night, — if she will," he added with melancholy. "So now get ready, for, as I have made up my mind to take you both to her this evening, and I have her permission, we shall go there first."

Athlia was alone in the room with her mother, who was a respectable, pleasant-looking, full-bosomed dame of about forty years. The girl was quite a different creation. She sat in a corner of the sofa, probably both to ease and to hide the deformity of her spine, her feet, which were well-formed, upon a cushioned stool. Her face was very beautiful; the complexion colorless, but not sickly, the features finely proportioned; a mouth not small, but perfectly well-formed, and which wore an expression of habitual melancholy, relieved at times, as was afterwards seen when she conversed, by a smile which showed the whole of a faultless set of teeth, the row having that not very common oval form to which the lips seem closely fitted, so that when they part, in smiling, the very hindmost teeth are for the moment seen as plainly as the rest. It is very fascinating in some women, this kind of smile, and Athlia's soft and melancholy green-gray eyes lent ravishment to the attraction. Though her forehead was

high, the hair grew lower on it than is usual. This was fine and brown, — so fine that there seemed a kind of frailty in its texture that made you sad. She wore it parted on the crown and falling in heavy loose ringlets to her shoulders all around, perhaps to vail her deformity. It concealed indeed the shape of the shoulders, but not the want of space between them and the head.

"Athlia," said Philetus, "these are the strangers I mentioned to you. I hope you will know their worth as I do, and count them of your friends as I am proud to have them for mine."

Athlia did not rise, as her mother had done when a similar ceremony was previously gone through with her, but she made a slight inclination as if she would do so, and gave her white and thin hand in turn to each. Philoscommon noticed in her eyes that her heart shrunk from him instinctively, while it bounded toward his companion. "I do not wonder," said the little sage to himself. "She sees in me the hideous caricature of herself, in Alethi but the duplicate of Philetus. I shall not put her to the shock again."

In fact, he at once addressed his attentions to the mother, though invited to the sofa by many hints from Philetus, who wanted to draw him out for Athlia's entertainment. Presently a look from the young lady opened the poet's eyes, and he saw that the strange little man was acting with his usual judgment, and let him, though reluctantly, alone.

But, though occupied, the sage of Medamou kept one of his large ears open to the sofa, and heard quite enough to satisfy him that Athlia was as intelligent and amiable, as she was in face lovely.

Of course she refused to accompany them to the opera; but her lover would have her sing, and she suffered herself, although with manifest reluctance, to be led to the piano. As she seemed to be aware, no position could have been chosen to show her person to more disadvantage. Mounted

on the stool, the poor little thing, with her back partially toward the visitors, was made ludicrous. Philoscommon himself, though near one of the ends of the instrument, looked aside, and Alethi, who was more behind, put his hand over his forehead, prepared to listen thoughtfully without looking on her. But in a few moments the painfulness, the absurdity of the situation was forgotten. The thin white fingers touched lightly the keys in an unadorned symphony to an adagio movement. But even in these brief and simple notes both the travelers recognized taste and culture, and their attention was arrested. Then came from the beautiful mouth the sweetest and most touching sounds they deemed they had ever heard. It was a simple ballad-song she sung, of disappointed love, set by a popular composer to a melancholy yet tender and affecting air; a kind of music in which the Philautians have not been unsuccessful. But never surely had the strains been sung as then, by such a voice, with such expression. Philoscommon, full of wonder, turned his eyes directly on the singer and saw no more her figure, while her face grew to him angelical. What was the matter with Alethi it was hard to say, for his hand never left the forehead, and when Philetus came up to the friends with an air of triumph, he turned abruptly away.

"Have I kept my promise?" said the poet.

"You see," said Philoscommon, very low, and indicating by a look Alethi.

"Does he not like it?" asked Philetus with a painful surprise.

"How can you be so blind?" said Philoscommon. "Let him recover."

"Now Athlia," said Philetus, "as we are going to the opera, will you gratify me by letting our friends see how well you understand our higher music?"

Athlia looked to Alethi, and apparently satisfied with the expression of his face, though he said nothing, selected

another volume, and without prelude commenced a brief *Scena* and *Rondo* from a classic opera of pure taste which had been recently revived. Philoscommon here felt an added interest; the subject was the finest episode of one of his familiar poets. And when in the character of Orpheus after his loss,

"Cum subita incautum dementia cepit amantem,"

Athlia's noble voice, now showing all its depth as well as power, struck out with that fervor yet solemn pathos of expression in which she excelled, "Ahi me! dove trascorsi? ove mi spinse un delirio d' amor?" the little man was almost beside himself. For Alethi, his very marrow seemed to thrill; and when the lady, in whose situation toward Philetus there appeared to be something that lent a reality to the imaginary scene, cried out, "Saziati, Sorte rea; son disperato!" he actually shivered.

When the Rondo, that truly poetical and delicious air, *Che farò*, was over, Philetus after helping Athlia to her seat, turned silently, his cheeks however very pale and his eyes intensely bright, to the travelers.

"Let us not go to-night to the opera," said Alethi to him softly.

"Do you hear that, Athlia?" said the delighted lover, as he took her hand. "Our friends are so satisfied, they do not want to hear other music to-night."

"Yet let them go," said Athlia quietly and with a sad smile, though her color slightly rose; "they will there be disenchanted." Then turning to the strangers, she added, "And do not let me keep you any longer; you will be late for the ballet. But, another night, we hope to see you again." She gave her hand to Alethi; the mother did the same for Philoscommon; and the three gentlemen left.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The ballet-dancers.

"I DON'T know why this theatre always bears the title of the sovereign, whether it be King or Queen," said Philetus, as they entered the spacious house, "except that the sovereign's own tongue is never heard from the performers. Where we listened to the lofty speech and flowing rhythm of Dorypalos the other night, the playhouse bore the name of the locality; here the show-place of foreign mimes and dancers and the stage of a foreign lyric drama is honored as the monarch's own."

The ballet had commenced. It represented a story called in Alectryon the Temptation, and taken from the drama of the Scholar and the Devil of the chief Micromereian poet. The scene represented the cavern of Hell. Down a long flight of steps, which, unnecessary for devils, was meant to persuade the spectator that he saw the bottom of the bottomless abyss, descended with a majestic strut the pompous prince of the infernal regions, ushering to their curiosities the philosopher. With a most pretentious wave of the arm and conceited look, which showed how much an upstart the Devil is, he points to the charms of certain beauties whom he evokes from nothingness, and the philosopher chooses one to be his conqueror: and so on, with the usual extravagance and utter want of nature of pantomime, which seeks to show by gesticulation what is never indicated except by speech

and outrages reason by an exhibition of the dumb vaporings of idiocy and insanity. There was of course the chief attraction of the ballet, dancing; and when the curtain fell, Philetus asked Alethi how he had been gratified.

By the female dancers, much," said Alethi. "There is grace and rhythm in their motions. After the first shock of the display, one forgets its immodesty, and follows their well-timed and elastic movements like a pleasing music. But the men have nothing but force and agility; and their tight clothing, which fits to every swell and indentation of the body, is positively indecent. In fact, men, rarely graceful, never should be dancers; and these are but lascivious buffoons."

Philetus turned to Philoscommon, whose eyes and nose, to the amusement of those who were happy enough to see the little man in the crowd, were keeping up a double accompaniment to Alethi's observation. "I have been content," said the sage, "to gather my criticism from the house." He looked facetious.

"Do let us have it," said Philetus.

"You had better stop your ears," interposed Alethi.

"So the fools did to Wisdom," retorted Philoscommon, fresh from his sacred reading. She cried, like me, 'in the chief place of concourse — Behold I will pour out my spirit unto you — and no man regarded.'"

"I at least," said Philetus, smiling, "am her most devout admirer. Let her speak."

"I observed that when the females danced, the gentlemen alone were, like Alethi here, excited; but, when the males were showing their flexors and extensors, all the ladies in the boxes had their little telescopes directed at them — a fearful battery! and I thought of the lines,

'Cheironomon Ledam molli saltante Bathyllo,
Tuccia — *can't hold her tears* —
Thymele tunc rustica discit.'"

"And that is the moral," quoth Alethi. "Didn't I tell you?"

"It is a just one," returned Philetus. "I am glad that Athlia *would not* come. But hark! the baton of the conductor. We shall now have something for the ears."

"But look behind you when they are at it," said the schoolmaster, "and you will find the belles and beaux are all chatting.

> 'Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem
> Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus';

the sensations afforded by the eyes are more intelligible and come nearer the inwards."

When the travelers were set down at their lodgings, it was past midnight, and the Sunday morning, and Philetus would not go in. So alone in their apartment they discussed the opera, and Alethi said, "But Athlia's songs were worth it all. There was no voice there like hers."

"None with such expression."

"And that was of the soul. It was the requisite in what she sung. Surely never was purer music than that air; and never had it better rendering."

"I think with you," said Philoscommon, "and find some reason in Philetus' madness."

"Some?" echoed Alethi. "To me it seems that with that lovely face Athlia thus singing is resistless."

"Yes, with such a voice, I might myself be irresistible," said Philoscommon. "Fancy me perched at the piano — bah! we have none here; or at the harp," (he assumed the attitude,) "and singing to some evanished Eurydice. — *Dove andrò senza il mio ben?* Banes they are, too often, whether Minnchens or Mehetabels. — *Dove andrò, che farò, dove andrò senza il mio ben, dove andrò senza*" (an ambitious cadenza) "*il mio ben.*"

It was the richest of caricatures. There he stood, the rapt singer, with hands outstretched on each side of his in-

visible instrument, his fingers moving back and forwards and up and down on the impalpable wires, and right foot lifted as if to press the pedals, while he threw back his head, and looking upward like an inspired David, poured out in his not incapable baryton the drollest imitations. He would have put in ecstacy the soul of Gluck.

"You are incorrigible," said Alethi, when he could articulate for laughter. "I do believe you would find something to make you laugh at my funeral."

"Have you then remembered me in your will? *Io son pure il tuo fedele,*" (keeping all the while the attitude,) "*io son pure il tuo fedel!*"

"It is Sunday morning," said Alethi.

"And we must do as Philautians do. So we will stop our pipes and take to smoking. Or let us have some punch."

"No, go to bed."

"Well, good night, 'Lethi. This is my candle. *Che farò senza Mehetabele?*" (*perdendosi piangevolmente.*) The little rump and bifurcation disappeared.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The travelers make an excursion into the world of spirits.

"Do you believe in spirits, Philos'?"

"What kind of spirits? Cheerful spirits? or spirits that cheer? Bottled spirits?"

"No, bodiless spirits; ghosts of the departed."

"Revisiting the glimpses of the moon, as Philetus' poet would say? Do I believe that insubstantiality can put on substance, and that what is of its nature invisible can be seen by the eyes of the flesh? If the soul can assume the shape and attributes of the body, it ceases to be spirit, and

cannot appear and disappear by mere volition; if not, how can it occupy an air for which it has no adaptation, and be visible to organs that cannot make shape of vacuity?"

"Then you do not believe in table-rappings?"

"Made by entities that have no knuckles, or repossessing their bony frameworks (as bottomless a fancy as St. Cecilia's cherubim) would have no muscles to move them? If I supposed the soul had the power to make itself perceptible to humanity without the being of humanity, could I believe that it would take so vulgar and ridiculous, so uncertain and capricious a mode of manifestation as by knocks upon the bottom of a table? If it could have a hand to use, it could have a tongue; or does that separation from the body which we suppose refines and enlightens it make it reject the distinguishing organ of human intelligence, to adopt the signals, for example, of a sagacious dog? But it is a waste of reason to argue on such foolery. It is to presume an impossibility in order to dispute its existence. But what put that question into your head?"

"A notice in this paper," said Alethi, handing him a journal in which he had been reading, "of the jugglery, or foolery as you call it, of two men, brothers they pretend to be, from Vesputia, who allow each his wrists to be tied together with any form of knot, and then are shut up in a sort of dark closet, like a sentry-box, with an opening in the upper part; whereupon the spirits in their service untie them, play on musical instruments, and end by flinging through the opening tambourines and fiddles at the heads of the audience."

"Who, if not struck with conviction, are at least with something more real than astonishment." Philoscommon, with many interjectional comments of his mobile features, glanced over the article. "Let us go," he said. "I should like to see what sort of dupes the Philautians make. In Isopoliteia spiritualism counts its believers by thousands, and

men of education who are otherwise sane are sometimes found among the foolish ones. They have even there a journal devoted to its interests, and a wilder piece of balderdash than the principal matter it would be difficult to to conceive, except it should emanate from a lunatic-asylum. I was one day in an omnibus, in one of the great cities there, when a respectable elderly man beside me, who had this very paper in his hand, asked me if I had seen it. Supposing that he looked upon it with the same eyes that I did, I answered, 'Yes; and I am very much surprised that such a paper should have lived through a second number here.' — 'Why?' he asked. — 'Because it is the most unintelligible fustian and irrational religious speculation that was ever put in type. A gallimaufry compounded by a madman and served up by a fool ought to have little relish for so shrewd a people as yours.' — 'That madman and fool (for they are one,)' he answered, 'you will yet see at the head of all human science. It is because we are a shrewd people that we are beginning to comprehend the reach of his stupendous intellect.' — 'Then you believe in this — doctrine?' — 'Believe? You might as well ask me if I believe you have a nose.' — 'Why no; you would be blind if you did n't see that; there is nothing spiritual in *it* at all.' Others, near enough to hear us despite the noise of the wheels, smiled at this; but he did not. 'I see,' he said testily, 'you are one of those who would not be convinced though one should rise from the dead.' — 'Yes, I should, if I saw him. Did *you* ever see one?' — 'Not with my eyes;' he answered firmly; 'these are incapable; but with my mind often. I have conversed with many nightly.' — 'And what did they tell you that was new or useful?' — 'Everything. I have had my intellect expanded as it never was before. I reason better and I calculate better. I buy and sell by their direction, and have prospered through them in my business.' — 'It is a wonder then,' I said, 'that you and others who talk with these decarnalized and sublimated in-

telligences have not made the world wiser in many points in which it would be glad to be enlightened. Every great and good intellect has either instructed or delighted more or less the human mind; but your spiritualists, although they press the other world into their service, have never given us one decent work in poetry, or science, or the arts.' — 'They have given us all of them! There never was a poet or an artist that was not a spiritualist!' he exclaimed, loudly and vehemently, talking, as indeed he had done from the first, like a man who thought himself really wonderful and wished other men to see it. 'That is something new,' I said. 'Was Dorypalos a spiritualist? was the painter of the *Last Judgment?*' — 'Yes, they both owed all their genius to inspiration of the spirits, though neither knew it.' — 'Then I suppose the spirits must be answerable for all the nastiness of the one and the improprieties and extravagancies of the other. I see they have dirty fellows as well as fools in the world below.' He was too indignant to reply, but dashing his hand over his paper, to smooth it, with a vehemence that made it sound, immersed himself again in the senseless bombast which he mistook for sublimity."

There was a large assemblage in the Hall where the brothers exhibited. Everything went off according to the preannouncement, including the farewell instrumental-accompaniments. When the closet was opened, the two men were found of course untied, and, very naturally, in a profuse perspiration. The spectators had had the worth of their money and rose to leave.

"How contemptible!" said Alethi.

"What?" asked a grave-looking man, who had sat on the other side of the schoolmaster and now came face to face with the younger traveler.

"The whole of this spectacle," replied the latter.

"But the dupes," interposed Philos', "more than the cheats."

"Then *you* do not believe in spirits?" said the man to Philos′, in a cynical yet excited tone.

"No," was the significant answer; "I as yet don't need a keeper."

"Then what *do* you believe?" said the man, putting on his gloves with much energy.

"In witches," answered Philoscommon, with perfect gravity.

"In witches?" echoed the questioner, seemingly at a loss how to take the answer.

"Antiquated ladies who stroke black cats and ride to the moon on broomsticks."

"Either you are out of your senses, or you are jesting impertinently," said the Philautian sternly.

"Why should I be one, or do the other?" replied the philosopher with perfect calmness. "*You* don't wear a strait-waistcoat and you are too atrabilarious to play the fool; yet what is an old woman's amble in air on a bare mophandle to the knocking of boneless knuckles on the underside of a table, or the stroking of ramcats with bony fingers to the playing on fiddles without any fingers at all?" The Philautian quit the arena.

Two or three persons, who having their way out barred by the spiritualist had listened with some amusement to the dialogue, laughed at this conclusion, and one of them, as they passed our travelers, said to Philos′, "Bravo! I see all are not fools here."

"No," said the little man, clapping on his hat; "you at least, gentlemen, deserve to have been born in Medamou."

"Medamou? Medamou? Where is that?" said one after another, stopping and turning.

"A place where tubs stand always on their bottoms and people never do."

When the friends had gained the street,

"Is there anything," said Philos′, "that men will not

believe — except the truth? That irritable Philautian was the very counterpart of my old man of the omnibus."

"But they are not all caught by such palpable cheats as this?"

"Not perhaps as directly explainable, but quite as palpable for all that. Animal-magnetism with its clairvoyance is as impudent a juggle as table-turning, and the whole tribe of mediums are either conscious impostors, or, duped by their vanity which is tickled by the wonder they excite, the agents of imposture. If a human being claims to be able to call up the souls of half-a-dozen other men or women's grandmothers, in what does he differ from other necromancers, except that his mode of manifesting this pretended power is puerile in the extreme? The witch of Endor may be made an awful personage, but your modern medium who brings his goblin under the table, or makes him answer written questions by letters of the alphabet, is a mountebank of very vulgar attributes and of second-rate pretensions. Why the deuse don't these fellows summon up the soul of Cheops, for example, and make him read his hieroglyphics, or foretell the course of empire like Anchises in the Shades?"

"But how is it, Philos', that while all this to you and to me appears such barefaced trickery and so puerile foolery, hundreds and thousands run to consult the oracle, and that there is none of these impostors who wants for dupes even among the well-bred and intelligent?"

"Because of human egotism. Every man believes in a special Providence for himself, but ignores it or never thinks of it for his neighbor. Hence he is ready to believe that the laws of nature can be transcended in his peculiar behalf, and drops the skepticism which he applies to others' spiritual visitations to assume the most fatuous credulity when it comes to one of his own. Take this for granted, Alethi, — nothing in the world is ever done by supernatural agency. When we, using the strongest phrase which language, always

too weak to paint the attributes of the Deity, supplies us with, call Him in perfect faith the Omnipotent, we cannot deny that He might Himself subvert the laws He has set upon Creation. But would He do so? The world might be turned upside down. Is it likely to be, merely to excite the wonder of ten persons out of ten thousand millions? Does the Almighty stoop to the sleight-of-hand of the mountebank?"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

They attend an election, and are satisfied with the beauties of restricted suffrage.

It was an interesting moment in Philautia. The septennial elections for the popular assembly were taking place; and Philetus, who had accompanied our travelers into the country, promised to show them the humors of the scenes.

"It is one of the excellencies of our constitution," he said, "that every seventh year a renovation must take place in that great body, which otherwise would feel the languor of prolonged existence and become indifferent to duties for neglecting which it could not be promptly punished by suspension from the honors attending them: and indeed, as it is, there are always manifest before the end of the term signs of this supineness and drowsiness of age."

"But since you admit," said Philoscommon, "that the body loses its activity before its dissolution, might it not with advantage be oftener regenerated?"

"I do not see how that could be done with safety," replied Philetus. "If long uniformity is apt to beget supineness, too frequent renovation would be attended by the greater danger of instability."

"Is it so in Isopoliteia?" said Philoscommon with a smile.

"Isopoliteia?" cried Philetus, with somewhat of surprise and much more of disdain. "You would hardly compare the selected assemblage of Philautian wisdom and virtue with the windy-tongued and feather-brained mob elected by a rabblement."

"No," replied Philoscommon carelessly; "it would be difficult to find any such in any country. The *rabblement*, by which I suppose you mean to designate the *hoi polloi* of universal suffrage, are indeed not always clean, or handsome, or virtuous, specimens of humanity, but they have in the mass as clear an idea of their own interests as any other bodies of men. The elect of careful electors would be indeed discreet; but where are such electors to be found? Not in Philautia, where often it is the best men that are excluded, and the leaden if not feather brained give their uncouth voices — whose wind is fitter to blow the froth from a pot of ale — in favor of a man whose principles they understand not, but whose pocket they have perfectly sounded. *Here*, as I see by your looks your candor compels you to admit, is not the model of parliamentary purity and freedom. Where is it then? Not in Alectoreion. Have you ever been in Isopoliteia?"

"No," said Philetus, blushingly. "Have you?"

"I have," said Philoscommon.

"And did you find it there?" asked Philetus with interest.

"I did not. Isopoliteia is not superhuman. If you ever go there, you will find that the mote in her political eye is a pretty large one; but, before you feel the wish to pluck it out, look back, and without glasses you will see something bigger in both the optics of Philautia."

They reached the scene. It was a rudely constructed, elevated stand or scaffold, with seats, and a shed to protect the occupants from the weather. A dense crowd was assembled, very noisy, and very many in it — both voters and non-voters

— well-filled with drink. There were some vulgar women in the outer edge of the assemblage. A young nobleman came forward on the stage, and was introduced by one of his accompanying friends, who presented him as "a cock of the game, with not a white feather about him."

"That is just what I am," said the candidate, who held his hat in his hand, twirling it with some embarrassment, with the hollow part towards him, "and what you will find me, if you do me the honor — to — to — What the devil shall I say?" he asked aside, of his friend.

"Crow, if you can't speak," cried one of the crowd, while another instantly imitated a cock, which caused great merriment.

"I was about to say, gentlemen —— What was it?"

"O, about a cock."

"No, it was n't; nor a bull either. — I was about to say" — (here he looked into his hat, which was observed with laughter by the crowd —) "that if you honor me with your choice, I will strive — to merit" ——

"Go on." — "Very good." — "Look in the hat again."

"I wish you 'd let my hat alone; you put me out."

"Put it down then." — "Or look into it all the time; or you'll never get through."

"Our Government, gentlemen, are — no government at all. I mean to say, not that they are no government at all, but they are only a government that is no government, and ought not to govern any longer. So, if you 'll send me up to the House, I will do my best to oppose the Government and make the — the Government — do better. I am for Old Philautia, gentlemen, as all my fathers were, and mothers, and no change. I mean, of course," (he smiled himself,) "except the changes I speak of. That is, I want the Government to stick by their promises." —

"Will you stick by them, if they do?"

"No, confound me if I do! But" —— Here a potato was

thrown into his hat. "I wish you would keep your eatables to yourselves; my hat is n't a dinner-pot."

"Pity it wa' n't." — "'T is n't half as useful." — "His brains are n't worth a good cabbage."

"Perhaps they 're not — to you, if you 're hungry. But they are to me; and if you want them to give tongue, you must not put me out in this fashion."

"Well-crowed, game un!" — "Cock-e-doodle – doo – ree – ah!" — "Better crowed, dunghill!"

"You won't let me" ——

"Read." — "He can't read." — "Send him to school."

"I wish you would go yourselves, to learn manners," said the noble. This was received with a laugh. "Gentlemen, I 'm not used to speaking, and — by Jove! I don 't suppose I ever shall be." —

"That 's honest." — "At it again!"

— "But if you 'll give me the chance, I'll vote; and it shall always be — always be — on the right side, — which is my side of course — and yours."

He bowed and turned. Just then, a little bag of flour, or of lime, was thrown directly at his back, and opening scattered its contents over him. This was too much for the patrician's temper. Facing about angrily, "You are cursedly im"—— he began, when the friend who had presented him clapped his hand on his mouth, and turned him back again, saying himself, "His lordship desires me to return his thanks ——"

"You be d—d!" —"That 's no go, old fellow." Here a cabbage-stalk whizzed between the heads of the noble and his friend, and striking against the shed found its way into the lap of one of the gentlemen seated. The cock crowed again, and was followed by the imitator of a yelping dog, bipedal cats whined an amorous duet, and in the midst of the concert the presiding magistrate called a show of hands, and the right-honorable candidate was declared elected.

Philetus made no remark, till looking doubtfully on his companions he saw that extraordinary nose in motion. "I perceive," he said, "you are smiling at my idea of Philautian wisdom and virtue. You did not find them represented here."

"The wisdom," replied Philose, "was certainly rather peculiar. For the virtue, we will pass it over as *res non judicata*. But I am delighted with the freedom of your elections. If their purity be at all commensurate, I shall have to place my model here."

"These things are managed differently in the great republic?"

"In Isopoliteia? O yes. An ass like your patrician legislator would be hissed down in two minutes — if he ever got up to bray. As the president of one of their great railways said to me of his growing city in the West: 'They may have many rogues there; but there are precious few fools!'"

"But how of the mode of conducting the elections? That was my meaning."

"The potatoes, hair-powder, and cabbage-stalks? Were these nosegays distributed by the voters here, or non-voters?"

"By the non-voters, of course."

"So I supposed. They have no non-voters at an election in Vesputia."

Philetus however was not discouraged, but took the travelers to another polling-place in another town. Here the disorder was tremendous. It was not merely rotten eggs and vegetables, kitchen offal, bags of soot and brickdust and lime, that were thrown at the speakers and their friends upon the stand, but stones were hurled to and fro in the crowd, hats were smashed, sometimes stolen, and heads were broken. Become now perfectly lawless, the mob stormed the principal hotel. Every window in it was smashed to pieces. From there they proceeded to private houses. In one of these lay a gentleman seriously indisposed. As he could not rise, nor

be removed in time, his attendants held screens before his bed against the missiles which in a perfect hailstorm rattled through the fractured windows. Not even the churchyard was sacred. They tore up the gravestones and scattered them, breaking some into pieces which they hurled against the windows of the vicarage. The constabulary was powerless. Finally the rioters began to assail every well-dressed person, and Philetus only drew away his friends in time to save them and himself from outrage. What was their horror however to learn afterwards, that a man for merely shouting for his favorite candidate was shot deliberately dead in the street!

Philetus was more than mortified. "We shall hear," he said, "of scenes like this all over the island. The bad example of this town will not want imitators."

"Bad examples never do, no more than good ones," said Philose. "The moral contagion spreads more rapidly than that of disease; for neither mountains nor unnavigable streams interrupt its communication.''

"I almost fear to ask you again," resumed Philetus. "Have they such abominations to dread in Isopoliteia?"

"They have had their riots there. A land which lavishes its citizenship on foreigners of every kind cannot escape contamination. These naturalized but never nationalized aliens are found the readiest tools of demagogues, who, corrupting them, are in turn corrupted by them, as the power to do evil safely almost inevitably leads to evil and by its exercise debauches incurably the evil-doer. Hence ballot-boxes (for they do not vote by voice or hands, you know, as here) have sometimes been broken or carried off, and fights have occurred. But these disorders are rare, and are rendered more unlikely of occurrence by the subdivision of the polling-districts, and never occur in country-places like this."

"It is education then that guards the sanctity of popular suffrage?"

"Hardly, where the ignorant scum of every people are allowed to vote. I have but to repeat my former question. Are these rioters, do you think, all, or even in great part voters?"

"Scarcely any, if any."

"Then having no interest in the maintenance of order, and jealous of the privileges of those who have, what can you expect of them? There would be dissatisfaction were they educated, and commotion were they sober; there is brutality, as they are ignorant and drunken."

"I believe you are right. Indeed, it is and has been my sentiment, that which you suggest. But it seems to me, that disorders have increased since the agitation of the question of universal suffrage and partial concessions of reform."

"Naturally. You have awakened the sense of the people to their wants. If then you but partially gratify them, you stimulate an appetite without providing the means for its satisfaction. It is not the way to make men moderate or humble in their demands, to yield a little as if by compulsion, and a little more as if in fear."

Philetus remained for some time thoughtful, with his eyes on the ground. "I must one day visit that great republic in Vesputia."

"I advise you not," said Philoscommon, with a silent obbligato accompaniment of his proboscis. "If you go there, you will go as a Philautian; when there, you will see, think, and act as a Philautian; and when you come back, it will be as a Philautian. Of all the nations of the world, you of this island travel most, but of all nations you are the least adapted for travel."

"And why so — if indeed it be so?" said Philetus, seemingly a little hurt, — though he did not show it in his tone.

"Because of your national bigotry."

"And that is the result of your national greatness and political prosperity," added Alethi amiably.

"In great part. I admit it sincerely," said the schoolmaster, "and moreover, that of all men Philetus is most above it. But Philetus is still a Philautian."

"Not in the sense you mean," replied the latter, smiling. — "But that will be seen hereafter — should I go to Vesputia."

"Perhaps so," returned the schoolmaster.

CHAPTER XXXV.

They embark for Taproshéo, and come to the Land of Hind. What they found there; with the savory discourse of the Schoolmaster thereon.

It had been our travelers' intention to visit the northern part of the kingdom, and to take a glimpse of Juverna; but a vessel with unusually pleasant accommodations being about to sail for the Orient, Alethi, who had expressed himself already weary of Philautia, — whereat the little sage of Medamou made sundry movements both of face and body, indicative of mirth and of that satisfaction which arises from the realization of one's prognostics, — declared that if his companion had no objection to cut short his studies, he would go to Taproshéo.

"None in the world," said the philosopher. "But you will not lose sight of Philautia there."

"Then we will leave it all the sooner," said Alethitheras.

"So be it," said Philoscommon. And he went to secure their passage.

The voyage was marked by no incident worth recording. The passengers amused themselves as usual, by standing on their heads; and Philoscommon gratified himself and entertained his companion by measuring, as he said, "the breadth of their souls" when in that position.

They approached the Land of Hind.

"This vast and varied country," said the schoolmaster, "was once regarded as the Paradise of Earth. But the weakness, the ambitious rivalry, the despotism of its rulers, its miserable religion, its degraded and for the most part effeminate people, have combined to make it the prey of nations foreign to it, till the greediest and most determined of them all has swallowed up, province by province and kingdom after kingdom, almost the whole of its immense empire. But with the nearly million square miles of ravished territory, gained by fraud and force of arms, by force of arms made necessary by fraud" ——

"You speak of Philautia?"

"Of what Power else? Do you remember the maxim of the Œbalian, that the skin of the lion must be eked out with the tail of the fox? Perfidious, double-dealing, and ambitious like him, Philautia uses craft to aid her valor, and fights, a lion, the battles brought upon her by her subtle thieving as a fox. But with her acquisitions comes anxiety. As she strides upward and onward, she approaches nearer to Sursia, whose enormous dominions in the East spread not less surely, though more slowly, than her own. Look yonder, where I stretch my arm. There, where the sun will rise tomorrow on the oldest kingdom of the earth, the Sursian is encroaching. Piece by piece, by politic negotiation and by purchase, you see him pressing nearer to his rival's eastern confines, while from the north and on the west his tread is quite as steady downward and in advance. Now you understand one reason of that war between them; nor will you think a waste of means and courage the gallant defence of that border fortress whose surrender, though it was no disgrace, was deemed such by Philautia, unaccustomed to be beaten. Yonder, in the north-west, is that Sea which by a graceful euphemism was known as the Hospitable. Mistress of that and with free access downward to the Mid-

land Sea, the Osman Power broken up, you see the fatal time would be accelerated when the battle must be to decide which of the two shall have the whole. It is easy to see it will not be Philautia."

"And will that suit you?"

"Yes. It would be the merited punishment of her avarice and bloody ambition; the atonement exacted by Destiny, that she should win all here for another, precisely as others won here all for her."

They arrived at a critical period. A large part of the country was in open revolt, and the Philautians were putting down the insurrection by the promptest and most violent means.

In a few months, the travelers became perfectly familiar with the situation, aided thereto partly by Philoscommon's previous knowledge, and partly by the acquaintance they had formed with a Juvernan surgeon, for some years resident in those parts.

A powerful trading-company, whose whole object was gain, was not likely to regard the rights of a people to whom they considered themselves in every respect superior. When with successful encroachment came the lust of territory, the home Government found it to their interest to abet them in their fraudulent negotiations and to defend them against the consequences of their unprincipled invasions. Gaining permission to garrison their settlements, insidiously aiding one native despot against another, and obtaining for their services whole provinces in concession, the Philautians added another means of extending and strengthening the grasp of their ambition: they sowed dissatisfaction, and gathered dexterously the fruits of revolt against their own oppression. A fresh instance of this old-time policy was related by the surgeon. The King of Ayodhya′, dispossessed of the greater part of his kingdom by these conquerors, had become their tributary for the rest. It was a state of things

that admitted of improvement. It was folly to be satisfied with two thirds when the whole could be had on easy terms. The king was found to be unfit to rule; he was given to ignoble pleasures, and indulged in tricks of childish mischief. The political critics in the great quarter-yearly journals of Philautia wondered why he should be suffered on the throne so long. They deplored, like humane men, the necessity of his deposition, but, in the interests of humanity, should the supposed rights of such a puppet be considered? If he were only to attempt to throw off his allegiance! So his family were made to be involved in the general conspiracy against their foreign masters. His two eldest sons, as likely to be some day troublesome, were taken away in a carriage by a Philautian officer, stood up against a wall and without other preparation shot dead by the officer's own hand; but the imbecile monarch, now in his eighty-fourth year, after undergoing every indignity, including a revolting pseudo-trial, was spared as harmless, to become probably for the short term of his remaining life a stipendiary of the Philautian crown.

Philoscommon was seated, or rather squatted, with Alethitheras, in the verandah of their lodgings at Palibothra, with his box of betel by him; for he had become as one of the land in this and some other respects, smoking too on occasion a pompously-coiled húcah, and regretting that he could not go partially naked because of his peculiar figure, but advising his companion to turn gymnosophist, predicting for him in that event a sensation, with his white skin and fleshy limbs, among the sun-dyed maidens. He had succeeded however in making him recline at times after the fashion of the country, with his seat upon a rug and his elbow on a bolster. As they lounged thus, enjoying the voluptuous air,

"I wonder," said the little sage, taking up his pinch of betel, the accompanying lime and bit of arreca-nut, "that

you will not try these leaves. They are a good stomachic, 'Lethi."

"But I have no stomach for them."

"And they are aphrodisiac — like all the pepper-kind. So perhaps you are wise to eschew and not to chew them, being given to Minnchens; of whom there are a sufficient number among these yellow damsels. But for me," he said with a sigh, and proceeding to masticate, "my susceptibility that way all died out with my steeple-chase. But what makes you so serious?"

"I am thinking of that miserable nawaub."

"And his unfortunate sons. Bah! they are not worth it. They were but coppercolored heathens. Why one such pebble as the invaders ravished from a manlier despot in the mountains yonder," (he waved his little arm to the northwest,) "was worth a dozen such lives. You remember the big thing. They called it — after the extravagant oriental fancy, as if it were a crystal sun — by a grandiloquent poetic name, though you and I could see no poetry in it and but little brightness. But that was not our fault, and it cost the polisher his head. Think of its estimate in untransparent cash, and don't expect the winners of such prizes in kingdoms or diamonds to be over-scrupulous as to how they came by them."

"Don't jest, Philos'. It was a damnable act."

"And so it was, Alethi. Of course, the kings of this country are not all like the model one depicted by Philostratus, and never have been. If one such were found in one hundred generations, it would be honor enough to the country that produced him, and to the customs which made his mode of life possible. But if every sovereign in this vast empire were ten times more effeminate than the most voluptuous of those other princes whom the same biographer has set in contrast, it would not authorize their supersedure by a foreign Power. If vice, effeminacy, idle living, and the squan-

dering of treasure would justify such interference, then could the action be reversed, and Ayodhya′ might have dethroned the last king but one of Philautia, whose sole claim to distinction was that he was said by his sycophants to carry further than anybody else the artificial manners which earn with his people the title of well-bred. But the difference is, that the strength for subversion lay with Philautia and the proneness for subjection with this gentle and mostly unwarlike race, the cause for whose enslavement was that very inoffensiveness which should have made them be let alone."

"I remember that delightful picture of Phraortes and the sage. It doubtless was embellished, but the kingly prototype could not have been found among a barbarous people."

"No, not barbarous. Here has been said to be the cradle of religion, and it may be added, that of philosophy and of perhaps the arts and sciences. But all these offspring of the human intellect have remained here in the cradle, and will there remain forever, unless the native races be changed or wholly superseded. The doctrines of the immortality of the soul and a state of future reward and punishment had here probably their origin. Pantheism also is with some of their philosophers an ancient fancy; and there are some who teach the more rational hypothesis, that the world created was left to govern itself by laws set upon it at the dawn of its creation."

"Then these people preceded the western races in the very paths of metaphysical investigation which the latter supposed had been opened solely by themselves?"

"No. As I have said, they are but children, even their philosophers, and never will be more. The idea of the imperishable nature of the human soul would require no long age of civilization, notwithstanding a prominent example to the contrary, and the thought of a state of future rewards and punishments would easily occur in its train. Pantheism, and the belief in a creating but not continually directing

Providence, are not indeed so simple inferences from the attributes and fortunes of humanity and the circumstances that surround and control it, but they might readily be formed as opinions by any man of a thoughtful and speculative turn of mind, and would be at once received as dogmas by many thinkers who adopt their faith at secondhand. Take for example the fortunes of that powerful emperor in this country, who, treacherous, crafty, hypocritical, and remorseless, managed to destroy his own brothers, and mounting the throne lived prosperous till eighty-nine years old, a good monarch, an impartial judge and a generous patron of learning. What must be the suggestion to the mind of a thoughtful and just man who compares the almost unbroken success of this usurper with the melancholy fate of his virtuous, noble and lovely eldest brother, whom he circumvented and put to death? As for the prevailing belief of these people in a transmigration of the soul, I think too it is a perfectly natural one, and naturally accompanies in an early stage of civilization a conception of the soul's immortality. Have you never yourself been tempted to think for a moment that certain animals might possibly be but other forms of some human individuals departed from their human life?"

"I don't know but I have. But I do not think the idea would have occurred without my previous knowledge that there was such a notion."

"I think it would, to you and to thousands. The Anthemusian adopted it hence because he found it here taught as a dogma, but, comparing the propensities of animals with those of men, he could not have looked into their eyes or watched intelligently their ways, without fancying that they might possibly be animated with the same spirit. That it is carried here to such an absurd excess as you have often seen it is not more ridiculous than the superstitions of nations more enlightened and of a loftier faith. In Tursa they have a hospital where not merely the infirm and old of larger crea-

tures are maintained, but insects, and it is said that they hire some pauper occasionally to submit himself (strapped down to his bargain you may be sure) to the bites of bugs and fleas."

"It would have been a good idea for the lazaret."

"Before we entered it. Ay, such vicarious sacrifice would have saved your night-shirt. I see you now holding it. What a figure you cut, to be sure ! till you cut out, to be bitten worse by a tarentula in petticoats."

" You have strayed from your subject, Mehetabel's man."

" Thank your reminder. Yes, from religion to love. It is natural and common; as is also a devagation from love to religion. Let us make the latter, as do certain ladies past their prime, and return. I said, Alethi, that the superstitions of these turbaned tawney folk are not more ridiculous than those of nations which pity them contemptuously as pagans, and have a horror of all idolatry, but their own, from Priapus to the *lingam*. In this sacred city, the *monarch of worshiped places*, whose environs for more than a day's journey are holy ground, and wherein to die is to merit, if not a heavenly paradise, at least a perfect fruition of the heart's desires in the next form of existence, you may count at times a hundred thousand pilgrims. Have not the Salamans, who despise these idolaters, their own sacred travels, and over desert sands where thousands of them perish ? Was there never a crusade ? You have lately seen penitents in constrained positions which they keep immovably till death. Was there not a Jesousian Saint who made it a merit to live on the narrow top of a pillar ? Is it more absurd, if more painful, to wriggle on one's back from temple to temple than to crawl on one's knees up a temple's steps ? At the *Festival of the Car* hundreds have fallen under the wheels of the huge machine; but they were self-immolated. Here, in this semi-barbarous country, no man has yet been roasted by an *Act of Faith*. In the *putschay*, the god is expected to pre-

sent himself to the adoring priest in a bucket of water, as one of the gods of their trinity by like prayer is incorporated with his favorite image, in the little water-rounded lingams of the giant Vanajuren. Does not that remind you of something in the countries we have visited? The chamber where the transubstantiation takes place is sprinkled previously with cow's urine. Is the *aqua lustralis* any better?"

"I should think it was."

"In one sense certainly," said the little sage, agitating his proboscis. "But I meant in efficacy. And when the simple offerings are made, of the fruits of the earth, not forgetting the inevitable betel, the flattered deity is expected to return the favor a hundred fold. This is the thrifty calculation of religious worship everywhere. The prayers of men are almost invariably, except perhaps with a few extraordinary beings, profoundly selfish. They adore for present benefit or for future immunity; and the happiness which they feel in the performance of a day's devotion arises from the thought that they have entered a valuable additional item to their side of the sheet in the account-books of Heaven."

"O Philos'!"

"O Philos'! How often I make you exclaim thus. Cannot you yet bear to hear the plain truth, because nobody else but I dares talk it to you? I do not argue against religious worship. God forbid! God does forbid. What have I had often in my physical and other inflictions to console me but —— Let us pass over that, or you will think me too a hypocrite. Don't interrupt me with contradictions! or I shall never finish, — which I will now do in few words. Look everywhere into religion. Its propagation and maintenance (except always, remember, with the lofty and pure minded, and the devout of heart) are effected by taking advantage of human fears and human helplessness. What does even the Leipodermian Psalmist pray for? Is it to glorify Jehovah, to exult in His beneficence as seen in creation and to extol His attributes

as manifested in all things visible? This is but rarely done, and when done it is but the prelude or the accompaniment to supplication for the overthrow of his enemies, or for the alleviation of physical ills which his conscience told him were the consequences of his voluptuousness. About four hundred years ago, the King of Alectoreion, and about a hundred years later his fellow of Jactantia, thought to atone for all their cruelties and persistent wrong-doing by outward sanctity; and when the latter slaughtered thousands in the name of the All-Merciful One, he hoped to be rewarded for it."

"By the by, I have often wished to ask, how do you account for such hallucinations on the part of men not deficient in sagacity?"

"But often unusually gifted with it. Plainly, Alethi, by this fact, that man in his egotism paints the Godhead after his own likeness. He ascribes to the Impassible passion like his own, to the Impeccable weakness, to the Omniscient and Omnituent shortsightedness and partial observation, and to the Creator of All Things a susceptibility to be bribed by what is of His own production."

"But is not the spirit of devotion natural to some men?"

"Demonstrably so, as well as the want of it. The virtuous of soul who have this inborn piety are never hypocrites, the vicious under like circumstances always are. Their hypocrisy is the politic employment of a means for which they have an innate and irresistible predeliction. This was the case with the two Jesousian kings alluded to. The Salaman emperor who made his way to his father's throne over the bodies of his elder brothers, had probably no impulse to religious zeal, but feigned it as the readiest means to conceal at once and further his ambition."

"You have said that this land was the cradle of Religion; and further, that Religion here remains a child. How is it then that it evinces none of the simplicity of childhood?"

"It does in one sense; for its nurses have put toys into its

hands, which amuse it to the exclusion of real things, and confine its observation to trifles. If you mean its artless freshness and unsophisticated modes, the reason is the same as that of the corruption of all religions, which come from the hands of God naked and beautiful, but priestcraft covers them with false finery, and distorts their proportions and destroys their unity for its selfish purposes. Under the idea that the people would better understand the attributes of the deity by seeing them personified and symboled, the priests of this country, as in others of the East, made them idols and invented fables: and the result has been that the symbol is worshiped to the exclusion of the essence it represents and the fables are become the foundation of the tenets of their faith. You know that this is done too in the West, and with a like result. I reminded you of the self-torturing devotees whom you have seen here with disgust as well as pity. They but represent a religious perversion of the specious philosophy which distinguished the Gymnosophists. These men inculcated a life of virtuous contemplation, — an impossibility by the by as well as a self-contradiction, since virtue can never be negative, and to be good one must do something more than ponder goodness. They made the two names of these vagabond monks, implying a renunciation of the world and the practice of devotion, to be synonymous, and the morality they inculcated is the same as has made the reputation of many of the so-called wise-men or wisdom-lovers, but really pretenders to wisdom, of ancient Hellas. But they prescribed too the outward mode of the practice of meditation; to keep, namely, the body motionless, its muscles unrelaxed, and the eyes fixed upon the extremity of the nose. So by a natural consequence, as in religion, the devotees confined their observances to the forms alone, and sat or stood like statues, looking cross-eyed at the tip or but-end of their smellers, like the fools, or impostors, if not often villains, that they were and they are."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Wherein the travelers have bared to them the beauties of Philautian humanity in the Land of Hind.

At this point in the conversation, Crymoker, the surgeon, who had accompanied them to Palibothra, came out into the verandah.

He was a middle-aged man of medium height, well-set, but spare, and of a sharp oval visage whose dark thick skin had a singularly cold look, as had his large black eyes and well-formed but colorless lips. He declined gravely the betel which Philoscommon offered him not gravely, but took the húcah which the huca-berdar brought after him, and disdaining both chair and cushion, perched himself with one leg on the rail of the balustrade and his back against a pillar, and prepared to smoke.

"Pray go on," he said. "What were you talking about?"

"*De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*," replied the schoolmaster. "Philosophy and religion, with an episode on love apropos of the Hospital for Invalid Animals and Alethi's night-shirt; the whole preceded by Philautian apanthropy and the King of Ayodhya′, whom our friend finds very much to be pitied."

"So do I," said the Doctor, puffing calmly.

"Why, of the whole four-and-twenty of his family who were executed, over and above his sons, there was not one real white man!"

"There were some of them who were whiter than I am," ssid the Doctor.

"Ah, that you will say so, Doctor!" replied Philos'. "Yours is merely a darker shade among light skins, theirs were lighter ones among dark. I wonder you will not see the distinction. A mere difference of color in the *rete mucosum*, when it is one of race, will make men so reckless of life in those who betray it, that they will slaughter them without more compunction than wild animals, — though they have no right to do either without necessity. You have seen such grand examples of it in this rebellion, that I should think you would be used to it by this time. How many did you say were put to death in cold blood in this one city alone, by the Philautians?"

"Thirteen hundred."

"And how many in the Country of the Five Rivers?"

"Five thousand."

"Are you sure of that, Doctor?" said Alethi.

"It was so stated in a letter from the Philautian commander himself."

"But under what plea was such horrible butchery?"

"Under the *tyrant's plea*, necessity. They call this a military mutiny, yet the whole country is more or less turned up with revolution. Recollect with what difficulty we made our way hither. It would have been perhaps impossible without the troops. The people are so infuriated by the cannon-shooting and the hanging, that nothing but terrorism can keep them down. That is, they say so. I have my own opinion." And the Doctor drew a long draught of smoke. "At a recent execution of many native soldiers, some even of their former comrades, who were forced to witness it, are said to have cried out, 'Die like men. You but defended your religion.'"

"Whether that is true or not," remarked the schoolmaster, "it is not likely that the populace could turn away from

such a bloody spectacle, where some of their countrymen were deliberately scattered to the wind by grapeshot, while others dangled in it at a rope's end, without rage in their hearts and the desire of revenge. They knew that a like scene was enacted in a dozen places, that villages were fired where not a man perhaps had aught to do with the uprising, and they had brains enough to estimate the injustice of such indiscrimate punishment and its atrocious severity. Is it to be wondered at, if under such provocation they assassinate every white man they meet upon the road."

"But that they do so," resumed the Doctor, "is why we — no, I am not a Philautian, thank my father! why *they*, the Jesousian masters, assassinate in turn. Only, these do it by wholesale. Upon the mere report of fugitives from Indraput — who under the circumstances would not be likely to be very truthful, even if men never lied against their enemies, — on the exaggerated, if not wholly fictitious statements of these terrified runaways, 'we immediately,' writes a Philautian, 'set on fire five villages of the natives and hung up every one that fell into our hands.'"

Philoscommon turned his face with a peculiar expression on Alethi, whose eyes looked very large and bright as he said to Crymoker, "You make me almost doubt a God, where such devils are permitted to rage with impunity."

"As these Philautians," adds the surgeon drily. "But they say that a woman among the fugitives was stripped, mishandled, had her breasts cut off, and then murdered, and another was served the same way under a bridge."

"As if such things," said Philoscommon, "were never done by the Philautians themselves, and not in two instances, but in hundreds. A grayhaired captain of the Philautian Royal Engineers, who was at the taking of a city famous for its siege in Jactantia, told me himself, that he entered a room where he found a man held by the arms by two Philautian soldiers, and actually frothing at the mouth with impotent

rage, while a third was dishonoring his daughter before his very eyes."

"But the writer adds," continued the Doctor in the same cold, dry tone, "'We found a pair of child's shoes in which were yet sticking the little feet of a seven years' child.'"

"How could they tell its particular age by the feet?" asked Philoscommon.

"That is not in anatomy," replied the Doctor, "but it must be fact, because the writer says in connection, 'We hanged all the native scoundrels that we found on the way.'"

"How did they know they were scoundrels?" persisted Philoscommon.

"Because *a man*, who was at the last massacre in Indraput, *said* —— Of course he could not speak but truth. What temptation had he to falsify, or to exaggerate?" pursued the Doctor, with the same singular contrast of a cold, emotionless tone and animated words. "It was not in human nature to invent such acts, even if it were common for men to magnify their stories for the sake of exciting wonder or eliciting attention, or gratifying spite. This apostle *said*, 'that little children were tossed into the air and caught upon the points of bayonets.' So you see that where such is the amusement of a soldiery when their destructive propensities are roused, the whole people must necessarily be scoundrels."

"It is a good argument," quoth the schoolmaster. "So, as there are women in Philautia who practice as a business child-murder, and as a woman was there found who poisoned eight infants of her own bearing by drugging her nipples, the entire nation of Philautians deserve extermination in this world and damnation in the next."

"*Probatum est*," said the Doctor. "But, in your own words, I wonder you will not see a distinction. These were miserable yellow devils, or brown. It would not do even for Philautians to chain white folk to cannon and blow them to atoms, or hang them by hundreds for mere rebellion. They

did however in one instance show no regard to color; a Philautian was found among the insurgents pointing the cannon. He was taken and 'hewed to pieces.' There is no rage like the fury of disappointed pride."

"And no cruelty like that directed by the selfishness of fear. The Philautians in the overweening confidence of their superiority had entrusted the garrison of their strongest post to native troops. They did not believe that worms would dare to rise when the foot that trampled them was such as theirs; and when the rebellion spread, like fire in a forest, and the powerful of the land even to the kings of the ancient soubahs were involved in the conflagration, though the usurpers called it a mutiny, they saw their whole empire threatened with destruction, and, with the vindictive yet timorous haste of tyrants, took to the tyrant's mode, and poured blood upon the flames."

"Yes, this was the mode of the great Conqueror of our century, whom they used to execrate," said the Doctor quietly. 'Burn,' was his order on the occasion of an insignificant uprising in Anastasia, 'Burn one or two large villages, and let not one of them be left. . . . . Pardon no one, but shoot at least six hundred of the revolted . . . . Disarm all the inhabitants, and give up to pillage five or six large villages of the most unruly.'"

"Yes, I remember," rejoined the schoolmaster, "he avowed, on the same occasion, a desire for an uprising in Parthenopè, considering a revolt among a conquered people as necessary to complete their subjugation. I predict, that you will find some day, if you stay here, the Philautian journals thanking God for the *mutiny;* for the rebellion is too ill-organized not to be put down; and the Philautian empire in this vast country will be thereby consolidated, as it is already by the same means extended."

Alethitheras, who had appeared very thoughtful during this dialogue, now, addressing Philoscommon, said: "As-

suming this revolt to be a popular rebellion, and not a military mutiny under the pretext of an insult to their religious prejudices, had this people a right to rebel?"

"Beyond any doubt," replied the schoolmaster. "Mere conquest can give no right which cannot be set aside by counter-conquest. All our sympathies must necessarily be on the side of those who rise against a yoke which was put upon them, not accepted."

The Juvernan doctor half-inclined his head over the stem of his húcah, but his eyes, which were fixed steadily on Philoscommon, looked cold as before: and Alethi, no longer leaning on his cushion, resumed:

"Were I a Philautian, it seems to me that I should be ashamed to walk the streets of those great cities which had come into the possession of my country only by violence superadded to and in maintenance of fraud, and whose possession is maintained only by the presence of an armed power. I should feel as the compatriot and accessory of robbers, and every native I met would seem to reproach me for his subjection and his country's ruin."

"No," said Philoscommon, "you feel that now. But were you a Philautian, the chances are that you would forget all the wrong and all the violence in the glory attached to their success."

"Would Philetus, think you?"

"Well, perhaps there might be an exception in Philetus and in you. But you are phœnixes. And I would not swear that even your feathers would not change in the situation. Vanity is a sore tempter and perverter, Alethi; and to be a Philautian, yet cast off as false ornament all that ministers to that vanity in the so-called glory of Philautian conquest, is to be something more than an ordinary mortal. It is to be of Medamou."

The doctor, beckoning to the húca-berdar, resigned his pipe, then taking a pinch of betel, he said: "We are all

agreed, it seems, as to the barbarity of the treatment of the insurgents. As to its policy, that is another question. But it is one thing to picture these things to ourselves when related, another to see them: and it is only by seeing we can judge. To-morrow we shall have an opportunity. Ten men are to be hung, three shot by musketry, and five blown from the mouths of cannon. — I see," he continued, looking calmly at Alethi, whose countenance manifested surprise not unmingled with disgust, "you think it would be monstrous to witness what will have a thousand spectators. The Philautians have no objection to extend the force of the example, and make all welcome to see the show."

"The example is not for us; and I sha' n't go."

"Why not, Alethi?" said the schoolmaster.

"Is it necessary that I should see men torn to pieces, to know the effects of grapeshot and cannon-powder?"

"Yes, as an instrument of military discipline. As Crymoker says, we are all agreed as to the barbarity of the act. But are we sure that we are right? And have we not come hither, as we have traveled and shall travel elsewhere, to see what is to be seen of human customs and of human actions. To know how the condemned will meet their fate, and to see what is the nature of that fate in all its horrors, is, I think, for once, and with our special motives, not to be denied us."

Despite of his generous disposition, a feeling of curiosity began to struggle in Alethi's breast, which he himself perhaps mistook for his usual readiness to sacrifice his inclinations to those of others, but which the clear cold eyes of the surgeon seemed to penetrate and Philoscommon perfectly understood. "If I thought you greatly cared, Philos' —— Cannot you go without me?"

"No, I should go in fact for you. To experience the intensity of horror is something, when the nerves will bear the shock; and the moral effects in one's own nature of such a

shock are worth ascertaining. You are young; and it is but for once. — What time, Crymoker, will it be?"

"Early in the morning. We must start by daylight."

"I will order all things accordingly. You will go this time to oblige me, as you have often done before, Alethi; and I shall go I believe to instruct you, which you know is my self-imposed duty." As he said this, the little man could not resist making one of his contortions.

"And on the whole," said the surgeon quietly, getting down from his perch while his companions left their rugs, "the same natural feeling which gives us zest for the death-scenes of a represented tragedy or the recorded horrors of extraordinary crimes, must be allowed to prompt us here. The fascination of horror is a mere truism. Whatever hypocrites may say, the human mind craves its excitement as the human blood its stimulus, and whether the gratification be sought in contemplated agony or in bad whiskey, the impelling motive is the same."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

They visit a field of blood and learn the Philautian state-logic of grapeshot and gunpowder.

On their way to the fatal place, there was at first complete silence. When it was broken, Crymoker, in his customary cold calm tone, yet with sufficiently animated words, related several special instances of the barbarous vengeance of the Philautians, who in their fury seemed at times to have made no discrimination between those who were faithful to them and those who were not.

"Indeed in some cases," pursued the Doctor, "men were shot and were hanged who had actually at peril of their own

lives saved the lives of Philautians. Had they aided the insurgents, had they not aided, it was enough if they refused to fight against them, they were strung by the neck or had their brains blown out all the same, — though the mere fact that they had rescued from death certain of their conquerors should have availed at least in mitigation of their punishment, even had they been taken in actual rebellion. Here is a fact which comes fresh from the family of an officer who, with his brother-officers, was saved with great difficulty during the mutiny of one of the contingents. They were two hundred in number, the men who had acted thus generously, and they had refused to go with the mutineers. Yet these two hundred men were everyone of them put to death, on the ground that they had not taken part against their own brethren."

"And are these facts generally known?" asked Philoscommon.

"This particular butchery was related in the popular legislative body of Philautia, and a member of that body commented on it afterward in proper terms, to his constituents."

"With what result?" said Alethi eagerly.

"They cried, *Shame! shame!* — and forgot it."

"You will make me wish the condemned and their judges were now to change places, if you tell much more," said Alethi.

"What then will you say to this?" pursued the surgeon in the same tranquil unelevated tone. "A letter from a soldier tells, how, after one of these wholesale executions of their prisoners, his comrades flung the bodies pell-mell into a pit, without examining if they were lifeless or not. One of them recovering came back to the camp. What do you suppose they did with him?"

"Shot him again," said Philoscommon.

"The very next morning," rejoined the surgeon.

"God of justice! of compassion!" cried Alethi.

"His creatures practice neither," said the surgeon, — "not toward men of a different color, as your friend has taught me. In every direction, wherever the telegraph was found broken around Indraput, there the head men of the place were hanged, without a particle of evidence against them. They were in fact as innocent of the injury as you or I."

"It was simple murder," said Alethi.

"No, compound," quoth Philos'.

"And it was so pronounced in the assembly," rejoined the Surgeon. "But what avail the protests, or the indignation and disgust of one or two right-thinking and true-speaking Philautians? The deed will be repeated to-morrow, if thought politic, or a dyspeptic general should so order."

"As we shall be convinced to-day," added Philoscommon.

There was again a long silence. The interior of the vehicle, which had hitherto been dimly lighted only by the lantern in front, was now more visible by the advancing dawn, whose gray light began to reveal distinctly the moving groups of people on both sides and the separate vehicles native and foreign which were pressing onward, all bound to the same field of terror and blood. It was the surgeon who resumed the conversation, addressing himself to Philoscommon.

"You alluded yesterday to child-murder in Philautia, and to the particular act of one woman who had poisoned her nipples. Did you know there is a tribe, in the flat peninsula across the country to the southwest of us, with whom the female children were almost invariably destroyed, and in that very manner, till the Philautians, through one brave man, interfered, and gradually induced them to abandon the practice, at least as a custom of the people? They used opium for the poison, and the infants thus destroyed were said figuratively to be *drowned in milk*."

"The practice, however horrible, does not surprise me," replied the schoolmaster. "Among a barbarous people,

women would naturally be looked upon merely as the agents of reproduction, and a limited number would suffice. The males, as a source of strength, and as capable of self-support while incapable in themselves of adding to the numbers of the tribe, would be regarded as an addition to their resources. When too it is in a warlike race, as in the instance you mention, you see a reason the more. I need not remind either of you of the custom of the Laconians instituted by their great and virtuous lawgiver, nor of the superstitious sacrifices of children which prevailed among so many heathen nations."

"In more than those," interrupted the surgeon. You are familiar, I suppose, with the books ascribed to the Hebrew lawgiver and reformer. When Abraham was about to offer up Isaac, he was probably but following a familiar practice of his time. David sings lamentingly, that the children of Israel in Canaan offered up their sons and daughters in sacrifice."

"That was in the time of Moses," resumed Philoscommon. "Later in the world, you read in Hebrew Scripture of the King of Moab's sacrificing his own son. There too is the affecting story of Jephthah. And I need not instance, in a classic historian, the two hundred children sacrificed at one offering by the great rival and enemy of Ariospolis. The number may be exaggerated, but of the nature of the sacrifice there can be no doubt, for we know what was done by the father of the renowned general of that people. Some of the heathen ancestors of the Philautians were guilty of a like selfish cruelty. To avert disaster or to express gratitude for success, men offer up what is most precious — provided it be not themselves. Precisely so, to rid themselves of inconvenience savage nations in many parts of the now known world put out of existence their newborn offspring without more remorse, perhaps emotion of any kind, than we should feel in destroying vermin. In Serica the poorer people in large

numbers are said to suffocate their female children in a basin of water, or expose them by night in the open streets, and the government, which must be conscious of the practice, is supposed to wink at it. This is at least a negative encouragement, especially if it be true that the authorities in the capital have every morning the exposed infants, dead and dying, carted away and thrown without examination into a pit; although it is asserted, on the other hand, that they rescue those which are found living and bring them up at the public expense."

"Then," observed Alethi, "as your words imply that it is even there looked upon as a crime, it can only be the desperately indigent or the most abandoned of females who can so forget the feelings and the claims of maternity."

"It may not be the females who do it," replied the schoolmaster, — "although, myself, I do not see why not. It is among the false lessons taught by a theoretical philosophy — I mean to say a philosophy which bases its inductions, not upon facts, but upon certain opinions which it derives from hypothesis or from partial observation; it is, I say, among one of its false lessons, the doctrine of the innate love of women for their offspring. In the dumb animals nature has provided an impulse of attachment which lasts so long as it is needful for the young, but no longer; but it is not constant even with them. Swine have been known to devour their brood, and those who are familiar with the ways of dogs will tell you that there is a great difference in the degree of maternal tenderness among different females of even the same species. In human beings certain motives, and certain calculations, of economy, of shame, of convenience even, are perpetually operating which cannot affect the brutes, and any one of these calculations is enough in a very great number of women everywhere to overpower maternal affection, supposing such a thing to exist in all cases, which I do not believe. Certain advertisements of female-remedies, so-called, point to

practices which are scarcely equivocal. And when I tell you that these advertisements abound in Isopoliteia, you will see that it cannot be despair of resources for the support of offspring which usually prompts to this atrocious crime."

"These are horrible pictures, Philos'. Are they not, Doctor? He is so inveterate a maligner of the sex, that I do believe my faith in women would be one day completely overthrown, if it was not for my inbred reverence of them."

"Your inborn passions, say. *They* are the true champions. When they are weaker one day, your reverence will diminish and your faith will turn to skepticism without being transmuted by my malignity. Your blindness, my dear Alethi, is that of thousands and tens of thousands. You see the outside; you never penetrate the heart; or you shut your eyes when it unfolds to you of itself. You adore the angel, and presume not to lift the rainbow-colored wings that lap over weakness and deformity."

"I have put him at all events upon his poetry, Doctor. What would you have me do, my misogynal instructor?"

"Simply, my philogynal pupil, divest yourself of all predilections, and make no difference between *he* and *she*, when they are before the tribunal of moral judgment. What do we daily see in married life? Parental affection frequently divided between the parents, frequently exclusively on the male side. The birds, a class of beings which you particularly love, because, as you rightly say, they have more of purity of life than all others, will teach you a lesson. In some birds you will find the male take his turn in the nest and his share in the care of the young when hatched. Here in this land, you may see a species of Grossbeak which is very curious. The little fellow, with a delicate but strong thread which he knows how to prepare or to select, suspends his nest from the end of a slender bough high up, to guard the young from reptiles. His house has three compartments.

In the hindmost rests the brood, the middle is for his partner, and the foremost is his own, where he sits on guard, his favorite food the glowworm stuck on a bit of clay to the wall, so to speak, of his chamber, so that some have thought it was to light his watch. There is a careful husband and father for you! A modern science, of which I will not pretend to judge, seats the love of offspring in a particular convolution of the cerebellum. It undoubtedly is a separate quality, greater or less according to the individual, and more or less active according to circumstances which promote or retard its development and strengthen or diminish its energy. Women generally have it larger."

"The organ?"

"Yes, if you like. But I know nothing about that — not having been used to feel their occiputs. But the quality or propensity, the love of progeny, is with women generally greater than with men, and for obvious reasons; God has so willed it. But it exists also in men, and more largely in some men than in some women. To speak then of women as necessarily good mothers, or by nature lovers of children, is to talk ignorantly and to pronounce superficially. They are but so in general, and I verily believe there are as many hard of heart in that way, as I have found them, you know, in another. My pepperbox churchsteeple was largely philoprogenitive, and it was her prospective maternal tenderness that combated the suit which she had the effrontery to suppose was meant to gratify it."

"The Doctor will hardly know what you mean."

"It does not matter," said that quiet personage; "for here we are as far as we can go."

Alethi, whose cheerfulness had begun to be excited by Philoscommon's allusion to his amorous speculation, was instantly and painfully recalled to the situation and to the object of their journey. The Jesousian coach had stopped; the Salaman coachman opened the door; and with a beating

heart and rather pale cheek Alethitheras followed his less excitable companions.

Though the crowd at whose outer edge they were set down was large, the surgeon had little difficulty in making his way for all three close to the soldiery, which was already forming in hollow square, the native regiment in which the mutiny had occurred directly in front of the gallows, from which dangled ten nooses cruelly short, and before which squatted all of the condemned, motionless as if already dead. At a right angle with this was another native regiment. On the third side, or behind the gallows, with four field-pieces between them and the native troops stood the regiments of Philautians. In the open side of the square were five other cannon, pointing outward. And in the midst of the square were mounted officers, some few civilians, and finally the general with his staff.

All the eighteen mutineers were marched before the native regiments, and their offence and the punishments awarded read out in a loud, clear voice. This done, the ten that were to hang ascended, which they did unfalteringly, the scaffold, and stood over the trap, when a noose was adjusted to the neck of each and a white cap drawn over his face. A file of nine musketeers marched into the square. Between them and the five cannon, three men kneeled down, whose eyes were bandaged and their arms tied behind them. Then five other men were stood directly before the mouths of the five cannon, one before each, and their arms spread out and fastened to the wheels. These too, though pale, awaited motionless, and seemingly impassive, the moment of annihilation. And on these alone gazed our party.

There was no additional cruelty of delay. In an instant was heard, "Ready! Fire!" A horrible explosive sound, sudden, concussive, heavy, as if of many thunders gathered into one; a cloud of sulphurous smoke, streaked by what seemed a single fan-shaped flash of vivid red fire; and then, masses

of flesh, large and small, and limbs, and fragments of clothing, all looking black in the gray vapor, were seen darting upward and sideward and descending in a frightful shower to the ground. A bloody arm, entire from the elbow, struck the younger traveler on the left shoulder, forcing him to stoop. He turned very pale. The elder looked at him for a moment with silent concern, but, the next, took his hand and pressing it led him forward to where the surgeon had advanced to the cannon, the troops beginning already to file away. — Everywhere lay horrible relics of the five bodies and clots of gore, with scattered pieces of cotton cloth and uncoiled turbans in flames or smoking with dull fire. The surgeon stooped and lifted a heart. "It only now has ceased," he said, "to pulsate." His tone was still emotionless, and he dropped the bloody mass, not indeed roughly but seemingly with unconcern. It fell beside a heap of entrails twisted together and torn from a body which was seen cut completely in two. Crymoker wiped his fingers on the dewy ground and dried them with the envelope of a letter, then, looking at a head which lay with the face up, perfect, said, "You see, the death has been the briefest of all agonies, or rather a sudden stupefaction, an instantaneous paralysis of all sensation. It was their fate; and they met it as men should meet their fate." He was not answered; for Alethi was already walking away, and Philoscommon following. As they passed where the three men were shot by musketry, they saw them lying quite dead, and lifting their eyes for a moment beheld ten more bodies swaying and whirling in the morning breeze from the beam of the gallows.

Without a word, without waiting as usual deferentially and affectionately for Philoscommon, Alethi reentered the carriage, and was followed silently by his companions. But, when seated, he looked at his shoulder, and, visibly shuddering, wiped it off with his pocket-handkerchief, which he

then dropped with a look of mingled horror and disgust from the window.

"Reflect," said Philoscommon, "that these men were possibly guilty themselves of great atrocities. They may have outraged women and cut off their breasts, or spiked babies, and amputated little children's feet."

"Be it; but two wrongs never make a right," said Alethitheras.

"Oh, that is exploded ethics," rejoined the schoolmaster. "Gunpowder has a wonderful effect in disposing of moral objections."

Notwithstanding the tone, which was intensely sarcastic, Alethitheras seemed to think the pleasantry ill-timed. But he made no remark.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Tells how a grandson of the Duke of Pachycephalus came to honor them with an interview. Charmed with his sketches of military service in Serica, Alethitheras abandons the idea of visiting that ancient country.

THE surgeon accompanied the travelers also to Indraput. From there it was the intention of Alethitheras to go to Serica, but an accidental conversation made him abandon the idea in disgust.

Philoscommon, who was anxious that he should visit that original country, had been giving him a sketch of its history from the first-recorded and half-fabulous emperor, three thousand years (so claimed) before the Jesousian era, down, and was describing its customs, some of which struck the younger traveler favorably, or at least amused him, while others roused

but his aversion or his pity and disdain. The picture which the schoolmaster had drawn of the opium-smokers squatted with their backs to the wall of the place where the poison is prepared and dealt out to them, some of them already stupefied, or idiotic, or entranced, while others are awaiting the moment of sensual ecstacy and dreamy bewilderment, had particularly a painful attraction; which was not lessened when the sombre pencil was transferred to the private chambers of the rich, where, surrounded often by lascivious paintings, the miserable voluptuary courts in secret the same semi-insensibility to outward objects and the same confused and dim and generally sensuous day-dreams.

"I wonder," said the younger traveler, "that a government despotic at once, and paternal as it professes to be, does not put a stop to such soul and body destroying practices."

"It has sought to do so; but the Philautians interfered, and compelled the imperial parent to indulge his short-sighted children."

"What!"

"O you know I have showed you that philanthropy is, next to candor and modesty and righteousness, the most conspicuous characteristic of a Philautian. To do good to others he spares no trouble, and war and bloodshed are trifles when they promote the gratification of some of the human race. The Philautians, forcing the wretched peasantry of Hind to cultivate the poppy, insisted upon selling its product to the Seres. The triple-clawed dragon forbad. What right had he to govern his own people, or to make contraband any goods of any other people? Therefore, when his servants seized the smuggled opium-chests, and having drilled holes into them sunk them in salt water, the Philautians demanded indemnity, and made war to enforce it."

"Heavens!"

"An adjuration of the other place would have been more apposite. After the usual destruction of life and property,

the usual results followed: the weaker party yielded, the indemnity was agreed upon, and the Philautians obtained possession of an island, to secure, they said, its payment. But Philautians are keen-witted merchants: when they had got the money, they refused to surrender the security."

"Under what pretext?"

"They were not certain, clever fellows! that other conditions in the treaty would be respected. Then, I should tell you, the island proved to be more healthy than they expected; and it was convenient for commerce; and Philautia has always her right eye open to that mainspring and mainstay of her power."

"But it seems to me that she has always some pretext for doing what she professes never to have intended to do. I should suspect, in this case, the intention was always foremost and the pretext but followed as justification — as here in Hind-land."

"Certainly. The lion never lifts his foot when once set on his prey. That is her emblem. Unlike the Royal Tiger of this country, which is said never to repeat his spring, the Philautian beast will try and try again, and once he scents his prey never gives over till he has secured it."

"It symbolizes rapacity and ferocity, quite as much as determined courage."

"But the ingenuity, the ingenuity, Alethi: you overlook the ingenuity of these fighting traders. It was doing a capital business, you will see. Force contraband goods on an independent nation, and when they are confiscated call upon the confiscator to pay for them, and hold part of his country until he does, and then keep the territory as security for future good conduct and as a convenient haven for commerce!"

"Why, they are the pests of creation, these Philautians!"

"O no, not quite so bad as that. They are the finest fellows under the sun, when their avarice is not stimulated, or

their thirst for glory, or their greed for new territory, or their rage for intermeddling, or they have not to do with copper-colored, or bronzed, or coal-black barbarians, or if you don't offend their prejudices; in short, if you keep them close at home, and let them have their way there in everything. But there were some features of this war with Serica that will remind you of the way that things are done here in Hind."

"Not butchery by court-martial, I hope?"

"Not exactly; but a large work in the slaughtering-way for all that. The Doctor will be able to tell you better about it than I. Doctor!"

"Don't call him, Philos′: I heard some one talking and laughing there awhile ago."

"But he seems to be now alone. At all events, here he is. Doctor, are you alone?"

"No, but shall be in a few minutes. I have a Philautian officer with me — an ass, by the by. He is just about going. Any thing important?"

"Nothing pressing. I promised 'Lethi you would tell him about the doings of your beloved Philautians in Serica."

"Good; my visitor was actually present there at the time. You mean in the war, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Shall I bring him in?"

"Certainly," said Alethi, to whom this inquiry was addressed. "Who is he?"

"Lieutenant Thelyphron, a gentleman of more than three descents. He is a grandson of the Duke of Pachycephalus, and first cousin to Lord Daliphron. Therefore, though an ass" ——

"We shall have great pleasure in his company," said Philos′. "Show the long ears in, Doctor."

In entered Lord Daliphron's cousin, grandson of the Duke of Pachycephalus; a small, dapper-looking gentleman of about forty, with red whiskers, a very red face, and rather

red hair, a most plebeian nose and vulgar freckled hands, but a very dainty foot, admirably booted, and withal the air of a cockney.

The first thing he did was to stare with an amused look at Philoscommon, and say to the surgeon in a whisper so loud that every word was heard, "What a quizz! He is uglier than you said."

"I am so," quoth Philoscommon with perfect composure; "but there is one thing that the Doctor omitted to tell you. No Philautian can surpass me in the reverence I have for undoubted gentility; and a grandson of the Duke of Pachycephalus may command me as his most humble servant."

The lieutenant was at first taken aback, and despite his shallowness seemed to suspect that he was bantered; but the air of Philoscommon was so dignified, even through his odd visage, and his tone so thorough-bred, that he began to feel that he had fallen into something more than common company. "What the devil did you tell that for, Crymoker?" he said with affected vexation.

"Don't blame him," said Philos'; "he considered it your best recommendation."

"The Doctor had the kindness to assure us," said Alethi, hastening to interpose, "that we should have from you better information than we could get elsewhere in Serica. You were there in the war, I am told."

"Ah, was n't I!" cried the lieutenant, completely in equilibrium. "It was jolly fun."

"So we suppose," said Philosc. "But did you find the Seres as easy to manage as these poor devils of Hind?"

"We did n't treat them exactly in the same way, you know; for they were n't quite yet rebels, you know."

"Though they may one day be. You Philautians conquer everything."

"Don't we! We had to blaze at them in fair fight,

not string them up and blow them to pieces as we did here. I'll tell you a very good thing which shows them exactly. You must know they try to scare a man by all sorts of devices, as if we were children with popguns. Egad! when we got them into that square, or when they got themselves there, they found it no child's game, by Jove!"

"Ah! how was that?"

"Why, you must know, the Heavenly People — they call themselves that you know — and very curious angels they are, by Jove! with their little pig-eyes and big pig-tails — they got in great crowds into a square in which there was but one outlet, and that a very narrow street or lane. Here our cannon played upon them with grape and cannister. And as they hurried pell-mell for the street, did n't they catch it! They fell down, by Jove, by hundreds, one on top of the other and never fired a shot in return."

"That must have been rare fun," said Philos'.

"Why no," resumed the lieutenant, "there was not so much in that. But had you seen us take the long-tailed fellows flying, as they came down hill!"

"Really?" said Philos'. "Flying?"

"Ay, by Jove, did n't we! They came down the hill turning summersets, when we opened on them. I thought I should have died of laughter, to see them taken on the wing as it were and turn backwards, heels over head again — but not the way they came."

"No, they might have cried out as the frogs did, It may be sport to you, my children, but it is death to us."

"Ay, egad, was n't it though! It was immense."

"What? the laughter, or the death?" said Alethi gravely.

"O the laughter — the fun, to be sure. You don't seem to see it."

"No," said Alethi, still gravely, "I can see neither fun nor fairness in shooting men after that fashion."

"Eh, don't you though! Now, that is the funniest thing

of all, by Jove! Why, look you, my serious friend, these were nothing but yellow pigtails."

"And I cannot see, if they had been blue ones, what difference it could have made."

"By Jove!" cried the lieutenant, laughing as if he would split himself. "Is n't it rich? Why, he does n't know, this gentleman, what a pigtail with us fellows is. Blue pigtails! By Jove, but that is a good one!"

"Our friend has never yet seen that strange people," said Philoscommon. "He is excusable. You see, Alethi," he added, turning seriously to the latter, "it is a matter of complexion, as I told you. They are but yellow beasts, these tumblers. That you know, we have already agreed, was sufficient. Here, in Indraput, we know what it means, eh Lieutenant!" The lieutenant looked as if he did n't. "But when to yellow skins are added pigtails, why then they become yellow pigtails, in this gallant gentleman's parlance, and of course are worth no consideration whatever. Do you see the difference?" Alethi looked as if he would n't see the difference; and Philos', dreading a quarrel, changed artfully the subject.

After the lieutenant was gone, Crymoker gave painful statistics of the opium-war, comparing them with those of the more sanguinary operations in Hind some ten years since, when the Country of the Five Rivers was conquered, and, after some hypocritical coquetting, was taken possession of by the Philautians. "Here in one battle," said the surgeon, "twenty thousand of the valiant people perished, being ten to one of their triumphant enemies."

"That was a terrible disparity," remarked Alethi. "If not exaggerated by the conquerors, it showed a great inequality in arms."

"It probably was exaggerated, and grossly," replied the surgeon. "That is a familiar way of making up the estimate of glory. But the Philautians used with great effect

the bayonet, and the warlike tribe that fought against them depended on their artillery and horse."

"Even then," said Philoscommon, "there must have been prodigious inequality. I always supposed that you Jesousian nations assigned an important part to the use of cannon, especially of late years."

"We do," said the surgeon. "The modern Conqueror depended chiefly on artillery; but here, where alone the ancient Conqueror knew the Land of Hind, the native armies, though abundantly provided, were unskilful in its use, and probably had guns but little serviceable. At all events, when in turn the Philautians came to use it, we see a great difference. On one occasion, the natives taking flight became crowded on a narrow bridge of one of the rivers, and by thousands fell into the stream, the cannon even then continuing the slaughter and sinking those who did not drown, so that the waters were crimson with their blood. It was a day of great rejoicing with the Philautians," continued the surgeon in his frigid tones. "And accordingly the Primate of their country issued a special form of thanksgiving to God, in which it was especially remembered that there had been no injustice nor cruelty shown by the conquerors."

Philoscommon looked in his peculiar way at Alethi. "You see," he said, "men everywhere and in all times assign to the Creator their own attributes. He is the God of armies, and the exterminator, not merely with the Leipodermian Psalmist."

"But they carry it very far indeed, these Jesousian hypocrites," said Alethi, "when they suppose Him to be blind to transactions which every human eye can penetrate, and to give faith to professions which deceive not even me."

"My dear Alethi, you are only fit for Medamou. But we interrupt the Doctor."

"I have only one other remark to make," said the surgeon. "In both these wars, though the slaughter from obvious

causes was different in degree, it was carried beyond even the supposed necessity of warfare. In Serica however fear could not have been the exciting motive. I am disposed therefore to think that you will find it rather in what you suggested as to color. There is, besides this supreme contempt for colored races" ——

"Except," said Philos′, "where the specimens are other men's property, in which case their philanthropy, like other cheap commodities, is widely distributed. Excuse the interruption."

"Besides this contempt of the race, there is I am persuaded an innate brutality in a very large proportion of the Philautians, and it is by no means confined to the lowest orders. If an insurrection should at any time occur in that island of theirs where according to our popular rhyme the Devil lies buried, if an insurrection should occur there (as it is not unlikely, considering the treatment which from both these causes the blacks are there subject to,) you will find that executions will take place as here by wholesale, and that they will be recounted by the active agents in them with all the gusto or the sangfroid of our popinjay Lieutenant."

Here the Doctor left them alone.

Alethitheras walked up and down the room for a few moments in silence. Suddenly he said: "Have you set your heart on going to Serica, Philos′?"

"I never set my heart on anything — since my disappointed passion," said the schoolmaster with a delectable imitation of a sigh.

"Then we won't go."

"What new whimsey is this?"

"I am sick of Philautian cruelties."

"I don't know where, in the older part of the world, you will go to avoid them. They meddle and mar, where they dare put their fingers, everywhere. And what becomes of your voyage to Vesputia? In Serica you will find some

good ship always ready. There is no certainty of a vessel going thither from Hind."

"But there are enough to Philautia. We can return thither and sail thence."

"That is like shunning the fryingpan to take to the fire."

"No, it is n't. There, in their own country, they are bearable. I never want to see them again in a land where they are usurpers and oppressors. Besides, we shall meet Philetus there, who will atone, in Philautia, for all Philautians."

— "Who are out of it. Very well. I had hopes to show you, how much in certain points the Seres and Philautians resemble one another; for example, in the obstinate belief of their national superiority, and consequent contempt of all other nations and unwillingness to adopt any improvement in their modes of life, government, arts or manufactures, even when convinced in their own minds that it is such. But we will turn our backs to the oldest empire of the world, the land which gave birth to that good and wise man, who more than half-a-thousand years before the era of Jesousianism taught the same lofty and true doctrine as its sublime founder, the fear and love of God and duty to one's neighbor; doctrine so well observed in both Serica and Philautia, that in one country, where the filial and parental affections are strongest and most permanent, they cut a man into ten thousand pieces for an act of treason, while in the other, where justice and philanthropy are household words, they offer prayers in the churches for the slaughter of myriads of their fellow-creatures in a war of conquest, and order men to be blown to fragments for asserting that liberty which they themselves most glory in possessing."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The surgeon proposes to go with them to Vesputia, and by accident opens a new window of his mind.

AGREEABLE surprise; the surgeon declared he would make one of their party, if they would have him. He had long meditated going to Vesputia, and he could go at no time so much to his satisfaction as then when with them. This was frankly said; and the sentiment that inspired it was reciprocated. Notwithstanding his coldness, the doctor's quiet and selfpossessed manner had attraction for Alethi, and the schoolmaster found in his society the charm which a well-informed and discerning mind has always for the learned and the intelligent. So the arrangement was soon made. At first the doctor proposed to meet them at the great haven on the western coast, but, as they were unwilling to part with him and were ready to wait his leisure, they agreed to go all together.

A remark of the doctor's disclosed on this occasion a new trait in his mental character. He had said: "I believe it was my destiny to meet with you and to visit with you the New World; and I am happy to think that it is so pleasant a one."

"That reminds me, Crymoker," said the schoolmaster, "of your remark upon the victims on that horrible field of blood: 'It was their fate, and they met it as men should meet their fate.' Do you believe in fatality?"

"I do."

"Really?"

"Really! Is that so strange? I see you think so. I cannot believe otherwise. One of these long days, when we are on the water, we will talk this matter over. Enough now, that, right or wrong, you have had some proof in those poor fellows, who were all I believe Salamans, how well fatalism can prepare men to obey so sudden and so terrible a call to death."

"Surprises never will cease," said Philoscommon, when the two friends were alone. "Who would have thought that so coldblooded yet sensible a fellow as that could be so foolish. He would deride other superstitions, but you see he nourishes one of his own. This is common enough, in one way or other, with all men, — out of Medamou."

CHAPTER XL.

The conflagration at sea. The fate of Crymoker. How Alethitheras owed his preservation to the little schoolmaster's coolness and foresight.

THE voyage began auspiciously and continued to be prosperous until they had sailed over three fourths or more of the wearisome distance they must measure. They had crossed a second time the line of equal night, and had passed the point where the sun turns middle-earthward from his journey to the frozen North, when, toward the close of a fine day, Philoscommon, who was at the bows with Alethi and the surgeon, perceived the smell of fire. Scarcely had he whispered his alarm to his companions, when the movements of the sailors, and the request of the mate that the gentlemen should go aft, confirmed him in his apprehensions.

"It may be got under," said the schoolmaster. "But this is a bad hour for such an accident. Let us hasten to secure what is most valuable."

They descended to the cabin, where the two friends tied Alethi's gold and such papers as were of value in their armpits next the skin.

By the time they regained the deck, smoke was issuing in volume from one of the forward hatches. The captain, ordering these to be closed, set the pumps to work and formed a chain of men, including the passengers, to pass buckets of water to the main-hatchway, while such of the men as were not thus busy were directed to get ready the boats.

The necessity of this last order became only too soon apparent. Flames burst from the main opening itself, which caught to the mainsail and the rigging, the tarred cordage blazing in an instant up to the cross-trees, when immediately the whole mainmast with every yard and sail became on fire, the thick red flames surging upward to the very top. The first boat was lowered without any disaster, though the passengers crowded panic-struck about the davits and struggled for precedence at the ladder. But now, as the flames gained headway, all discipline was lost; the orders of the commander were unheeded, and indeed unheard; and after the boat was fully loaded, several men jumped into it and overset it, so that many were drowned in sight of their companions. The sailors however succeeded in righting it; whereupon the same scene again occurred, and a second time the boat was overturned with like loss. But when again it was righted, the sea being fortunately light and the air calm, the seamen approached more cautiously, and the passengers being likewise disheartened by the previous accidents, they were able to take on board all that it would hold, including two or three women with their children. The two other boats and the launch at first met with better fortune, and succeeded, though slowly, in picking up some of those who were still

struggling in the water; but in one instance the eagerness of these poor creatures capsized the boat, and when it was righted and only partially full, the seamen refused to expose themselves to further risk, and with the other boat and the launch, now full, steered off, leaving the struggling and swimming men to get upon the spars, casks, and other floating articles which had been thrown over to form a raft. By the captain's orders some of the remaining crew endeavored to lash these together for that purpose; but before the raft was completed many of the passengers leaped overboard upon it. Some missed their aim and fell into the sea, and while the rest were gaining a footing on it, and others were descending to it, the mainmast gave way, and fell all-blazing directly on the raft, killing several, wounding and burning others, and sweeping some into the sea. The raft too took fire in the cordage with which it was lashed together, and began to break up. At this moment, the scene was truly awful. The cries of despair and of pain from the wounded mingled with the crackling and low hissing or murmur of the flames, which began to blaze more visibly as the daylight faded, and were now gaining rapidly the upper deck.

At this time, the captain, one of his officers, and some seamen were all of the ship's company that remained on board, and around them clung some dozen of despairing wretches, imploring for the aid which could not be given them. Alethi had refused to press forward when the boats were lowered, and once, when his chance of rescue with the schoolmaster was probable, had yielded it to a mother and her child. Philoscommon no longer urged him, but for some reason, having once descended hurriedly into the cabin and hurriedly come back, kept his eyes anxiously over the ship's side. In his hand he had a boathook which had dropped from the launch and which he had for some purpose seized. The surgeon, cool as if nothing unusual was before him, stood silently watching the progress of the flames which the faint

evening-breeze was carrying forward to the foremast. All these stood upon the poop.

Suddenly, Philoscommon, calling in a low but earnest voice on both his companions to follow him, rushed toward the cabin-stairs, carrying his boathook with him.

"Come, Crymoker," said Alethi. "I know he has some plan for us."

"No, I will wait here," answered the surgeon. "If you succeed, call me." He said this without even an accent of distrust, but said it with decision.

Philoscommon beckoned passionately, and Alethi, after one appealing look to the surgeon, hurried after him. As they passed a closet on the poop-deck, which had been used as a kind of storeroom by the chief-mate, Philoscommon told Alethi to take up a coil of small rope which stood there, he himself helping it on to his companion's strong shoulders. "I had marked this for ours already," he said rapidly, "and I have a sheath-knife secured."

When in the cabin, which was deserted, and lighted only by the flames and their reflection on the water, the schoolmaster made him set down the cordage on the transom. He then leaned out of one of the stern-windows. "See, Alethi. Can you hook it in?" Alethi saw part of the raft which had separated, and, borne toward them, was beating against the stern-post and rudder, and putting down the boathook caught it by the lashing. "Thank God!" exclaimed the schoolmaster. Taking out his sailor's-knife, he cut the fastenings of the coil, and unwinding two or three fakes took the end in his hand. "Now," he said, "hold by the hook, and let me down by the rope."

"No, I will go," said Alethi. "O, if we had but Crymoker here! I wonder he is n't looking out for us."

"No matter. Since you will, get down. But be careful! Here, take the knife."

Holding the end of the rope while the schoolmaster sat

on the tier or coil, Alethi got down by the projections and ornaments of the stern and reached safely the narrow raft. Passing then the rope round one of the hinges of the rudder and securing it there, he cut it off to a sufficient length, and fastening it by the other end to the lashing which still held firm, managed to make the raft fast in its position. The schoolmaster now passed down a mattress. Then descending himself by aid of Alethi and his boathook, which the latter held fixed in the port, they used the large remainder of the cordage to make the raft more secure and comfortable, fastening the mattress down by large perforations which promised to drain off the washing sea. This done, they cut the rope close to the raft, but left it still fastened to the sternpost.

The schoolmaster with the boathook, and Alethi, first with the rope then with his hands, now worked the raft from under the stern, when they came in view of the surgeon, to whom both cried eagerly to descend. At that moment a frightful scene took place. The surgeon, standing close to the quarter-rail, was gazing calmly as before, and as if without a thought of his own danger, on the progress of the flames, which had already inwrapped the foremast, and, blazing up into the black sky, crackling and flinging off sparks and flakes of fire, yet at the same time murmuring with a peculiar liquid and oily sound that inspired terror and awe, were reaching out their hundred fingers as it were to the rigging of the bowsprit. A few of the passengers who were left on board were looking on the devouring flames, their despairing faces lighted up by the glare, when suddenly that part of the deck where they were grouped fell in, carrying down with it into the horrible crater all who stood upon it.

Then rose from the surviving few the most terrible cry. The captain himself sprang overboard, and, followed by his officer and the single sailor, swam out in the direction of the

launch which hovered in the distance visible by the flames. It was only then that Crymoker seemed to hear the low but eager and renewed call of Alethi and the schoolmaster and prepared to descend. He was half-way down, and Alethi was stretching out his hands to help him, when by some accident he lost his hold, and, striking with his head and shoulder against both the ship's side and the raft, fell into the sea. He sank at once, and when he rose was borne instantly by a wave to some distance from the raft. Philoscommon put out the pole for him, but the raft itself, no longer held to the ship's side, had swung backward, and he could not reach it. He seemed moreover to be crippled, and blood was oozing over his right cheek from a cut in his forehead. Then Alethi prepared to jump after him. But the schoolmaster held him fast. "What will you do?" he cried. "Have I saved you for this?"

"But he will drown!" said Alethi, trying to loose his companion's hands.

"And will pull you down with him. Let us work the raft, if we can, to him. Keep up, Doctor."

"I can't much longer," he answered. "I am hurt."

Alethi now could hardly be restrained from throwing himself overboard. "I can swim," he urged.

But the doctor himself cried out generously, "No, no, your friend is right; I should drown you." A wave swept him further off. "Good-bye. It is my fate. As well here as elsewhere. — Look out! they will sink you!" These were his last words, as he pointed to the ship's quarter; and they saw five stout men attempting to jump to the little raft.

Without a word, Philoscommon gave a shove with the hook, and sent it off, while Alethi cried out, almost in the same breath, "It is murder!" to him, and to them, "Jump!" At that moment he looked again to Crymoker, and saw him go under, never again to rise. It was so horrible, this drown-

ing of their companion whom they could not save, and whom he thought Philoscommon would not let him save, that when the raft floated off he sought no more to rescue the five passengers, but sat down full of gloom.

But now the foremast went over, and, dipping its end into the wave, rose partly quenched, and Philoscommon cried to Alethi that four of the men were making for it from the bow and probably would reach it. The fifth he said nothing of. He had dropped into the water, struggled for a moment or two, then, with a gesture of rage at Philoscommon, sunk for ever.

On floated the raft. "Cheer up, Alethi," said his companion. "We may yet be saved."

"But at what a cost!" said Alethi, sternly.

"Not that of humanity, as you mean to reproach me. Alethi, this is unreasonable. Could I have saved Crymoker, would I not have done it? Was not my foremost duty, to say nothing of my affections, to rescue you?"

"But have you done it?"

"That is with God and not with us to decide. I have tried to, and if I die, it is not you that should call me selfish, or inhuman."

"No, forgive me, my dear, good, brave little old fellow! We at least will die together — as we ought, and as I am content."

"Don't make me cry," said the schoolmaster; "there is water enough around us. And for our friend, he has died calmly, persuaded it was his doom. Look, look!"

Alethi, who had his back to the burning vessel, turned his head. The mizzenmast was now on fire, and the whole ship from stem to stern was burning. But no living soul could be discerned on board. And of those who were floating about on various articles, none appeared to be much worse off in point of safety than themselves, while the large boat which the captain had succeeded in reaching seemed to be making toward them.

Further off floated the raft. The flames gushed out of the stern-ports. Then the poop fell in; the mizzenmast went over the side; and, after blazing some moments longer, the ship suddenly sunk, the red light vanished from the ocean and the sky, and the stars alone shone out upon the water and the desolate few who were floating, oarless, sailless, and rudderless, over the fathomless deep that was perhaps to be their grave.

Onward floated the two wanderers, wet often by the waves, which still however were not high. And now the moon arose, solemn and peaceful, over the waste of waters. Philoscommon talked of destiny and Crymoker, and when that topic was exhausted did all he could to enliven his companion; but Alethi was thoughtful, sad, and silent; till finally he appeared to recognize for the first time that he was selfish, and rousing himself for Philoscommon's sake, he became himself in turn the comforter and encourager. Then the little man gave new evidence of forethought. He took from his pockets some biscuits and a pint-bottle of wine, which he had secured the first time he descended to the cabin. After they had supped very sparingly, — for, as the sage suggested, they knew not how long they might there be floating, — Alethi was persuaded to try to sleep, on the condition that in his turn he should be the watcher. Philoscommon put his arm about him, as he sat up on the wet mattress, and kept his eyes roaming over the moon-lit waters in hopes to see a sail or one of the boats. But morning dawned, and then only, wearied out, Alethi slept, his head pillowed on his companion's shoulder; and when he woke, behold, he was in safety. A boat was by the raft, held by the boathook, which Philos had used with his pocket-handkerchief as a signal to a ship, which now lay about a mile off with her head to the wind. It was a vessel bound from Jactantia for the queen of the many-isled sea which flows between Vesputia and her sister continent.

"And this," said Philoscommon, when, received kindly aboard, they were once more alone together, "and this too our poor Crymoker would have said is the hand of Destiny. We are carried to the country where we would be, if not directly, yet by a shorter route, though we shall enter it as it were by the back-door."

CHAPTER XLI.

The voyage to Chrysocho'ra. A Vesputian Editor enlarges even Philoscommon's experience in the manners and thought-habits of his countrymen.

And enter it they did by the back-door. Instead of going to the mouth of the Father of Rivers by the regular packet, they crossed to the Grand Ocean, and steamed to Chrysop'olis, which, as Alethi took care to remind his companion, was the very port they would have reached had they sailed from Serica.

In the little vessel which carried them to the narrow land they must first traverse was an Isopoliteian, who was bound to the same haven. He was an intelligent, well-informed, and lively gray-eyed person, of about middle-age or perhaps older; and Philoscommon, for the sake of his fellow-traveler, improved the occasion to make his acquaintance. This was soon after they had left the island. He called himself however a *Vesputian*, — observing to our travelers that his countrymen bore that name almost exclusively, as well abroad as among themselves, because, as he said, it was shorter, more graceful, not any more ambiguous than Isopoliteian or citizen of Isopoliteia, and was their especial right as the greater part of the upper continent was theirs, and the remaining

part was sure to be in the course of time. As he said this, he smiled, and, pointing forward, over the starboard,

"Yonder," he observed, is Nova Jactantia, otherwise Domatare'tos, a vast country, rich in natural resources, which bounds us on the south-west. A great part of it rebelled, and joined our empire, and in the war which resulted from this annexation we became by conquest possessors of another part, which is the very land you are bound for. We conquered it, I say; but, unlike other nations, we paid for it after conquest; unlike in this especially the nation which most envies us, and hates and maligns us, which keeping what it conquers makes the conquered pay for the expense of conquest."

"That is Philautia," said Philoscommon, with a proboscidal gesture.

"What else? In the war, our armies marched from the chief seaport of Domataretos to its capital without losing a battle, and, better, without an act of malicious or revengeful injury; but Philautia, which tried by the arts of her commercial agent to keep us out of the capital, amused her disappointed hate and soothed the gnawing of her envy by slander and abuse of every kind."

"It is her wont," said Philoscommon. "Mud is as familiar to her hands as the bayonet, and she uses both with equal address and with the same remorselessness."

The Vesputian's eye brightened. "There is a little country there, on the inner coast," (he pointed now to larboard,) "which is inhabited by a miserable tribe of natives known as the Culicès or Gallinippers. The Philautians assumed a protectorate over them and made a king of the chief, giving him a cocked hat, a red coat and a sword, on which occasion it is said his Culician Majesty, approaching the Philautian vessel, wherein were several ladies, stood up in his barge resplendent in these emblems of dignity, but minus any breeches."

"The jolly Gallinipper!" said Philoscommon. "He must be a wag, and meant to show that while in the splendor of his superstructure he was Philautia's who covered him, fundamentally he was his own."

"He has bottom enough, no doubt," said the Vesputian; "but how long he will keep it with such a hard rider is a question. Well, a treaty was made between my country and Philautia that had for its object the security of a transit for all the world across this very neck of land we are sailing to. It was in the power of Vesputia to monopolize the transit, but liberal to excess she proposed it should be open to the world. At this simplicity the ancient lady laughed in her sleeve, — she has always treated her descendant as a child that she can overreach, — and, despising us for what she thought was inexperience, she violated without scruple the conditions of the treaty, and, maintaining her protectorate, seized certain islands and erected a colony, two years after she had bound herself never to do so."

"That is no novelty," said Philoscommon. "A sharp tradesman always takes advantage of a green customer, and to be liberal of one's rights is sure to invite encroachment, in other parts of the world beside Philautia."

"But in the end fair-dealing wins the day," said the Vesputian.

"When it is backed by power," added Philoscommon parenthetically.

"And that is not wanting with us," returned the Vesputian, with a drawing-up of the under lip and under eyelid. "It sleeps like the unshorn Samson, but wakes when the Philistines are upon it."

"Philautians, that should read," quoth the schoolmaster.

"If you like, in our case. But we shall have no need of the jawbone of an ass in the matter of Domataretos. It will in due time gravitate towards us, and by a natural law be absorbed in our unity as by the superior body."

"And what will you do with the new star?"

"Keep it in its orbit, in defiance of a thousand Philautias."

"But that is not what I mean. What will you do with such a piebald race of men as the Domatare'tans?"

"Nothing more than what we do with millions of other mongrels, who are moreover vagabonds, which these are not. One of the greatest qualifications of our government is what is well said to belong to our character as a nation, a wonderful elasticity which makes it fit all circumstances, contracting and expanding as the occasion may require, and never weakened by the greatest strain. We shall make good citizens of the Domataretans, as we do of the ragged Juvernans or the ragpicking Micromereians."

"No, I think not; for you forget the difference of color. Your citizenship is conferred on dirty white-men, but never on colored-men who are clean."

"It is a just reproof," said the Vesputian, growing somewhat red. "We consider it a truth self-evident, that all men are born free and equal" ——

"You mean," interposed the schoolmaster, "that they all of them come alike into the world without a shirt on; but it is not self-evident, I take it, that they will have it at their option whether to indue cambric or cotton."

"Or shirtless altogether, eh, be contented with a simple dickey. Why so says, almost in your very words, one of our authors! Have you read him?"

"Whom? Is he of your popular ones?"

"On the contrary, of the most neglected. I remember the passage, because its oddity amused me when a boy, but its author is so obscure that I really could not tell you now his name."

"Then you have no relish for wit or humor in Vesputia?"

"As a mass, my countrymen have no wit. They have a strong perception of a certain kind of humor, and strain a

great deal to laugh at what they consider jokes, but which with any other people would be contemned as *ineptiæ*. The paltriest quibble on a word, uttered in one of the Houses of any one of our legislative bodies, is sure to provoke laughter, yet those who read it can see in it no point, nor even the poorest kind of pun. As for wit and humor as they are understood in Alectoreion and Philautia, especially in the latter country, there is little of either in our authors, and when it occurs it is not always recognized. Hence buffoons and second-rate punsters are applauded, while wits and humorists, except they come to us with a foreign reputation, are rewarded with a yawn."

"You are not yourself an author?"

"Not of either kind," replied the Vesputian with a smile. "I am a simple newspaper-functionary, and am actually going to take an editor's chair which I have accepted in Chrysopolis. In my vocation I have often attempted to direct the public to a just discrimination, but, as with the countryman in the fable, they prefer their mimic pig to genuine swineflesh, though it squeal never so naturally. So I have ceased to pinch the bristled ear, and when there is a new performance of some favorite bipedal porkling, I announce the event, promise the customary treat, and leave the judicious multitude to settle their accounts with the popular boar in their own way."

"And how," said Alethi, who began to be interested, "do you explain the anomaly, that being of the same race with the Philautians, and having their language and their literature, you should be wanting as a people in those two qualities of the mind, when as a people you have the credit of greater natural intelligence and cleverness?"

"I think that is a mistake," replied the Vesputian. "I do not believe we are more gifted in that way than others. Go where you will, certainly among the more cultivated nations, where will you not find as much? Are not the Alec-

tryons, the Anastesians, the Micromereians, nay the Philautians, therein quite our equals? It is the cheapness and diffusiveness of knowledge in our country, the almost universality of education, add to this the civil equality, the scope there is for personal ambition, and the mental excitation that is stimulated and maintained by constant political contests, to which we owe as a people that greater intelligence which you assume to be a natural endowment. When men of other nations settle among us (I mean of course who are not ignorant or indigent,) they are never found behindhand."

"Because perhaps," said Philoscommon, "that very intelligence and enterprise which they display in your country were in their own the impelling cause of their migration thither. But that is an argument on your side. I admit however the correctness of your remark, if you confine it to the inhabitants of cities. But leave the brick and mortar for the open fields, and what a wide difference do you then find! I have seen enough of Vesputia to be sure of this, that its agricultural people (the natives, understand) are so far before those which are found in all other parts of the world, that they can hardly be considered of the same class."

"Granted; but it is for the reasons I have given."

"In one generation. But the cultivated intellect of that one makes the succeeding generation intelligent by inheritance. And thus you have a natural superiority. However, all this does not answer my friend's question. How do you account for the want of wit and humor in general, where in general the intellect in all other respects is at least on a par with that of the parent nations?"

"I might answer, — in the same way that the difference in our lineaments and in the intonation of the voice, nay in the pronunciation even, is generally accounted for."

"But I do not notice," said Alethitheras, "that you differ in your own tones from Philautians who are not provincial.

Of course your pronunciation, and that of any well-educated Vesputian, must be the same as theirs."

"You are mistaken," said the Editor. "Apart from that pleasant intonation which is so common in the metropolis of his country, the Philautian lets every syllable be heard. The Vesputian expends his breath on the accented one, slurring all the rest, so that they are often lost in the mouth. This fault is rendered easier of occurrence, as it is partly occasioned, by his rapidity of utterance. When I was in Chaunopolis many years since, I had the honor (I suppose I must so say) to breakfast with the famous Ark'io-Philautian poet, Proelpis. He was more than old enough to be my father, and was not so amiable a man, in heart, as his poetry would have led me to believe. So it was as if he had been hoping to criticize me, that he observed, 'I should not have known you by your speech from a Philautian.' — 'I should not suppose,' I returned, 'that you would any well-educated Vesputian.' — 'O you are mistaken,' he replied; 'I noticed a difference at once in Paterpatriæ Penicule.' As Proelpis was not himself *to the manner born*, and indeed with all his fastidiousness and study had been unable to purify completely his own tongue, which smacked a little of his native Glotta, he would notice such a difference easily. We have not many men so eminent as Penicule, but you will find many of his profession among us who had not his advantages and must be at the least as inaccurate in tone as he."

"I noticed it years ago," said Philoscommon, "and wondered that men of refinement should not try to correct a peculiarity so disagreeable, when it is not incorrigible."

"Are you so sure of that?" said the Editor. "It is ascribed, like the peculiarities of visage which are known as Vesputian, to climatic influence. As the face with us is made sharper in its oval, and less rounded in the features, so the organs of speech give out a shriller or somewhat attenuated sound."

"But that would not explain all your national faults of enunciation, while for the effect upon the intellect, I should say you had decidedly therein the advantage of the Philautians."

"Certainly. I said, I *might* so answer. I do not myself believe it has much to do with it. Besides the humidity of his climate, the Philautian's love of beer might be supposed to influence the rotundity of his visage."

"And the dulness of his intellect. Yet you avow that he has truer wit and brighter humor."

"You see then that these physical causes have not so much to do with the change. In fact, you will find among us men, whose families have been for two hundred years and more in the country, who never themselves have left it, who are exposed to all the evil influence of careless-speaking companions, yet whom you would not know by their tongue from Philautians of Chaunopolis, while many of these and others have the full form, muscular shoulders, florid skin, blue eyes, light hair and sandy beard which are considered characteristic of the parent country. Our corrupted speech, as our defective wit and feebler humor, and I should have said our sharper and more elongated visage, are to be ascribed to other causes; namely, to the strong infusion of Juvernan blood, and to the indifference generated by our democratic manners and the leveling effect of vulgar political associations. Men have here no absolute social standard to be guided by, and the mixed multitudes they address are not the best inspirers of correctness of speech any more than of delicacy of wit. The Juvernan has the reputation of native wit and native humor; but of what kind are they very usually? They are like his manners. For one Juvernan who is elegant and courtly, or who makes the least approach to refinement, you have ten thousand who have never felt the wish to be refined, even if they have formed to themselves the idea of what refinement is. The features of the Juvernan are what modify the features of the Vesputian. The Vespu-

tian of pure Philautian origin does not degenerate. His mouth is as well-cut, his face as smooth, his jaw as rounded, as his ancestor's. The long ill-shaped lips with their cunning and sensual expression, the keen gray deep-set eyes, the square, prominent, but not unintellectual forehead, the hard jaws, and the thin visage, are, like the careless gait, the untidy dress and the blasphemous tongue, peculiarities which, if they belong to my countrymen, they derive from Juvernan immigration, and not from the influence of our climate, which, beautiful if inconstant, has for physical improvement every advantage, as it stimulates by its excitement of the nervous system the intellectual faculties, quite as much as do our political contests and our civil independence. If then we have not finer wit and truer humor, you must blame for their want in general the inappreciative audiences, which are both effect and cause and owe their inadequacy chiefly to the adulteration of the stock. Besides, in the older countries there is a larger class of highly cultivated men, persons too who have what is absolutely necessary for the continuance of that cultivation, — leisure. With us the plurality of our youth leave the college for the countinghouse or the circumscribed studies of the learned professions, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they become, with the addition of the causes I have mentioned, more or less indifferent to anything like mental polish. If then an author arise from time to time, who has and cultivates a wit of a subtler order from what is usual with us and requiring for its understanding, at least for its relish, a familiarity with the higher models, his doom is obscurity, unless he secure by some accident the stamp of approbation from the older world. But I forget I am not writing out a *leader*, and we are yet two weeks at least from Chrysopolis."

"If you make them as pithy when you are there," said Philoscommon, "I augur for your paper a great success."

"You forget — if I have appreciative readers."

"You will create them," said Alethi.

"In time perhaps — if I durst write thus. But while the grain is growing, the horse will starve; as perhaps has been the fate of my author of the shirt-and-dickey simile. Such is destiny," and the Editor withdrew.

"And so we come back to our Proseo'ian theme," said Philoscommon, alluding to Crymoker's belief.

"It is strange," observed Alethi, "that men of every creed are apt to put faith in predestination."

"They do it involuntarily, and sometimes against their own convictions," said the schoolmaster; "though in the present case, I think our new acquaintance meant nothing more than if he had said, 'Such is fortune,' or 'It was the man's ill-luck.' It is a belief I do not wonder at; but I consider it equally foolish as superstition, as indeed it is a superstition. Here, for example, is a man who has had the misfortune to be tainted morally by a pernicious companionship. He was born delicate and noble minded; but the curse of his corruption clings to him through all his life, mars his fortunes, misdirects his faculties, enervates his energies. No effort that his mind is capable of can help him; for the evil has become physical, and the habit of degeneracy, though intermitted for a time, recurs and will recur, in his body and in his soul. Now, when this man sees how for no absolute fault of his own, but by the accident of his misfortune, he is undergoing daily and hourly a condign punishment in the perpetual struggle his better and truer nature is compelled to make with the vices engrafted in him, and how his best virtues are kept in abeyance by the ill-success in life which has been the consequence of his involuntary taint, it is natural that he should think himself the victim of an evil destiny. But not the less he is in error, and, if he encourages the belief, infatuated. Man, Alethi, is the subject and victim of evil fortune, or the minion of good, as much as the animals. Here is a dog which from the first is petted and made the

companion of a loving master, and is cared for even in his old age; there is his brother of the same brood which has been the sport of mischievous urchins when a puppy, has been maltreated and starved through all his youth, and when in his after days made distempered, by having an old kettle tied to his tail and drinking ditchwater, is knocked in the head as rabid. Man enjoys no exemption from the caprices of fortune, and all the virtues that ever ennobled humanity, and all the energy that ever impelled the most capable intellect, will not save him from ill-luck. He sees the foolish and the vicious get the better of him, and rise without trouble, and he lives perhaps repining, and dies struggling still, neglected, who, had he had better fortune, would have been eminent in position and a benefactor of his race. There is no destiny in it. It is, as I said of superstition, man's egotism that makes him think he is fated to anything. He but takes his chance in the world, and let us hope only, as I am inclined myself to believe, that there is somewhere even in this life a compensation for evil, and that in the very example I have supposed misfortune is not without its advantages, nor the perpetual struggle with affliction without its consolation and its elevating and invigorating influence on the soul."

As he said this, a shade of sadness passed over Philoscommon's visage; but in a minute it had vanished, and his nose and mouth put themselves into antics as he added, in parody of the Editor, "But I forget I am not reading you a lecture, and Fortune may show us yet another freak before we reach Chrysopolis."

CHAPTER XLII.

The travelers arrive in Chrysopolis. How they met there a runaway acquaintance; and what ensued.

FORTUNE was so obliging; but after, not before.

Chrysopolis is one of those wonders of urban growth which are common enough in Isopoliteia; but in Isopoliteia only; for there alone an indulgent government and the unfettered energies of the people set time and space at defiance, and the work of a man's life in ordinary is done in the revolution of a year. Here fortunes are called into existence as if by magic, and the little more than proletaire of to-day may be little less than the millionaire of to-morrow twelvemonth. Thus the enterprising, and the adventurous needy, from all quarters, not only of that great continent, but of all the world, swarm hither assiduously and are mixed together in the common hive.

It was the third day after our travelers' arrival, and they were on their way to make a promised and warmly-invited visit to the sanctum of their new friend, the Editor, when whom should they see, standing in the door of a house before them, but Hilarius!

The artist saw Alethi, turned pale, and was about to hurry into the house. But the traveler called to him to stop, and springing up the step put his hand upon his shoulder. Hilarius faced about and shook off the hand, coloring as he did so.

"Are you afraid?" said Alethi.

"Afraid! Not of you."

"Yet you should be, doubly robber that you are."

"Doubly?"

"Where is my money?"

"I repaid you all that I could."

"This is too pitiful!" cried the traveler with scorn. But before he could add another word, the painter exclaimed, quickly and passionately,

"Come! come! *come!* You shall see," and darted into the entry.

Alethi, about to follow, looked first at Philoscommon, who said, "By all means. There is something in his looks that shows there is error somewhere. Besides," he added, as they walked toward the staircase, at which the painter was now standing with his hand on the rail, looking back for them to follow, "we should in a minute more have had a crowd upon us. They are used to scuffles in this latitude, and you would have made a disagreeable scene for the street-curs."

The painter turned into a room on the top-floor, and repeating, "You shall see! you shall see!" opened a portfolio, and taking out a slip of paper thrust it into Alethi's hand, exclaiming, "There, there, sir! I was bad enough to take away that girl — and I am atoning for it; but I was no thief."

The paper was a receipt from some one in Ariospolis for a certain sum of money and two pictures, to be delivered to Alethitheras on demand.

"Why what is this? who was this person?"

"My landlord."

"I never received anything — money or paintings. There was nothing in your study but the larger canvas with the outline."

The painter looked horrified. "I left them. By G— I did!"

"With your landlord?" asked Philosc.

"Yes, yes, the scoundrel!"

Philosc roared with laughter. "Why you are worse than before. I thought you a rogue; but you are a fool."

"There is," said the artist, turning indignantly from the schoolmaster, "a deficit you will see of some few ducats. They were expended while I wrought the portrait of Minnchen; and I set in balance all I could do, and left, beside the portrait, the uncompleted work, which I could you know have taken from its stretcher and carried with me, as indeed I longed to. It had cost me great labor, and it promised me some fame. I sacrificed them both to quiet conscience."

"And where is" — *Minnchen*, Alethi was about to say; but he filled the break with the words, "the girl?"

"Gone."

"Dead?"

"No, that were better; for herself, if not for me. Gone off — with a new lover."

Philosc broke out afresh. The artist again looked indignant, while Alethi stood amazed, not at his companion's laughter, but at Hilarius' news.

"I declare, I now respect her," cried Philosc. "The jade has made amends. If she wronged you" (meaning Alethi,) "she has — humph, I suppose I must not say what she has done to him."

"Say what you will," said Hilarius. "Your coarseness cannot add to my humiliation."

"No, but it may paint your stool of repentance," said Philoscommon steadily. "Did you marry that girl?"

Hilarius looked at him. "I did."

"Then she cuckolded you, as I supposed, and as you deserved. Are you satisfied?"

For a moment the young man's cheek was flushed; but he checked himself, and said: "The wrong I did was great, but it was not done to you; and I have atoned even in the way

you say." He folded his arms and looked on the ground, standing opposite Alethi, while Philoscommon lost all disposition to pursue his advantage in a new sense of the real manliness of the unfortunate though guilty painter.

Alethitheras kept his eyes steadily on the handsome face of the latter, and at last said with a voice that faltered a little, "Hilarius" — The painter looked up surprised. — "Will you take my hand?" Hilarius, still more surprised, gazed at him, turned deeply red, and laid his small fingers, unwillingly, on the manlier hand of Alethi. "Let us sit down and talk together."

Alethi drew a chair for himself and one for the artist, as if it was in his own room, and Philoscommon, at his beck, placed himself on an easy chair near them.

"Now," said Alethi, "let us hear all; all that is not yet known or conjectured. Did you come to this country directly?"

"No, we fled by way of Panormus, where we took ship for New Euerwic. Here I was successful. I painted fools — merchants and tradesmen; and they paid me like nobles. It is the generosity of my countrymen. They are said to love to make money. It is a common failing, I presume, of all men." Philosc nodded. "But what they make with one hand they are ready to spend with the other."

"Which is not the case with all men," interposed Philosc.

"I shall like your countrymen," said Alethi. Philoscommon wriggled. "But proceed."

"Portrait-painting, however, began to be dull. With the trouble of five minutes' sitting, and at an expense of one hundredth part, baboons could get their miniatures by a sunstroke, and though it made their mouths more like a beast's than a human being's, and set every wrinkle in tenfold depth of effect, and took them always at a disadvantage in expression, they were their 'counterfeit presentments;' they had their noses, and their foreheads, and their eyes, and if their

hands were like rows of sausages and their knees colossal, they did not complain. So I went with Minnchen to the new Canobus. Here, in Chrysopolis, I found myself again shut out of the market. So I took to mining. I was successful. But one morning I awoke to find Minnchen and my money — I should say my gold-dust, both evaporated."

Philoscommon was disposed to show enjoyment; but he satisfied himself with cocking one leg over the arm of the easy-chair he occupied and drawing the other under him on the cushion, while, with his nose in motion like a dog's tail with delight, he watched with his sparkling little eyes the artist's flushed and angry countenance.

"She must have had some great temptation," said Alethi gently. "What was he whom she fled with?"

"A miner: a fellow short as myself, but thick and solid, with knock-knees, but a breast like Heracles', which showed like a water-dog's back when his shirt-bosom opened."

"Ah!" said Philoscommon, meaningly.

"But his face must have been handsome?"

"No, it was n't. A pug nose, a red skin, a bald skull, a pair of eyes like a pig's" —

"In expression, I suppose?" said Philoscommon interrogatively.

"I mean so. Lecherous and saucy, with a twinkle for every woman; and a mouth of which when I say it was made to eat, I paint the animal as well as I am able."

"It is strange," cried Alethi.

"Not at all," said Philosc, putting down his legs and rubbing them. "The story is as old as the tub-man. *He* was not even clean, I suppose; but he had no need to go to Eph'yra, where the foremost of orators found it too dear to buy repentance."

CHAPTER XLIII.

They visit their friend the Editor, and get an insight into more things than they expected.

THEY found the Editor in his sanctum, — embayed in the equilateral hollow of his writing-table, embanked with piles of scribbled paper, and blockaded by half-a-dozen friends. These were all introduced, in one breath as it were; and each one took in turn and shook heartily both our travelers by the hand; a custom which the Editor afterwards assured Alethi, who he suspected did not like it, arose not so much from a consciousness of equality as from real friendliness of disposition, in which the Vesputians excel all others in the world.

One of them, a tall, dark-browed, lank-visaged man, with a very large and ill-shaped mouth, before he followed the rest as they filed out of the office, ejected over the uncarpeted floor a quantity of reddish-brown juice of some herb he was chewing, and, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, asked our travelers to take a drink. Alethi declined, but Philoscommon said aside, with a wink, to the inviter: "The Governor never drinks; but when I can get a chance, I 'm for you."

"Are you? That 's hearty. There 's my ticket. Call on me at any time. But I say, *is* he your gov'nor? You look old enough for his, intirely."

"But he is for all that," said Philosc, putting a finger on the side of his proboscis.

"O I see, a sacret, bedad!"

"I'll tell you all about it, when I have a chance. Thank you, and good day."

"You got well off," said the Editor, when the lantern-jaws had vanished. "I 've known a good man pistoled for refusing to drink with a vulgarer fellow than that."

"For refusing to drink?" exclaimed Alethi.

"O yes, we have a hard set among us here in Chrysoco'ra. They take offence at nothing, and blow out a man's brains to make something of it."

"But they hang, then?"

"No, if they did, street-frays would be rarer, and a man might slap a scoundrel's face who insulted him, without the certainty of cold steel in his liver, or a bullet, for retaliation."

"I think you will like Vesputia," said Philoscommon, with his peculiar look, to Alethi.

"Don't say that," said the Editor, earnestly. "It is *not* Vesputia. You might as well call the mildew the maize, or the cankerworm the appletree."

"Why don't you cut it out then?" said Philoscommon.

"Is that possible?" cried the Vesputian. "After receiving the maimed, the halt, and the blind, beggars, idiots, thieves and assassins, by scores in every shipload, for more than half a century, are we to stop now, now when we have given them all, so they are not actually in the jail, the almshouse, or Bedlam, the right of making laws for us, for us the masters of the household who take them in as guests, or servants, and support them?"

"What is that?" asked Alethi, in great surprise.

"When communities are first founded," replied the Editor, "and are anxious to grow, they invite strangers of all sorts, and tempt them by privileges. But it was reserved for a great, wealthy, and powerful empire like ours to continue

the inducements, which are no longer necessary but have become dangerous, and to fling the suffrage indiscriminately to men who have no interest in the country, and cannot in nature have a feeling for its honor. You will say perhaps," (he turned to Philoscommon,) "Why don't we stop *that?* The last census of New Euerwic shows that in the great county of that name, where is the grandest, richest, and most populous of our cities, while the native voters are 51,500, the naturalized voters are 77,475, and it is shown, by careful calculation, that in less than six years the latter will be, in that metropolis, as three to one. Can you pass a law to circumscribe the privileges of these foreigners, when they themselves alone elect the makers?"

"It is a madness, it seems to me, that involves certain ruin," said Alethi, with a sense of disappointment that was pain.

"It would in any other country but our own. Nothing in fact can be more demonstrative of the ductility of the government, than the fact that it stands the strain which the laws of naturalization bring perpetually upon it. Here are thousands of men ignorant, degraded, naturally lawless, and of unbridled passions, both from temperament and the want of discipline, and having this lawlessness and this savageness of animal impulses augmented by the indulgences so readily provided in the cheap ginshops of a great city, and in the bribery administered in various ways by politicians, obstinate and bigoted moreover as are all ignorant persons, here are they made prominent in the mass of voters, even where they do not largely predominate as in New Euerwic, carrying indeed the balance-weight that makes the side they are added to the winners, here they are voting for the laws they cannot read, the magistrates whose names they cannot spell, and for the tax-makers whose lists of assessment do not affect them, or only indirectly through their landlords. Would not strangers think us crazy?"

"I have read in your good book," said Philoscommon, "something about taking bread from the mouths of one's children and giving it to the dogs."

"It is worse," said the Editor; "for dogs do not vote for their supply of bread-and-butter, nor clamor to have it changed to plum-cake. I have now on my table a scrap which I mean some day to comment on. It is from a paper in the most thriving city of the North-West. It says: 'The report of the Superintendent of Police for the past quarter shows 3,349 arrests. Of these 701 were Vesputians, the balance foreigners; the Juvernans, as usual, leading off with 1,805, or more than half of the whole number!' As this is one of our newest cities, you may judge what the record would be in the great metropolis, nor can you wonder any longer that we should have such things here, where not long since the native citizens were obliged to extemporize a sort of constabulary and magistracy themselves, not finding the laws and their administrators adequate to protect them. That man who asked you to drink is a Juvernan, who, by the prodigious rise in certain gold-mining stocks, became all at once so rich that they say he does not know what to do with his income. Of course, he is of influence in the city, and it is not everybody that would be bold enough to displease him. He is not a bad fellow; but he has all the faults, as well as the natural good qualities of his people."

"And what are they?" asked Alethi.

"It is the common herd I speak of, remember. They are suspicious yet open, lavish yet mean. They sponge unscrupulously on their sisters or their daughters, and are never tired of exacting; yet they are hospitable and kind, and what is called *warm-hearted*, — which means simply that they are very impulsive and of great animal vivacity; for they are deceitful and insincere, their proneness to flattery being compounded of this latter disposition and their complaisance and

good-nature. Their chief defect, which is natural, inherent, and comes not of a want of education, though this undoubtedly will, in their descendants, eventually modify if not absolutely check it, their chief vice of character is thoughtlessness and want of providence. Hence their raggedness and wasteful poverty, hence their almost unmitigated blackguardism."

The Editor paused. The schoolmaster grinned approvingly, and said "Go on."

"Along with other traits common to a barbarous people is revengefulness. Slaves of their passions and unscrupulous in their indulgence, the least provocation inflames them, and the least interference with, not their rights, but the privileges they happen to hold, often by usurpation, sets them to meditate revenge. Is a railway to be repaired, and are their terms refused, they beat the superintendents, drive off the laborers, place obstructions on the track whereby the lives of many unoffending persons are endangered, and fire from ambush a volley of musketry on the men who are set to remove them. They are the scavengers of the principal cities. Lately, in New Euerwic, requiring enormous wages for common street-sweeping, and other men, Micromereians, being found to do it at a reasonable rate, they cut off the legs of one of the cartmen's horses, cut the throat of another, and, beating the cartman himself, set fire to his stable, he being the indigent father of seven children. They are in fact, of foreigners, the people least fitted for the universal suffrage of this republic, yet being in the largest number they are the people who have it most. Used by demagogues, by whom they are corrupted and whom they corrupt in return, they hold the balance of power there, frequently by false weight, and hence the worst municipal government that so great and wealthy a capital ever was cursed with. In the lists of its magistrates figure largely, if not predominantly, the uncouth patronymics of Juverna, as in the criminal courts the like names prefigure all

sorts of brutality, from rape and child-murder to mayhem and simple battery."

"You seem to like them," said Philos', ironically.

"I am not their enemy. I have met some of the honestest fellows under the sun among them. But I dread them as citizens of my country. And, mark what I tell you! when a certain crisis, which is now threatening, shall come on, you will find them, not like the thrifty, educated, thoughtful and laborious Micromereian, on the side of order and unity, but almost to a man hand in glove with treason, and praying, if not fighting, on the side of rebellion and anarchy."

"What do you imply?" asked Philoscommon, now seriously.

"Are you going north from here, or east and south?"

"North, I think," said the schoolmaster, looking at Alethi, "returning south by way of New Euerwic."

"You may find your way barred. Before many months the whole of Mesembria will be in a flame."

"Of revolution?"

"What else? It has been smouldering for years. Ten years ago I predicted the event, and prepared to demonstrate its certainty. But my editor, whom I have since seen cause to suspect of a wish to break up the empire, stopped me before my second chapter was printed. But the conflagration will rage all the same."

"You surprise even me," said Philoscommon, still gravely.

"What pretext can there be," asked Alethitheras, "for breaking up an empire whose very extent should be a source of exultation to its people?"

"You have hit the cause without intending it," answered the Editor. "The pretext is the local institution of slavery, which the Mesembrians affect to believe in danger. But that is but a lever which politicians use to turn-up the firm-seated loyalty of their compatriots. Look on that map. You take in there at a glance the vast extent of empire you have

alluded to, and destined still to be extended despite ten thousand intriguing politicians, with all their disorganizing pretexts. In that capacious territory, so rich and great already, so boundless in its promises for the future, what fires my heart with pride stirs but the selfish ambition and the devilish instincts of men who are Satan's own. They see there but the vastness of the common patrimony, and they will never rest till they have tried to divide the inheritance. — You will now excuse me. I see by your restlessness, you understand my emergencies and wish to leave. Thank you both for this visit. We shall meet again."

"Let us do so at dinner," said Alethi. "Dine with us today."

"With all my heart. At the hotel-hour, I suppose?"

"Unless you will let us seat you in private, as we prefer and I meant."

"No, I should like to point you out some of our notables; and there are other things I can show you best at the common board. Besides, our group will be as much by itself there as if we were alone. Goodbye so long."

When the travelers got back to their hotel, the younger one looked very grave.

"Are you already sick of Isopoliteia?" asked Philoscommon.

"I don't know what to say," replied Alethi. "I don't know that I understand our new friend. Do you?"

"Clearly. Look at that large mirror, where you see at once your towering form and my mushroom figure with the split stalk. If you were to draw out the staples and bring it to the floor, do you know what would be the result?"

"Its destruction, of course."

"That is one of the results indeed, and the main one. But there is within that another. You would have many pieces of lookingglass for one. Now that is precisely what these men want. They would break the grand mirror, which

every one may use in turn and many at one time, that out of the fragments they might have one little piece which would be exclusively for themselves."

"Can men be so little?"

"Out of Medamou, everywhere. Did you notice that our friend called these traitors *Satan's own?* You have been long enough among Jesousians to know the allusion. If the Devil was not contented in Heaven, how are you to expect unwavering loyalty on Earth? The Apostate drew down with him *a third part of Heaven's sons.* His imitators here will not be without their proportion of bad angels."

CHAPTER XLIV.

How they passed by the Land of the Puffins.

Following the advice of their friend, the Editor, our Medamousians first traveled east and visited Mesembria. Everywhere they found the institution, as it was called, of slavery at once a boast and an object of jealous regard. The younger traveler, who would have recoiled, himself, from the idea of owning a fellowbeing, saw nothing particularly revolting in the system as it respected the slaves themselves, but wished that the thousands of white laborers he had seen everywhere else had as little to complain of, or were in truth as much their own masters. Its worst effect, he could perceive, or did through his Mentor's glasses, was on the owners themselves, and on the development of the country where it was maintained. "Slavery," said the schoolmaster, "is like other human customs, Alethitheras, — you can only attack or defend it in the abstract; there are no precedents that will either absolutely justify or without appeal condemn it. The bounds of virtue and vice, of right and

wrong, are in themselves so insensible a line, that, until men and governments widen and blacken it for their own purposes, it is difficult to see where one begins or the other ends, or which in fact is one or the other. Thus what in one country and in one climate is encouraged, or at least not condemned, becomes criminal in another, and in the same country and climate the practice of one age censures and prohibits the customs of a preceding one. There was a time when piracy was noble. It is not long ago that the wreckers on a portion of the coast of Philautia founded their chief expectations of material well-being on the destruction of vessels and the breaking-up of their cargoes, and of course rejoiced in storms, and looked upon drowned men who might have disputed their prizes as providential victims. This very slavery, which no land more vehemently denounces than that Philautia which did her best to introduce it here, was once so legitimate an object of commerce that the safety of slave-bearing ships was prayed for in the churches. But man has a short memory, everywhere out of Medamou, and will swear to-day that he never called black yesterday what it will be to his interest to have appear white on the morrow. There is therefore hope of change, and amelioration perhaps, in all things, and the day may come when the descendants of our Editor's favorite Juvernans may talk without blaspheming, be ashamed of rags and nastiness, and go through a day's work without drinking twelve times of poisoned alcohol."

Our travelers then crossed the country and went westward and northward. At one point, Philoscommon said, "Here on our left is Hatu, the territory of the Puffins, a curious class of people that believe themselves the favored of a special dispensation, and live under a leader who, being also their High Priest and Prophet, wields necessarily a despotic influence, and reverting, with a convenient confusion of times and climes, to the Biblical Patriarchs, assume the right to

have as many wives as they can maintain, in which their Prophet sets them the example by keeping some two dozen."

"And can such an abomination, such a political absurdity, be permitted in so wise a country as this?"

"You call it rightly an absurdity; for where polygamy exists there a people degenerates or remains always inferior. But though they have given trouble, and caused bloodshed, and undoubtedly would be glad to be absolutely independent, holding as exclusively their own their large territory in this strange empire, where when a people occupy any portion not yet organized of the common soil, and have attained to a certain numerical strength, they consider themselves, though they were absolutely every mother's son of them an alien, entitled to the whole in fee simple and to claim to have their own laws and own separate though subordinate government, — though, I say, the Puffins have unquestionably a disposition to insulate themselves completely from the rest of the republic, or rather in the midst of it, there is really no great danger of their succeeding, and indeed the risk diminishes every day. Would you like to visit them? They have their peculiar temples as well as peculiar rites, I mean temples built peculiarly, all under the direction of their Prophet, who also is designer and manager of their theatres, and you might be entertained."

"I hardly think it would be worth while. Their other differences from the rest of the Isopoliteians can hardly be so marked as in their worship and their domestic fashions."

"Why, yes, because in reality they scarcely can be said to be Isopoliteians. They are almost altogether foreigners, and chiefly Philautians, thus doubly hostile. Perhaps in any other country, such a community, with the unlimited power it confers upon its head, and its fanaticism, would be really dangerous; but here, in this vast empire, they are comparatively insignificant. And besides, they have a peculiar way of getting over difficulties in Isopoliteia. Unfettered by prec-

edents or by prejudice, benignant moreover and indulgent, the Government is guided solely by reason and awaits with patience for a development which it might enforce directly by the strong arm. In the present case, as the Land of the Puffins has not that singular, qualified, political independence which is conceded to the States and is supposed to be inherent in them, the Government has the power of altering its confines; and the probability is, that, as much has already been taken from it, more and more will be pared away, so that these polygamists will find themselves smaller and smaller and pressed closely on all sides by a people detesting their pernicious practices and despising their pretended faith, and thus will gradually dwindle away, or be so intermixed with other sects, whose in-coming they cannot prohibit, that they will finally disappear altogether as a distinct people."

"I understand now, I think, sufficiently their political position as to the rest of the republic," said Alethi. "It would hardly be worth while to spend any time to see them nearer."

"We will then give them the go-by. They are a good practical people in some respects, and work industriously. Let us pray that they may have a revelation before long which will bring them back to their senses. To which hoped-for amelioration we leave them and their wives."

CHAPTER XLV.

Wherein they visit the North-West. Philoscommon takes occasion to descant on the naturalization-laws, and shows the effect of an excessive foreign element upon the spirit of nationality.

THEY explored carefully and with satisfaction the North-West. Philoscommon bade Alethi notice the manly, hardy, painstaking, and, where natives, mostly virtuous population.

"They are," he said, "almost altogether settlers from Nea-Philautia, and have that mixture of the generous and the prudent, the high-minded and the keen-witted, which marks the well-balanced character of the native people of the East. If that war should come, which I believe with our shrewd Editor (himself an Eastern man) is even now gathering in the distance, among the readiest to meet its thunder will be these communities; and when they have helped to conquer the Mesembrians, as conquered it is easy to see they must be, the latter, who have taught themselves or been taught to detest the people of the East, will swear through thick and thin it is the Western blood. And efforts will be made no doubt to divorce them politically from their Eastern brethren and fathers. But all these machinations, mark you, will fail. For here, Alethi, in these prolific fields, are, as I have told you, a people such as the world nowhere else can match, and

if they do not love their country, and reverence its greatness, where indeed shall patriotism be found?"

"Yet I confess I cannot see much of that pride of country even here, which is so conspicuous, ludicrously if not sometimes insolently so, in the Philautians and the Alectryons."

"No, they have not the arrogance and self-sufficience of Philautia, nor the haughtiness and vanity of Alectoreion, although the writers and orators of both these countries, which laud themselves incessantly, and every minute are ready to thank God for making them the flower of the Earth, affect to see an overweening vanity of country in the simple Isopoliteian. The Isopoliteian is vain of his country; but he is vainer, I am sorry to believe, of himself. His affections indeed have been diverted from his country by the continual inpouring flood of immigration, which makes him in its midst feel as a stranger in his own land; and the privilege of citizenship extended to foreigners has been also of an immense disadvantage in destroying the spirit of nationality. You find Vesputians who scoff at a preference of their country as 'proscription.' Then, to mark their liberality, they go into the other extreme and give the foreigner a preference. They thus cease to see any difference (except one to the dishonor of the State) between the native Isopoliteian and the adopted. Hence it is that that glorious feeling which distinguishes other nations, and is so exaggerated in some of them, is here far from universal, prevailing chiefly with the educated and reflective. Politicians, who use the imported citizens as tools, get even to despise the flag they should glory in, and make no more of their inheritance than Esau."

"Less of it then; for, as the story reads, the hairy Leipoderm sold his to his twin-brother, not to an outcast or adventurer."

"Who would have despised as well as wronged him. In fact, Alethi, the whole system of naturalization starts upon wrong principles, acts in defiance of philosophy, seeks to set

aside the simplest laws of nature. The foreigner is obliged to take an oath that he renounces allegiance to all foreign potentates and especially to the sovereign of Philautia. As he cannot hold real property without this oath, he takes it, if a man of substance, simply to enable him to do so. But what is the solidity of his faith? The heart not only is not affected less for his native land, but is disaffected more by reason of this very infidelity, his consciousness of it I mean, to the land that has adopted him. Hence we have the continual spectacle of naturalized citizens at all times denouncing everything in the country, either with open calumny and bitter invective or with covert sneers and malicious insinuations. The act of Isopoliteia, I repeat, supposes an unreality and an impossibility, and ignores the most lasting instincts of human nature."

"I have noticed myself," rejoined Alethi, "what you remark. It certainly is something surprising the absolute license allowed to all foreigners, whether transient or domesticated, to ridicule, abuse, nay absolutely insult by open contempt and depreciation, everything in the Republic but its natural scenery."

"It is unhappily encouraged by the natives themselves, who in the first place are ever hospitable to these strangers, and then are fatally disposed to look upon them as representatives of an older society, which they still venerate, as if they had not long ceased to be colonists. This stimulates the superciliousness of these visitors, especially of those from Philautia, and, suffered to speak out their contempt, nay encouraged in it by the silent assent and sometimes even by the open approval of the mean-spirited, grow insolent, and conduct themselves as if they conferred a high honor by visiting the country and even noticing its inhabitants at all. The resident foreigners have newspapers conducted by their own countrymen, in which nothing is said but to confirm their malignant or stupid prejudices and to encourage them

in the baseness of their behavior to the land that fosters them and the people that entertain them as equals. In no other country under the sun would such misrepresentation and insolence be endured for a single day in any foreign journal published in it, as is here openly disseminated day after day and year after year."

"It is a proof, it seems to me," said Alethitheras, "of the magnanimity, as it is of the liberty and liberality of sentiment of this great people."

"No, it is a proof that as yet the sense of a great nationality is not dominant. Say to an individual Vesputian but one half of what is daily said to the whole people, and the head of the speaker or writer would be broken without comment. When, as one day will be the case, this great people are proud of themselves as a people, they will enforce from all foreigners in their midst, Philautians and Alectryons especially, an observance of decency."

"It is certainly a strange state of things," said thoughtfully Alethi. "I think you gave me intimation of it before we came hither."

"Yes, when we lay at Gebel-al-Tarik. I told you that this people, who are in fact, as a people, nobler, more honorable, more powerful than any other, — in other words, who have all the characteristics of candid and ingenuous youth, are treated, by the haughty, dissolute, and half-exhausted, old nations, as pupils and dependants. — Speaking of papers however reminds me, that there is another danger attending society and the government in this land, which arises from the republication here of the venomous falsehoods and insidious mis-teaching of the press in Philautia. Its influence over private and even public opinion is all but universal and is unintermitted. Using the same language, and having correspondents who, by their absence from their native land, are doubly wedded to its prejudices and look with peculiar rancor upon the Ispoliteian prosperity, — the more so, that

to indulge in its expression is to gratify a secret malevolence in the Philautian public, and thus give piquancy to their observations, — by this means, I say, and by the editorial leaders in their chief journals, which, when they want, for instance, free trade in Isopoliteia, to help their own manufactures, write artful articles to cry down a protective tariff, — and so, in any other public matter, subserve the home-interest of Philautia or its foreign policy, by trying to undermine the policy or demonstrate the assumed misdirection of the domestic interests of the Isopoliteians, now with abuse and insolent insinuations, now with compliments that are half ironical and wholly insincere, — the press of Philautia is continually acting, either through its journals, or its reviews, upon the general and individual sentiment of the Vesputian people. The Archon himself, in all probability, does not escape its malarious influence any more than the simplest citizen."

"I have wondered," said Alethi, "to see the Vesputian press habitually copying, without correction or comment, articles which appear to me to have been manufactured purposely for this market. So that in fact the journalists in Philautia, mostly the worst enemies of the Republic, exercise a power over its welfare second only to that of its own most practiced and patriotic writers, — men, for example, like our friend in Chrysopolis, far better qualified to teach the people, even were their morality of no higher standard."

"Yet such is the bitterness of their national malevolence, or such their national rudeness and ill-nature, that it is rarely the Philautians use for flattery this subtle power, which partly an identical vernacular language has given them, partly that colonial deferential feeling which still clings, unsuspected, to the Vesputian writer. With some exceptions, you will observe that its constant display is in the pharisaical abuse of everything that is prominently successful in Isopoliteia. To hear these virtuous sages talk, one would

think that swindling was an unknown practice in Philautia, although it is notoriously of so constant occurrence that day after day the journals there are lamenting or raging against some great bubble newly burst, but which only cupidity or stupidity could ever have conceived to be anything but wind and water."

"Then there is no justice in this world?"

"None whatever for the rising, and too much for the risen, whether individual or nation. The way with the world, is to keep down what is struggling to get uppermost; when it can do no better, to mount its back and go up with it. It is the practice of mankind everywhere, except in Medamou."

CHAPTER XLVI.

Criminal justice in Isopoliteia.

"I SHOULD have said 'fairness' or 'fair-dealing,' not 'justice,'" said Alethi after a while. "But how is *justice*, in the legal sense, administered in this great land?"

"In the Supreme national courts, nobly and with rarely defective wisdom; but in the minor courts of the various sections of the country, and especially in the criminal courts of New Euerwic, it is contemptible to the last degree. There it is difficult to convict a man who has political friends, or who has money enough for his advocates. These spare no pains; jurors are rejected on the most frivolous pretext, until they find them all to their mind; delays take place during the trial, until the public interest and anxiety for justice are diminished; then, if, with all their efforts, conviction do take place, delays are interposed to the execution, the case is allowed to be carried, on the most trivial technicality, to an

upper court, and from that again to the one of last resort, and then, if justice be still inflexible, the case being one of great flagrancy, the friends of humanity step in. In violation it may be said of good taste, as well as in contempt of justice and to the dishonor of virtue, various persons, especially reporters, are admitted to the cells, who listen to the fine stories of the criminals, report them and awaken public interest and sympathy, and whose ready hand-shaking and unreluctant converse with the wretches tend to break down the barriers between vice and virtue. Then finally, when all else fails, up steps to the Governor some influential politician, who shows how important in the succeeding election it will be to secure the numerous friends of the criminal. The Governor relents, the execution is postponed and postponed, and finally, when the public has forgotten the case, there is a pardon, or an indefinite reprieve, which is not announced, but continues nevertheless. Then there is the convenient plea of insanity. A clergyman, given to drink, cuts his child's throat, and is let go. A confectioner, enraged that he was about to lose his daughter's services, shoots her, is imprisoned one year as insane, and then let go."

"At large?"

"Yes, not to a lunatic-asylum. A man stabs another in a scuffle, is imprisoned a few months. His friends, and the weak souls that regard the appeal of a mistaken humanity rather than the demands of justice, send in petitions on the plea of the ill health of the prisoner, and a weak-minded or politically obsequious Governor abuses his prerogative and lets him out, as an encouragement to other homicides."

"Can such things be?"

"In Isopoliteia? I told you not to fall in love with her too soon. Why I could spend the rest of this afternoon, Alethi, in merely recounting the cases of the most infamous perversions of justice in the escape of creatures universally believed to be guilty, but who had money to fee their law-

yers, and all within the few years that I was in Vesputia. Alethi, there is one thing that is to me almost a matter of astonishment, as it certainly excites my disgust. Men affect to be more benevolent than God Himself."

"How? I do not understand you."

"If there is any attribute more marked than another in the government of the world by those universal laws set on Creation, it is its inflexible and inexorable justice. As we sow, we reap. The pettiest offence against morality, nay against prudence, brings with it its punishment; vices and crimes torment in their consequences the bodies and the souls of half-a-dozen generations. Yet man affects to shudder at a public execution, and turns a robber on society after serving out half his term of imprisonment."

"I had hoped for better things in Vesputia."

"Hope it not. The admission of a vast, ignorant, and mostly profligate foreign population to the privileges of the Vesputian, has demoralized more or less all public functionaries and blunted the pride and sensibility of the exponents of the law, while private native virtue, finding itself powerless, ceases to resist. And as for capital cases where women are the culprits! — Listen to this:

"A common Juvernan girl, employed in the shop of two Juvernan milliners, had an intimacy, it does not matter whether innocent or not, with a gentleman. He writes her romantic letters for a long time; and finally, the intimacy is broken off, and he marries. After the intimacy was interrupted, she was indifferent, but when he married, it filled her with rage; a common case, and very characteristic of women. She buys a pistol and ammunition, travels a thousand miles to reach him, goes to his place of business, watches for him, fires at him, and when she sees him staggering off with his death-wound, recocks the pistol and fires at him again. A cabinet-minister visits the murderess, takes her polluted hand, comes away declaring he had read of grief and passion

but never saw its reality till now. His wife becomes interested. Doctors in medicine pronounce her to have acted under an insane impulse. Her counsel tells the jury, if the letters of the murdered man are not enough to make any woman insane, he should like to know what is. The usual rhapsodies of woman's blighted affection and her sensitive honor, and her loving heart, all follow. The counsel says, 'he takes his stand upon the pulsations of the human heart,' talks of the 'unquenchable store of woman's virtue,' thinks 'the man who murdered female affection should dangle at the rope's end,' assures the jury that 'the smallest word that fell from her (the murderess's) lips would go further than a mountain of his (her victim's brother's) oaths. He did not believe she would tell a lie to save her life.'"

"Was the man a fool?"

"No, he was a lawyer, a pleader; 'he stood upon the pulsations of the heart,' — an uncertain footing, — and might well be giddy. But you remember Leptologos. 'There is a world hereafter,' he proceeded to say, 'where this poor girl would meet with mercy and love, and where she will; and when in addition the blackening state of reproach was attempted to be heaped upon her, then came the panorama of suffering.'"

"The what?"

"The panorama of suffering."

"What 's that?"

"I don't know, any more than what the premiss is. A man who aerobates, or who acrobates on the infinitesimal impalpability of a heart-beat, may become too etherealized to be intelligible. Perhaps the reporter was tipsy, or had lost his way in the forensic fog of thick-coming fancies. — Then, rising in his eloquence, the orator bids the jury, 'Go to the Insane Asylum; hear the cries of the women invoking those who had ruined them;' and finally comparing to the Rock of the Church the doctor who had so luminously aided him in

his plea of insanity, he cried, If evidence like his be 'broken down, then farewell the protection of the law; and welcome back the dark ages, if such a case as this is characterized as a flimsy case of insanity.' The jury make a show of retiring, bring in a verdict of not guilty, the counsel kisses his client, and the farce ends with the general transport of the multitude and the disgust and indignation and alarm of every noble spirit and lover of his country."

"But surely, Philoscommon, such a mockery of justice is an exception."

"No. A short time previously, a woman shot a man in his countinghouse; and because she professed to have been his wife, not mistress, though she had no certificate of marriage, no witness, could neither tell the clergyman's name, nor his residence, nor his church, was acquitted. It was probably her successful villany that prompted the vindictive creature's act I have just detailed; and in fact, while this very trial was going on, a girl in a suburb of New Euerwic attempted to shoot her lover with whom she had a quarrel, maintaining too, like the Juvernan milliner-girl, that she had no complaint to make against the honorable conduct of the man; which, of course. And then on the day of the acquittal, but before it could have been known, follows the threat of a woman to shoot a man for leading her husband into other women's company."

"Why a man's life can be hardly safe in such a country!"

"Not when a woman chooses to take it."

"And how are minor criminal offences treated?"

"Wait till we get to New Euerwic and you will see. Arrest there a notorious counterfeiter, and his friends will bail him for so small a sum, that he can pay for his escape out of the profits of his manufacture."

"Alas! I begin to be weary, Philos'."

"No, not yet; don't be down-hearted; wait till you have seen more of Isopoliteia before you long for Medamou."

CHAPTER XLVII.

The travelers come to Botolph's Town, where a delightful surprise awaits Alethi.

In time our travelers found their way to Botolph's Town. With this capital and its citizens the younger one was very much pleased, comparing both with cities and their people in Philautia, until he found himself wronged by one or two shopmen, when he pronounced the likeness perfect.

What particularly gratified him was that strict observance of the Jesousian Sabbath, which had struck him so favorably in Chaunopolis. He had attended once the service, which he found more in accordance with his own religious notions than that of the Tritheïtans in the Philautian churches, and came away greatly impressed by the eloquence of one man, who, rising with his theme, had carried his hearers with him, up almost to the very height to which his own spirit seemed to reach, and whose prayers were not less fervid than his preaching.

Philoscommon listened to his young companion's eulogy of the henicotheian sermocinator, then said:

"Do you ever pray, Alethi?"

"Certainly. Not as these Jesousians, but as you know we are taught to do in Medamou."

"Well then, you must have noticed how at special times, when your head was confused, or your body enfeebled, or you were weary and exhausted, your prayers were languid,

while at others, when a directly opposite state of mind and body prevailed, they were exalted. I will not say that a man like you would think himself in this latter state sublimely pious, although in the former he might deplore human infirmity and accuse himself of ingratitude and lukewarm feeling. It is thus then all a matter of the nerves: religion is in the brain, and let the heart (I mean, figuratively,) beat never so devoutly, if the pulse respond not to it, if the nerves give not the sensation vividly to the brain, there is no capacity for devotion. So that all this enthusiasm, speaking in the original sense of the word, is, unknowingly to the poor worshiper himself, nothing but the issue of his excited feelings, and God is nothing more than the subject, or, only as the subject, the motive power of the excitation."

"Philos', do not shake my faith!"

"Does that then do it? Is not yours of better foundation? I but warn you, my Alethi, of another of the delusions of this self-adoring, self-conceited, and more than half-blinded world we visit."

But Alethi had a delight to come in Botolph's Town greater than that afforded by either her city or her people, her sabbath's reverent stillness, or the fervid epitheiasis of her preachers. Philetus was in the town. They met at the very gate of a villa in the suburb, which Alethi had hired furnished, for the summer months.

When the three friends were inside, and after the first warmth of mutual greetings, reminiscences, and other impulsive converse was over, Philetus observed, with a smile in both his mouth and eyes, to Philoscommon, "You see I am in Vesputia, as I partly promised; and I am well pleased, as I predicted."

To this the little wise man answered ominous, "Wait till you leave it. Nobody, you know, can be pronounced happy before his departure."

Then Alethi turned the discourse, though hesitatingly, to Athlia.

"Well, I suppose you are now married, dear Philetus, and Athlia sings those divine songs for you in a house that is your own?"

The poet shook his head mournfully.

"Why I thought," pursued Alethi, but still delicately, as if fearing there might somewhere be a hidden wound that was not yet quite healed, "that you would have hastened to be happy, where there was so much that would have made you so."

"All but one thing," replied Philetus. "You know," he added firmly, "her shape forbade a union. With the prospect, or the chance at least, of a family before us, it would have been selfish to the last degree, criminal before God certainly, if not in the eyes of all good men, to tempt her to a marriage. It would have been inviting her to entail deformity and painful weakness on perhaps several generations."

"Had that physical defect appeared in her family before, on either side?" asked Philoscommon.

"I believe not; I know of no instance," answered Philetus.

"Then you have been over-cautious, or over-generous," said the schoolmaster; "for a man of your make and healthy constitution might well have good offspring even by a deformed woman. The case I know is more equivocal where the defect is in the female parent, as I have no examples to adduce of that kind; but I have seen instances of a whole family of which the father has been humpbacked that were straight, and some of them handsome. Go back, and in the name of God marry her. It is not now too late."

"It is," said the poet. "She is dead."

"Not of grief?" cried Alethi, deeply moved.

Philetus made no answer, but rushed from the room.

"That man," said Philoscommon, "is the greatest fool I have ever met or heard of. He has all his life been doing everything for posterity, who after his death will never do anything for him."

"They should for you, for laughing at so honest a fellow."

"And what is that?" asked Philos'.

"Why, tar and feather you."

"They are welcome," said the schoolmaster, "when they can overtake me."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

How Botolph's Townsmen showed themselves to be lovers of free speech. Philetus, declining a Vesputian metamorphosis, returns to his country without plumage, and as wise as he left it.

Not long after, while Alethi was still thinking with admiration and regret on the unselfish but unfortunate man who had thrown away his own happiness that his supposable posterity might not curse him, he heard the street-door slammed to and bolted, and the poet rushed back into the parlor.

"Have you a closet, or a trunk, to hide me in?" he cried.

"Two or three of them. What is the matter with you?"

"Feathers and tar," said the poet.

"This is worse than posterity," quoth the schoolmaster.

"You are safe here, I think," resumed Alethi, "without hiding. They will hardly dare to force my house."

He went to the window, and looking out saw a group of men talking and gesticulating near the gate. Returning before they perceived him, he found the poet seated and wiping the perspiration from his brow.

"What have you done to provoke these people?" asked the traveler.

"Nothing more than use my tongue."

"It 's an unruly member," interjected Philoscommon.

"But a Philautian never resigns the right of free speech," urged the poet proudly.

"Humph," quoth Philoscommon, "he has it stopped though frequently, if not with tar, and is stripped for it sometimes so bare that feathers would be welcome."

"Ah!" sighed the poet, "that is true enough."

"But what did you say?" resumed Alethi.

"I lectured last night upon the right of a man to his own property, even though that be human flesh."

"Pheew!" whistled Philoscommon, plunging his hands into his trowsers' pockets.

"'If the laws,' I said, 'assured the man his property, it was nobody's right to interfere with him.' 'Down with such laws!' was shouted from several parts of the house. 'Amen, gentlemen,' I said; 'but while the laws stand, you had better lean on them. If every man is to make himself the arbiter of what is right, because his conscience, as he fancies, dictates this or that, he may walk into his neighbor's house, and take away his children because they are mismanaged. A bargain is a bargain, and, as you have made it, your first duty is to abide by it till it be rescinded.' Such a storm then arose, that I was forced to conclude. A meeting, it seems, was held afterwards in the very room I had paid for, and it was agreed to ride me on a rail. I got a hint of this as I was just re-entering the town, and not caring to be made a *rooster* of, as these fellows might call it, barely escaped with both my legs as you see."

They saved the lecturer from being befowled that time at least, and kept him with them several days, till all danger of the feather-bed and tar-pot might be thought to be blown over. Then Philetus declared his intention to sail back to

Philautia on the first opportunity; nor could he be shaken in his purpose. He had seen nothing of the country but Botolph's Town, yet he wanted to see no more. So he went back as he came, as Philoscommon had foretold him he would. He had come to Vesputia as a Philautian, he had thought and acted there as a Philautian, and he left it as a Philautian, with not one prejudice removed, but all confirmed through his own imprudence, forever.

CHAPTER XLIX.

The Medamousians arrive in New Euerwic, where Alethitheras finds, through more senses than one, a good deal to astonish him.

When the cold season had set in, the travelers found themselves in the great city of New Euerwic. If the younger one was struck with wonder at the magnificence of the principal streets devoted to business, and of many of those which were exclusively filled by dwellinghouses, he was with still more, out of these particular streets, at the filth, the intolerable nastiness of all sorts that, in actually often impassable piles, obstructed every roadway and kennel. But nobody seemed to regard it.

"Their noses are used to it," said Philoscommon, making still uglier in its contractility his own.

"But their eyes ought not to be. What do these lazy policemen do, who see it? There! a woman is adding a new mass to the old heap. My God! what a stench! Come away, Philos′, come!"

The policeman saw him pass the nuisance with his handkerchief to his nostrils and spit vigorously after he had pass-

ed it; but he looked on gravely, as if it were a thing of course.

"Why don't the fellows do their duty?" repeated Alethi.

"They don't know that it is their duty," said Philos'. "The law won't aid them, if they interfere."

"Why, is there a law?"

"O yes, and a fine. But the one is never regarded, and the other never exacted."

"What a state of things!"

"Inevitable, where the law-makers and the executers of the law are elected by the dirty wretches who neither care for this pollution, nor would tolerate being forced to remove it."

"And is this Isopoliteia?"

"No, this is New Euerwic, the abode of strangers, the *sentina gentium*, as you unpleasantly perceive."

They got into a cleaner street, that is one where natives lived almost exclusively.

"What did you mean," asked Alethi, "by those wretches electing the law-makers?"

"And the executers of the law. It is so. All offices are put to the vote, — in this city, where if we may believe the county-census, according to our friend, the Editor, the foreign vote exceeds the native! And you may judge with what result by what you smelt, and by what I now state: — A villain, arrested for a most audacious robbery of the person in broad daylight, clapped a pistol to the man's head (his victim's) who held him, and being thereupon released coolly walked away declaring he had five hundred politicians ready to get him clear."

"Are they crazy in this country?"

"In this city, you mean. No, they are only bitten by universal suffrage. I hope the disease is not communicable, and that other nations will keep their political bodies from such a certain source of disease and death."

"Why, I thought, Philos', you approved of the freest suffrage. You certainly talked to that effect in Philautia."

"Yes, but I did not mean for the ignorant, the vicious, the vagabond, those who have no interest in the soil, and for whom anarchy would afford a better chance of temporary well-being than good government. I will take you now into a street which is almost exclusively occupied by immigrants. The number of dramshops of all kinds that you will see will perfectly amaze you. They extend, too, on two sides of their chief temple. Here, and everywhere where these poison-shops abound, and their number is almost incredible in the metropolis, is the obscure but prolific hotbed of all the disorders and of the greater part of the crimes that disfigure so grand a city. This is it."

Alethi again compressed his nostrils, frowning with disgust. "Why, Philoscommon," he cried, "this must be by all odds the beastliest city in the universe."

"Yet to pretend to clean it costs annually by contract more than the revenue of many a petty prince."

"And the contractors leave it so? Why, there is a heap of mud and ashes that is absolutely as high as your breast!"

"They are waiting till the ice and snow shall make these pretty hillocks unmanageable. Then of course those who draw punctually their monthly pay for the work will protest, like virtuous citizens as they are and friends of the incorruptible magistracy, that they are innocent, being under ban of the weather. Why, Alethi, any man of sense who had the power, and the will to use it, could clean and keep clean this whole city, not only absolutely without cost, but with profit to its treasury. All that would need to be done would be to compel the occupants of each house, by a fine that should be a lien upon the property itself, to sweep to the middle of the street daily, as is always done here by the native and, imitating them, by the respectable among the foreign

citizens. The police could have the power to enforce the act. Then, carts would take up the dirt, and its sale to the farmers would more than pay the mere cost of its removal. The ashes and kitchen stuff could be taken away by dustmen going down into the areas of the houses for them, as in Chaunopolis."

"And why is that simple plan not adopted? It must have occurred to many."

"Because there would be no corporation-work for the regiments of vagabond scavengers who always vote the right tickets."

"And is the municipal government so worthless?"

"My dear boy, a large portion of its body is made up of born foreigners, who go in under the implied condition to abuse their functions. The taxes come out of the pockets of those chiefly who do not vote for them. Hence they give without scruple the finest and most costly lands of the community to the use of some of their own religious charities, though they refuse a subsidy to the association of gentlemen who, without charge, try to keep the streets clear of juvenile vagrants, housing them, cleansing them, educating them, reforming them where possible, and sending them, if reformed, away to honest labor. But this true charity is contrary to the policy of their religion."

"How so?"

"Priestcraft here, as in their own homes, is the bane of moral order, wholesome habits and industry. To retain over the children of the aliens that influence which these bigoted gownmen would seem to estimate more by the numbers of their flock than by their social standing, this is the sole object, and to entrust these children to the good influence of the schools and direct association with heretics is, they believe, to endanger it. A belief which shows at least a consciousness of weakness. At all events, it is a well-known fact that not only is the great Public School system opposed

by them, but the so-called Industrial Schools, which add, to the rudiments of education, culture in habits of industry, cleanliness, and morality, find their untiring enemy in the Ariospolitish priesthood, who see with indifference the filthy streets swarm with little vagabonds of both sexes, yet snatch them from the arms of those who yearn to save them, to whose efforts the sole objection they have to raise is, not that they teach heresy in religion, but that they will not teach religious dogmas at all."

They had turned out of the disgusting street into a very wide thoroughfare which crossed it, when Alethi remarked a knot of boys advancing, of the most blackguard description. Stoopbacked, their hands in their trowsers' pockets, men's coats on, the tails almost at their heels and in every case in tatters, with an indescribable devil-may-care look, and a gross indecency of expression about their lips as if they never had a modest thought and made an hourly jest of all that sober people reverence. Dirty they were, and impudent in their noisy and uncouth gambols, pushing one another from side to side of the spacious walk, and blaspheming in the most atrocious manner, so that Alethi, followed in file by his friend, gave them a wide berth. But it was of no avail. They had caught sight of Philoscommon, and burst into a roar of laughter and shouts of ridicule.

"What a beauty!" — "By J——, Mister, won't you sell us that big nose of your'n?" — "Don't abuse the gintleman; it 's the only big thing, sure, he has about him."

"If you were n't so dirty, you rascals," retorted Philoscommon, "I would make you aware of something bigger."

Immediately the vagabonds picked up stones, bits of broken crockery, and cinders from an ash-heap, and began to pelt our travelers; and had it not been for the arrival of a policeman, they might both have been forced to run or to take refuge in some shop.

"These," said Philoscommon, "are children of immigrants,

of such as form the chief class, in number, of that portion of the population."

"How is it possible," asked Alethi, "for any state to preserve its well-being long, with such a herd continually rising up and increasing with it?"

"It does not," replied the schoolmaster. "Look at the papers; count the ruffian outrages, the burglaries, petty thefts, assassinations, murders; read the list, if you can for disgust, then examine the names of the perpetrators. They are those, you will see, that indicate in nine cases out of ten a Juvernan parentage, precisely as do the peculiar lineaments of face, as our Editor drew them for us. Their bigoted religion, the reckless drunken habits of the parents, the impunity with which they brave the laws, owing to the political affinities of some of the judges, whose places indeed are dependent on their favor, and the demoralization of too many of the legal advocates, have prepared them for depravity and confirm them in it; and their political education, if I may so call it, finishes the work. I verily believe, that so profligate a set of young men, one so dangerous, is not be found, in such numbers and with such large liberty, in any city of the world."

"But how is it that the native, educated population, that of Philautian origin especially, see with patience this moral pestilence spreading in their midst?"

"They do not, not the better class, nor the independent, upright lover of his country. But they are not the mass. Nay, they are usually cyphers in the land; for in disgust they are apt to neglect their birthright of election, and thus the business of the polls is in the hands of a class who profit by the ignorance of this order of people. The more that come, the better; they are the tools of the demagogues."

"But their country?"

"Country? What matters it, so that their own selfish ambition or avarice is subserved? Country! Do you expect

to find in Isopoliteia a race of simple patriots, or are you dreaming of Medamou?"

"I am thinking that in Medamou alone is human government uncorrupt and incorruptible."

"Even so, and Isopoliteia presents but another example of the incompleteness which in various forms is everywhere visible in human polity."

"Ah!" sighed Alethi, "could but Heaven have spared at least one land in which the free operation of beneficent laws and impartial authority might be essayed! What a magnificent specimen might this vast country have presented of the blessings of free government!"

"If the very vices of that system of free government, — that is, its principles carried to extremes, — had not led it to seek for contamination from abroad. Rotten one day it would have become, from its development, according to the laws of nature which govern the state as the individual; but to hasten that condition before it had attained to maturity, so as to bring on it the sneers of older states already rotten from their age, this was folly, this was madness, this *is* crime."

"*Pourrie avant être mure.* I read that," said Alethi, "in a Philautian review."

"Which doubled the blow of its contemptuous sarcasm, by ascribing its origin to the Alectryons. I read it too. Alectryons and Philautians, all despise, or affect to, the Isopoliteians. Do you know why?"

"Because of their republicanism? But is it not affected? the sneer of writhing envy or disappointed malice?"

"Enough of it; but not all. There is real want of respect; and I repeat, Do you know why?"

"Because" —— Alethitheras hesitated.

"Because," continued Philoscommon, filling up the sentence, "they do not respect themselves. So long as Isopoliteia continues to be the washpot and the slopbasin of the

Old World, so long as with open arms it welcomes its rabblement and its refuse, so long as with indifference to the sneers of older nations it goes on with the foolhardy experiment of a principle which ignores, as I have said, human nature itself, the principle that a full-grown man can by plenty of meat and drink, especially the latter, be elevated from a bad subject into a good citizen, so long as ignorance shall vote for the government of the educated, and debased poverty which cares but for the provision of the hour shall dictate laws for the refined who build and provide for posterity, so long will Isopoliteia merit the reproach of other countries, and if she do not become a very sink of nations, it will not be, you see, for want of the imported material. — How many do you think there are now in the Almshouse? Eight thousand and odd; and the city in its republican form is not yet a century old. This, in a country of inexhaustible resources and of immense extent."

"But they are foreigners."

"Indubitably, or their immediate descendants; *beggars of low degree, that come of a begging family.* But if this continue and the natives of a better brood be crowded out of employment, will not the number be enlarged by their own poor?"

"It is the most extraordinary infatuation."

"Ay. If the foreign pauper would die, and there an end of it, if the foreign criminal likewise left no posterity, one might laud *perhaps* the good-nature and humanity of the Isopoliteians, though scarcely admire their prudence, that they gave a needless refuge to a people who at least could not be worse off in their own country, and who are not better here; but when you remember that this human vermin propagates and often more prolifically than the substantial class of citizens, and that in a few years, at the present rate of increase, New Euerwic, with all its palaces and its abundant wealthy and honorable population, will be a very pest-house of the nations, what then will you say?"

Alethitheras was silent and thoughtful.

"It is a curious thing," resumed the schoolmaster after a pause, "that while laws can be passed prohibiting the introduction of disease from foreign parts, notwithstanding such laws interfere directly with the interests of commerce, while even cattle can be prohibited as an article of import when there is a fear of their bringing with them contagion, yet no law can be passed or will be passed to stop the immigration of persons that are a greater danger to the community than any pest. Here all are welcome, the infirm, the crippled, the blind, the idiotic, the insane, the dissolute, the convicted of great crimes, and no one rises up to stay the introduction of the moral pestilence; or, if a voice is heard in warning or remonstrance, it is soon silenced by indifference. There actually, Alethi, have been robbers sent in by certain petty sovereignties in Micromereia; their handcuffs were taken off when they entered the harbor; and the introduction of the sweepings of the almshouses of Philautia, with her criminals, who are permitted on certain conditions to leave her penal colonies, is quite common."

"Can any community be so thoughtless, so spiritless, so senseless, as to tolerate such imposition on the part of its neighbors?"

"This does. If the right of suffrage were denied the foreigner absolutely, I think the governments of the chief maritime towns, if not of others, would take steps to correct these abuses. But every rascal is looked upon as a future voter, and the greater his necessities and the more obtuse his moral sense, the readier material he is for the work of the demagogue."

"But the idiots, the insane, — these can never vote?"

"I am not so sure of that, here, in this great city, where it is not expected that a man shall be able to read the names of those he votes for. So long as they are sane and not inarticulate at the time, they may have a chance. At all events,

in the indifference as to the kind of immigration, or eagerness to admit the bad for political purposes, they become careless in other particulars, and take whatever rubbish may present without question, provided the city be only insured for a certain limited time against having these unhappy wretches at its cost. Afterward, they are free to crowd the almshouses, as they do the jails and the asylums, almost to the exclusion of the native population."

They had now re-entered their lodgings. Putting down his hat, the schoolmaster continued:

"When I was here before, a young Vesputian had composed on this subject a parody of a Micromereian poet. Not being able to get it printed, he read it to me one day, when we were talking, and with accord, upon this theme. I obtained a copy, and it so happens, have never removed it from my pocketbook. This should be it." The schoolmaster glanced his eye over the manuscript before attempting to read it, and added: "But first I must tell you, that at that time there were only twenty-seven members (what a number even that, eh!) of this gigantic family of republics. This is what the poet alludes to in his last stanza.

PARODY.

"Where is the Poet's native land? —
Where Freedom, that with kings had striven,
Religion, from her temples driven,
Found altars 'neath the cope of heaven,
And made the wilderness their stand.
This *was* my native land.

"How named the Poet's native land? —
Now, with all arts her growth adorning,
She weeps, her own forced greatness scorning.
Men called her, in her beauty's morning,
The Freeman's Home, the Happy Land.
So named my native land.

"Why weeps the Poet's native land? —
Weeps that her sons defile her ermine
To shelter swarms of foreign vermin,
Make idols of the . . . . and . . . . . .

"*Hiatus valde deflendus*," said the schoolmaster. "The names of the gods are quite obliterated. I suppose *Juvernan* would n't rhyme well.

"And, though she calls, none stay their hand.
This weeps my native land.

"Whom calls the Poet's native land? —
She calls the many good that throng her, —
She bids them scorn the votes that wrong her, —
She shows them —— What avails? for stronger
Are party-ties than *her* command.
These calls my native land.

"What will the Poet's native land? —
Will? Ah! what *would* she; for the power
To do grows feebler every hour;
For denser float the clouds that lower,
Blown westward from each foreign strand.
Yet — *would* my native land! —

"And hopes the Poet's native land? —
Hopes that, when all their blessings leave them,
Her sons will reck the ills that grieve them,
As grown too loathsome to deceive them,
And 'gainst the flood pile more than sand.
This hopes my native land.

"And *this* the Poet's native land? —
This. Mad for mob-made elevation,
Her little great-men desolation
Plant in her, and a ripe damnation
Will soon await Hell's harvest-hand.
This *is* my native land!

"Wo, Poet, to thy native land!
See! from his seven and twenty stations,
Soaring by turns in quick gradations,
Above thy lazar-house of nations,
Yon bird! And hark! — I understand:
Wo to my native land!"

CHAPTER L.

Containing further views, not "dissolving" ones, of the corruption, the extravagance, the misery, the charities, of the City of Nasty Splendor.

After dinner, Alethitheras, who sat thoughtful, watched by Philoscommon, though the latter seemed to doze, his right heel on his left knee, while the elbow of his right hand rested on the uplifted right knee, the forefinger and thumb pressing the massive forehead over his shut eyelids, Alethi said, without looking up:

"Is not much of the evils you deplore, in the government of this city, owing to the constant mutations in office, which, it seems to me, Philos', can give no chance of perfection, besides directly stimulating corruption both in the office-seeker and the elector?"

Down went the uplifted leg, and, the ugly hands being clapped under both thighs, Philoscommon, swinging forward, thus replied:

"Yes, but the evil of permanence is still worse. Look at Philautia. The highest officer of the Crown (not in the old time either, but in this present reign, — the other day, as it were) has been twice convicted of having connived at bribery and other corrupt means of securing place and emolument for his own relations."

"But he was punished?"

"No, the royal pardon each time followed the conviction.

And why not? the distinguished culprit had but followed the universal custom. Throughout all the offices of the Government, the incumbents provide for their family-connections. And then, it is one of the most difficult things to remove them, and when removed for malfeasance or incapacity, the pension allowed on retiring is always theirs, through the same indulgence that put them into the place. Then, the slowness, the indolence, which if natural is encouraged by their certainty of retaining office, the want of courtesy and obligingness, since they are not dependent on popular favor, these and some other disadvantages might be urged, which counterbalance all the evils charged to the other side."

"Then I was wrong in my sentiment."

"What was it?"

"I had said to myself, pondering all I had seen and heard: It is the very nature of a republic to foster roguery. He who holds his office at the mercy of the people must change his coat to suit their caprices."

"You were not wrong. But is it not the nature of a monarchy to foster corruption? And which is worse? Or indeed can corruption be without roguery? Again, in a republic the debasement of morals in its public men is more than counterpoised by the independence of their constituents. In monarchies, the latter are less free, while the former are not less corrupt. We may say, as a general rule, that a politician can scarcely be honest anywhere."

"But which is the more expensive form of government?"

"A monarchy; greatly so: and for several obvious reasons. You are not to judge of a republic in its economy, any more than in its morality, by this great city, which is almost an anomaly in the country itself. Here, the expenditure is indeed enormous. This arises partly from the mode of taxation, which is laid exclusively upon the property, real and personal, of individuals. Thus the vast mass of the voting people, those especially, who as foreigners have no large in-

terest in the welfare of the city and none whatever in its reputation, escaping altogether, are better pleased the more there is expended, and the magistracy, who are, I have told you, in part composed of men of the same nationality, and who in all cases are dependent on such a constituency for their places, are for a double reason well disposed to gratify them."

"In that view, the expenditure must go on increasing."

"It does at a fearful rate, as you might have read. But what would stay it?"

"A different mode of taxation perhaps."

"How? by the head? That indeed would bring the lesson of economy home to every voter; but with everything in the hands of the poorest class, it would not be easy to effect a change."

"Such is the blessing of universal suffrage."

"Under the naturalization-laws, in a city like this. But I would rather say, of unqualified suffrage. I am not so sure that all should not vote, where there is a certain attainable requisite exacted of all, as in Botolph's Town I believe. But a very simple person might see the absurdity of such a state of things as we are now discussing. Here, for example, in this city, is a gentleman whose wealth is computed by millions. Of course, order and good government are dearer to him than they can possibly be to a man who has little or no property at stake. But to-morrow that millionaire shall go to the polls and deposit his vote on the side of order, and directly after him a foreign-born rag-picker, who cannot read a word of the language of the country, even if he can of his own, and who has not probably a copper set aside from his daily earnings, puts down the bag from his shoulder, and deposits, under direction, a ticket which neutralizes the millionaire's completely."

"And how do the wretched poor live here?"

"Wretchedly — as everywhere. Therefore I said, I do not

see why they are brought hither, except to rid other lands of them. In cellars, where the narrow humid floor is portioned out, and let in part to lodgers; in houses built behind others with scarcely space for the pestilential common sink between, with the same division of over-crowded never-ventilated apartments; and everywhere filth, misery, impurity, vice in its most repulsive forms, and squalor indescribable, inconceivable, all but unendurable: scenes, Alethi, to make good men doubt of Providence and despair for humanity."

"But there is charity for these abjects?"

"Enough of it. Vesputians rarely hoard their money, and many of the wealthiest class are more liberal than princes. But here, as in Philautia, what vast sums, which might help serve to cleanse out these sinks of infamy, suffering and disease, are expended to teach naked savages the mysteries of a religion which require, even with those who are born to the belief, faith more than reason, and are to you and me incomprehensible! Yet private charity is widely and nobly active; as much so, as if the objects of its good works had natural claims to them, instead of being the unfortunate and outcast of foreign communities. Thus a gentleman named Rhodon, in a single gift to the poor and houseless children, bestows a really pretty fortune, and Doliarius endows them with what would yield a comfortable income to a single man. By the by, will you stroll out, or are you for a nap?"

"No, I would rather walk."

"I will show you what this Doliarius has done for his city. Most men, unwilling to part with any considerable portion of their wealth, wait till their decease to be munificent; but this princely manufacturer gives in his life-time half-a-million, to found an institution where every branch of art and of natural philosophy and science is taught gratuitously to persons of both sexes, and where a reading-room, well-supplied with domestic and foreign journals and magazines, is open to all."

"Ah, if all men were like these!"

"Would you have the sky all sunshine and the pebbles of the earth all precious-stones? It is rarity that enhances, if it does not make, values. But there are probably more of this kind of men in Isopoliteia than in all Pantachou. One of these, a native Vesputian, long domiciled in Philautia, exceeds there in the magnificence of his charities any other person. — But what do you think of the women here?" added the little man, who just then had made a movement more gallant than graceful, to give two damsels the wall.

"Some of them the most bewitching creatures I ever beheld," said the younger traveler; but whether forgetting or remembering at the time Minnchen, or Carradora, or the fair-haired girl of Medamou, it would have been difficult perhaps for even himself to say.

"Ay, it is a veritable *πατρα καλλιγυναιξ*," said the schoolmaster.

"But in many instances they are very badly dressed."

"You mean in bad taste," resumed the schoolmaster.

"Of course. I speak of the ladies, those for example who are directly before us. Evidently they have aimed to dress well, but have made themselves pitiable by exaggerated finery and ill-assorted colors."

"But are you sure they are ladies?" asked Philoscommon. "Observe their mien."

"Ah, I see; they are pretenders. But where else could we find women able to support such extravagance, whose vulgar conceit yet betrays that they have not been always accustomed to it?"

"Where indeed! That is one of the evils arising from one of the good things of this republic. Here the vulgarest may rise; and when prosperous, his creed is that he is on a par with the best. So he is indeed in every country, as far as respects the position which mere wealth can give; for everywhere wealth is worshiped, and the noble of three centuries

of patrician ancestry will doff his hat and smile his sweetest to the foundling of a ditchdrab, if the latter can underprop a falling treasure-house or shake the finances of flourishing kingdoms. But the wives and daughters, having less brains, are more easily elated than the moneymaking husbands and fathers, and disdaining equality assume to be superior, which they think is effected by lifting the head, looking severe, or reserved, or disdainful, and wearing a small revenue on their heads and backs. By Heaven! Alethi, that woman with the magnificent crimson velvet mantle, sky-blue silk frock six yards in circumference, huge white satin bonnet all puffed and banded like the cap of some Rhetian peasant, and with the white muff held on her prominent belly, is n't she enough to make one enamored of democracy?"

"To make one think there would be no such thing, if women had their way."

"Ay, or men either, in the circumstances of this ornate lady. Democracy is a more artificial state of political society than monarchy. It may be said to be always compulsory. Its principle is nowhere in the heart. It is the vaunt of him who seeks to reach the level, but rarely more than a mask with him who has raised himself above it."

CHAPTER LI.

How the travelers meet again Hilarius, and are present at the deathbed of the false and forsaken.

It was getting to be late. So the travelers deferred their visit to the Doliarius Institute (as it is called after its founder) till the next day. Then, on their way thither, they spent an hour in first seeing the noble Library which the wise and farsighted munificence of a private citizen, himself a foreign-

er, provided for the public. It is conducted on the plan of that magnificent one which Philoscommon loved to attend in Monachopolis; "and as," said the schoolmaster, "the wealth of the son of its founder is enormous, it is probable it will one day have an endowment that will raise it nearly to a par with the largest of its kind in the world."

After leaving the Doliarius, the strangers followed, from its south front, the downward course of the great trading-thoroughfare which leads to the Halls misnamed of Justice, to the meetingplaces of political debauchery, and by side streets to the kindred localities of the common jail and the loathsome abodes and haunts of as vile and miserable a populace as the world anywhere is cursed with, be it even in Chaunopolis. In this broad avenue Alethi was made to note the difference in mien, manners and dress of both sexes of the people from what he had seen in the fashionable parts of the town. They had got into the region of the Leipodermi, and Alethi was beginning to be displeased with the obtrusion in his very face, from awning-posts and dirty sheds and projecting windows, of all sorts of wares, especially men's clothing, which gave the ample street the confused and rustic look of a lane in a fair, and furnished a new illustration of the misgovernment of the mighty city, when suddenly there ran against him, and stopped, a small man whom he recognized as Hilarius.

"Come! Come! *Come!*" he cried, in precisely the same words as in the Golden City, but this time seizing Alethi by the arm.

"What new picture is this?" said Philoscommon.

"It has no points for you," replied Hilarius; "it would not move *your* heart. Come, you only; come!" (to Alethi.)

"You misjudge him," said Alethi. "His heart is softer than you think. Let him come with us."

Hilarius made no further objection, no remark indeed, but hurried Alethi onward, while the schoolmaster followed.

Down an execrably filthy street, into another still more execrable, where under a less bright climate it would have even seemed impossible to live, impossible indeed for such as they, until they came to a miserable, dingy, and dirty, but not ruinous house, whose street-door, leading into an entry fetid with the exhalations of the back-yard, stood wide open. Here Alethi stopped. But Hilarius said, "*She* wants you;" and up they went the narrow, rickety, and dimly-lighted staircase, into other passages, where the atrocious miasm of the sinks was mingled with the equally nauseous and poisonous stench of unaired bedrooms, up, up to the very eaves of the house. Here, in a little, low, unplastered room, with one sliding roof-window, three of whose squares were stuffed with old clothes, while the panes that were unbroken in the remaining six were gray and opaque with long-accumulated dust and dirt, and whose only furniture, besides a cot, was two broken-backed wooden-bottomed chairs, a deal box standing on end and serving as wash-stand, and a long, dusty, travel-frayed portmanteau, here on the cot, with her large eyes closed and all the color gone from her emaciated face and riveled yet swollen lips, lay all that was left of Minnchen.

Alethi, his heart seeming to stop, turned his eyes from Minnchen to Hilarius. They had both just passed the door, and Philoscommon was only crossing the sill.

"It is not *my* doing," said the artist, answering to what he thought Alethi's meaning, or anxious to anticipate his reproach. "That beast, Thér, the miner, met me this morning, and told me, with a devilish grin, I could have my wife now, if I wanted, and showed this house. I was going for a doctor, when I met you, whom she has named more than once. — Do you not know us yet, Minnchen?" he asked with touching tenderness, taking her attenuated and discolored hand. "Open your eyes. I have brought — I have brought *him* you wanted."

Minnchen opened her eyes; alas! how unlike what once

they were! She moved the orbs. But on their cloudy surface could be seen no recognition, no sign even that she was aware there were fresh faces there before her.

"Do you not know me — Minnchen?" said Alethi, scarcely able to command his voice.

She turned her face a little to the sound. "Speak again," she said. The voice, husky and toneless, was not Minnchen's, any more than were the lustreless and nearly sightless eyes, which now had closed again. Her once beautiful hair, neglected and uncombed, had also lost its brightness with its order, and lay tangled, dull, under and over her shoulders. When at times they raised her head, it would have to be put back, and it felt then to the touch as if dusty. "Speak again," she said.

"Minnchen — I am —— O for the days when first I met you! when the prison of the Lazaret was more than liberty to me!"

"Yes, yes, I know you now," she said. But there was no emotion in her feeble, monotonous, and as it were muffled, accents. "You are — you are —— How much I have wronged you!"

"I will go now for the doctor," said Hilarius hastily to Alethi.

"You need not," interposed the schoolmaster: "I know all that can be done. And it is," he whispered, "too late."

The artist hesitated. "Confide in him," said Alethi: "he knows medicine well."

"Get quickly," said Philoscommon, "a bottle of wine, — sparkling, if you can. There is not a moment to lose."

Alethitheras took out his purse, but the painter hastened away. The noise of his steps, as he dashed down the wooden staircase, reached the ears of the dying woman.

"Is that — Hilarius?" she asked.

"He has gone for something to relieve you," replied Alethi; "for wine."

A painful smile passed over the lips; again, how unlike that marvelous smile of old! Even in that hour Alethi thought of it. "Wine — wine? For what? Wine and bread both — might have done me good — a week since. How could I be so bad!"

"Never mind, Minnchen; never mind now."

"Yes, now is the time to mind it. You and Hilarius both are good. But I deceived you, — and I wronged him; and Thér — has avenged you both." She stopped; and the motion of her lips showed them to be parched.

Philoscommon looked around. "Is there no water?"

"None but this in the ewer," said Alethi. "And it is not fit to drink."

"No matter," said the schoolmaster: "dip your fingers in it, and pass them over her lips. Shall I lift your head, Minnchen?"

"Yes. Who are you?"

"Do you forget my old friend?" said Alethi.

"The ugly little man, — who taught me so much? He was kind too, — though he did not like me — for your sake. He was right. I have been very wicked." She made the same motion with her lips; and Alethi moistened them again. "I wonder — if — if my punishment here is not enough. If you knew how that wicked Thér used me! I was beaten — and starved — and left fireless. It is cold now." Alethi took off his surtout and spread it over her, and Philoscommon, following the good example, doubled his own over her feet. "What a difference between men and men! But Hilarius was good too."

The steps were heard rushing up the staircase. The artist, out of breath, came in with a pint-bottle of the wine directed. Philoscommon, forcing the wires with the back of a pocket-knife, started the cork, and a dirty broken tumbler which stood on the deal box being rinsed in the ewer, poured out some wine and put it while effervescing to Minnchen's lips.

"More," he urged. "Drink a little more. There — a mouthful more."

"No more," she said. They laid her head back on the scanty and coverless pillow. In a few moments, she revived sensibly, and talked with less interruption, as well as with more strength. By little and little, they gathered from her, that the miner, rough and often brutal even in the first months of their cohabitation, had latterly seemed to grudge her simple food and raiment. Her illness had probably been brought on by want, exposure, and unwholesome air. For twenty-four hours she had been utterly alone, till Hilarius entered the room.

It was a story of abandonment common enough, but one seldom told to so many persons together interested in it. More of the wine was given. But Philoscommon, feeling her pulse, shook his head. Presently Minnchen seemed to be seized with a fear that she would be again deserted. "Don't leave me!" she said. "Don't leave me! It won't be for long."

Alethi pressed her hand in silence, and a tear, a man's tear, large and very warm, fell, despite his will, upon it. The dying woman was sensible to that. "That is forgiveness!" she said, with something like feeling. "God in his justice bless you!" She tried to raise the hand to her lips. Philoscommon signed to Alethi to gratify her. He did so. But Minnchen could not kiss the hand. Philoscommon, still holding her wrist, called for more wine, and whispered to Hilarius by him, "It is nearly over."

They gave her to drink. But she spoke no longer connectedly. What she said was an incoherent jumble of phrases relating to her past life, and in the various tongues she had been brought up to speak.

"It is," said Philoscommon, "the shaking-up of the kaleidoscope after disarranging the reflectors. All the beautiful forms which arose from harmonious adaptation of phrase

and concinnity of idea are broken up, and the detached pieces are but beads and colored glass." He said this in himself, and only afterward repeated it to his companion.

For more than half an hour there was silence in the miserable loft, unbroken save by the low and intermitted breathing of the dying woman, who appeared to sleep.

"I can feel no pulse at all," said the schoolmaster.

Presently her lips murmured. Alethi put his ear near to them, and heard, he thought, his own name in its usual abbreviation, and then "Hilar"—— and then "both good"——

Philoscommon raised her head. The wine was put to her lips once more. But they closed not on the glass. There was a feeble sigh; another, still feebler. The schoolmaster, with an expressive look at Alethi, laid her back upon the pillow.

CHAPTER LII.

Relates the outbreak of a mighty rebellion in the Great Republic, and its moral effects on the magnanimous nations of Philautia and Alectoreion.

"WELL, the war is about to begin," said Philoscommon one morning. "The rebels have had the assurance to send commissioners to treat with the sovereign power at Pater'patra."

"And were they imprisoned?"

"Imprisoned? No, the imbecile to whom is entrusted the republican sceptre received them with courtesy and listened with deference. He had sworn to defend the Constitution, but he professed to believe that it had no inherent power of self-preservation!"

"The traitor, or the fool! He should have been beheaded."

"No, he should have been served like Atys; or so served himself. What business had a half-man to sit in the seat of a hero?"

The first great battle took place. Just as the rebels were about to give way, mismanagement, or something worse, allowed a reinforcement to reach them, and pressed vehemently in turn a panic seized the loyalists.

"It begins badly," remarked Alethi, as he read of the event.

"No, well," said Philoscommon. "Had the rebels been beaten, the war would probably have ended with concessions to them. Now they will, in the way of Providence, fight till they yield all they profess to fight for. Besides, till they are thoroughly thrashed, you will never get out of them the conceit that they are better men than their assailants. They began with maintaining it, and like the Philautians, whom since their treason they very much resemble, they will stick to the boast, even when all is over; but in their hearts they will confess their folly, and it may make them soberer citizens."

Now came the news from Philautia, and her exultation at the defeat of the North. Caricatures had been stuck up at the printshops and adorned the pothouses. In fact, she was out of her senses with joy.

"Of course, being in that condition," said Philoscommon, "she is making curious calculations. But as Balaam's ass spake, so Heaven has willed that through this braying the Isopoliteians should know who their friends are."

And know them they did, thoroughly. As the contest deepened, every insult and aggression short of actual warfare that could be employed to the injury of a country was heaped without stint upon the loyalists, while every active assistance, both secret and open, short of military subsidies, was tendered bountifully to the rebels. They even went so far that *The Weathercock*, the chief paper of Chaunopolis, lent itself

to the ill-advised turpitude of crying down the immense financial resources of the nation, while it blew up untiringly the bubble of the rebel loan. And even thus out of their mouths came blessings where they thought to utter curses; for, driven from the markets of Philautia and Alectoreion, the bonds of the great government were taken up to an immense amount by its own citizens, an advantage as well as honor to it, while the baseless paper of the rebels fell into the hands of Philautians chiefly who were the sworn enemies of the mighty republic and coworkers with the traitors who would have rent its oneness into fragments.

Through the whole of the tremendous contest, — the grandest in modern times, yet destined to be, for its greatness, the briefest, — our travelers remained in Isopoliteia, watching its phases with vivid interest, and with fresh wonder at the despite that seemed to animate certain foreign countries, and the extraordinary aberration of their judgment biased thereby. So Alethi said one day:

"Philos', if Philetus' countrymen have so generally sided with the traitors, is it not perhaps from that love of fair play, which, I have heard you say, they boast of as a national characteristic?"

"As they do of truthfulness. Why then did they not wait till the time was come to manifest it? Before the struggle fairly commenced, they took almost open sides with one of the combatants, prejudging them to be the weaker party if you like, but professing to believe them capable of overcoming. Besides, all this is fudge; there is no equality in any contest — unless it were one of Pozzo's fancying."

"What was that?"

"He was an Anastesian jurisconsult, very famous in his day, which was about the middle of the 15th Jesousian century. He professed to arrange the laws of the combat of honor, and actually proposed, in order to make the parties equal, that if one of them should happen to be the stronger

he should be blooded and purged to bring him down to the condition of his antagonist."

"But which would have reduced him below it."

"Of course. As I say, there is no equality in any contest. If there were, it would never terminate but with the destruction of one of the parties. The Philautians see two fellows struggling on the ground together. They have not measured nor weighed them, nor asked of their comparative physical abilities and tenacity of combative will. Yet they cry out, 'Fair play!' and keep all outside parties from interfering. It is evident, therefore, the more powerful, or agile and mettlesome of the two must prevail. But suppose they pull at the leg of one of them; or suppose, while two are engaged in a stand-up fight, they jerk at the breeches of one, or rub the back of the other and give him draughts of 'the ardent,' encouraging him all the while by bravos and assurances of certain success? Now, that is precisely the case. The queen of this people issued her proclamation putting on a par the two combatants, — which, by the by, was much the same as if, a quarrel occurring between you and your son, your neighbor whom you trusted were to assert that between the boy and yourself he could see no difference, and give welcome to the former: the Queen of Philautia, I say, issues the proclamation; and immediately her subjects begin to help in every way the rebellious side, building and arming ships for them and evading the neutrality-laws, evidently with the connivance of the Ministry, and are only interfered with when the blockade of the Mesembrian ports, which is advantageous to her shipbuilding and commercial interests, is threatened with destruction by two of their craft. Picture to yourself the morality of a nation in which so large and respectable a portion thrive by direct infringement of the laws of another country, laws necessary for its self-preservation. But you have seen them do the like in Gebel-al-Tarik; and, wherever profit is to be made, the Philautians, whether government or indi-

viduals, set all moral interdiction, and, where they dare, all legal prohibition, at defiance."

"They must not have you, Philos', for their historian."

"Not in this war. For I believe most seriously, that but for some implied condition (*implied*, understand me; it is a common way in such cases) of material assistance from Philautia, as well as from traitors in the north part of the republic, these men, in the great disparity both of numbers and resources, would never have provoked a war. And I have no doubt, but for the adroitness and steady temper of the great Vesputian statesman, that assistance would have come in the direct shape expected, when the affair of the Philautian steam-packet and the pretended insult afforded the opportunity. The Philautians pushed the advantage in defiance of their own precedents, because they were all ready and, though the Republicans were not so, they did not think they would have patience to endure the affront. But I think I should be as dangerous an historian for Alectoreion. Look at her too!"

"You mean in the affair with Domataretos."

"Yes, while this republic is struggling, and, as the Emperor thinks, hopelessly, for its existence. What an illustration of the assumed magnanimity of that haughty and warlike nation! Under the pretence of enforcing the payment of Domataretan debts to their respective subjects, Philautia (Philautia, which for her own interests had abetted the nascent state,) Alectoreion and Jactantia combined to assail that country at a time when the Isopoliteians could not interfere, though, having their hands full, they were hypocritically invited to join the assailants. Then the first and last of these Powers pretended to act the part of a certain governor in Jesousian story and wash their hands of the guilt by abandoning Alectoreion in the unworthy purpose, which was fully carried out by an act of perfidy. The Alectryons, finding the seacoast city unhealthy, requested permis-

sion of the Archon to occupy a mountain town in the interior, promising to leave it if actual hostilities should occur. As it was an armed power which had set its foot in the country for the purpose of enforcing certain demands, it seems incredible that the Archon should not have seen into the nature of this proposal, or at least foreseen the consequences of acceding to it. The place was yielded, and of course was retained in defiance of the agreement."

"And can nations, great nations, do these things without reproach?"

"O, it is thought nothing of, only with the little ones. You have read of the pot and kettle. It would scarcely do for Philautia, for example, to talk of blackness, when she herself is so smutted. Well, Alectoreion, to check the growth of Isopoliteia as a Power, and to hinder the execution of designs which she naturally ascribed to it, like her own, set up a Ptochalazon prince as Emperor of the country, who generously consented to assume the office — when a sufficient number of the people should have accepted him."

"Oh! I understand."

"So did the Prince, and the inventor of imperial suffrage. Philautia and Jactantia, rejoicing to see the chestnuts drawn from the fire by the catspaw of Alectoreion, looked on complacently, acknowledged the usurper, and the deed was for the time consummated."

"And what says the world?"

"It speaks, as usual, according to its interests and its fears. Alectoreion pleads, of course, disinterested motives; and so used are all the Powers to the hypocrisy which all practice except Isopoliteia, that it excites merely a smile of incredulity."

"It should excite disgust. It is an aggravation of a crime when a laudable motive is claimed for its perpetration."

"My dear Alethi, that honest indignation shows how little you are fit for any region but Medamou. It is the Pan-

tachousian practice, which everywhere else obtains more or less, but always most strongly in Philautia and Alectoreion, never to hesitate to claim honesty and magnanimity in the most selfish actions. The more selfish, the louder must be the boast."

"And is such hypocrisy accepted?"

"Surely; it is only fools like you and me, who, accustomed to the candor of Medamou, feel surprise or indignation. Philautia, foremost in frankness and the benignity of philanthropy, plays the magnanimous so constantly, as to believe, herself, in her own sincerity; and Alectoreion, doing the same, has nothing to twit her with."

"And how will this usurpation end?"

"The bubble will burst, though it were kept up by more than two Emperors. When this war is over —— There is one of those lying newsboys again, bawling out a false battle and a victory which we shall nowhere read of to-morrow. But to-morrow, we are to draw nearer the scenes of conflict."

CHAPTER LIII.

Which records the unheard-of cruelties of the rebel leaders, with the malice and mendacity of their pseudo-government.

THE war went on with alternate hope and doubt, as all wars do. Only the elder traveler never doubted. He had scarcely patience with distrust, and saw the right side even in defeat triumphant. But when finally the giant, fully roused, stood upon his feet, and shaking his locks exerted all his strength, Philoscommon was almost beside himself with joy. Alethitheras too was full of admiration.

"There is a sight for monarchies!" cried the little sage.

"Match that, the best of them! But what is not the least noticeable, Alethi, in all this vast accumulation of power, is that out of the nearly million men that this republic, this new country, has already sent into the field, not a tenth part are foreigners. And mark me further: when the record of the great conflict comes to be written, it will be found, I predict, that while this vast preponderance was on the side of native manhood and of the only patriotism that is or ever can be, yet of those soldiers whose families solicit support from the Government nine parts of ten were strangers to the country."

While the travelers were still in New Euerwic, some of the most horrible scenes took place, arising out of the war and the brutality of the Juvernan populace, that ever disgraced a community, civilized or savage. A draft had been ordered. Instigated by demagogues and traitors, both foreign and native, who taught them that the war was for the benefit of the negro, whom this class of laboring foreigners hold in great aversion, and hating, like a very large part of their political party, the supreme power of the central government, they one night set on fire the houses of the enrolling officers, not forgetting the whilst to plunder them, and the next morning began to massacre the free blacks, accompanying their atrocious murders by that of one of their own countrymen, who at the head of his regiment endeavored to put them down. After killing this gentleman, they dragged his mutilated remains through the kennels and hung them up at a lamp-post. One of the inoffensive and defenseless blacks being knocked down, his butcher, lifting a heavy stone, let it fall on his head, in the same manner and as deliberately as a boy would break a large nut. Another, whom they had hung at a lamp-post, when half-dead they attempted to burn; and several others, including a little child, were massacred in various savage ways. But with a detestable meanness, peculiar to this vile class of people, they mingled avarice with vindict-

iveness, and robbery and petty larceny with arson and murder. These miserable blacks, whom they affected to despise as well as hate, they stripped them eagerly of their cheap furniture, and their wives appropriated the old chairs and dirty bedding to their own use. Then robberies took place on a larger scale, of shops and warehouses. Finally, obtaining possession of firearms, they made fight, in the streets and from the doors, windows, and roofs of their houses, the women in many cases assisting the rioters, against the police and military sent to subdue them, and it was only after several scores were put to death that on the evening of the third day the city was quieted.

Subsequently, the emissaries of the rebel leaders attempted to burn New Euerwic, by setting fire to it in several places at once; and various other devilish schemes to aid a devilish cause were resorted to, partly in hopes to effect a temporary and partial diversion in their favor, partly to ease the anguish of their own disasters by inflicting disaster in any form upon their conquerors.

One of the most remarkable of these was the attempt of a certain physician, not a charlatan, but a man of education and of some standing in his profession, to introduce trunks which he had filled with the clothes and blankets of persons who had died of infectious diseases into New Euerwic and other cities of the republic.

"It was a diabolical as well as desperate attempt," said Philoscommon; "but it was not more devilish than the persistent ill-treatment of their captives in the various prison-pens of these traitors. Starved by scanty and disgustingly unwholesome fare, forced to drink the water polluted by offal and the filth of the drain; to sleep on the bare ground shelterless, where in winter the poor wretches dug themselves holes in the sand and lay in them, while others lay on the top, these latter being often found dead in the morning; shot for slipping on a forbidden line, or for looking out at a bar-

red window; every conceivable cruelty was inflicted on them that in such a situation could be inflicted."

"With what object, or from what motives?"

"They wished to force the loyalists to exchange with them on their own terms; then, they depleted the National armies by so many as they destroyed or ruined, — for when the exchange at last took place, they rendered up, for their own men returned to them in better condition than when they were captured, and therefore lusty and happy, wretches so worn-out, so diseased, with hearts full of despair, that death would have been better; and finally, they were driven to it by their desperate disappointment. Meeting an opposition they had had the egregious vanity, the egotistical infatuation, not to believe possible, they became infuriated, and when victory after victory was wrested from them and their hopes grew fainter with every battle, then all the malice and turpitude of devils seemed to fill their despairing leaders' hearts and to crowd out humanity and honor."

"But how should honor consist with treason," said Alethi, "or humanity with unnecessary blood-shedding?"

"You are right," replied Philoscommon. "It is a very bad cause, and very bad men have made or sustained it. But do you note their resemblance to the Philautians in their falsehoods and calumniation? It is not enough to have more than once violated their parole to replete their armies, not enough to have starved and exposed their prisoners with a determined cruelty that must have been not merely design but the gratification of hate, not enough to have sown the soil of their abandoned cities with explosive machines that the victors entering might meet with death or mutilation, not enough to have butchered in cold blood disarmed negroes who had surrendered to their mercy, not enough to have sought to poison aqueducts, burn cities, incite their mobs to insurrection, or waste them with pestilence, but they must detract from magnanimity that shamed them, deny successes

that filled them with despair, and vilify kindness that would have been as fire on their heads, had their brains been human. From the arch-traitor himself, through all his burlesque of a cabinet, down to many of their prominent military men, they did not hesitate to publish to the world falsehoods which they knew to be such, which their own position, and all their surroundings, and the succession of events showed to be such, and to impute to the loyalists the most infamous designs and conduct, though their own people never could detect the one nor in their experience had knowledge of the other. One of the most atrocious of these acts of calumny was the forging of a military order or plan of conduct for the enterprise of a brave young National officer, good too and amiable as he was brave, so as to make it appear that he came on an expedition to the so-called Capital with the intention of sacking, burning it, and giving up its inhabitants to every violence. The forgery was a lame one, for, on the face of it, it was absurd that any such plan of conduct would have been written out. Besides, it was inconsistent with every act of the National Government, whose humane and magnanimous course towards its assailants has never once varied, not even since this expedition, in anticipation of which the rebels had mined their chief prison, in order to blow up their captives in case it had succeeded. The attempt therefore to fasten such a purpose on the youth was extraordinary. Its object, however, was to rouse again the hearts of the people, which were beginning to flag, and with a reflex action to give a new theme abroad, where they knew the calumny would be welcome, for vituperation of the conquering loyalists. And this was always a chief aim with the rebel leaders. You see it manifested in all their head man's addresses. The fables went to Philautia, were reprinted there, and welcomed."

"Yes, but not believed."

"Were n't they! Men always believe what they want to,

and rarely what they don't. Had it been asserted that the loyalists roasted Mesembrian babies and eat them with sweet potatoes, it would have been credited from one end of Philautia to the other."

CHAPTER LIV.

Our travelers meet again the grandson of the Duke of Pachycephalus. His luminous discourse upon the war, and how the little schoolmaster answered him.

It was about this time, — when the Rebellion was staggering under the slow but terrible blows of its assailant —— Though fighting still valiantly, blood was oozing through every joint of its armor, and though its face still haughtily glared upon its foe every step was backward. Yet, with a forced tone of confidence, it still claimed to be successful, and its friends echoed loudly the empty vaunt. It was at this time, one day in a street of Pater'patra, whom should the friends encounter but their Proseoïan and casual acquaintance, the red-haired, red-whiskered and red-faced cousin of Lord Daliphron and grandson of the Duke of Pachycephalus.

He put out his hand cordially, saluting Philoscommon, however, familiarly with, "Well, my odd fish, who would have looked to find you floundering here?"

"Anybody," answered the schoolmaster, "who had watched the course of the water."

"Ah — ah — yes — I recollect — *by* Jove! You did come near being barbecued, did n't you? Crymoker, he went under, I read."

"Yes, we could not save him on our raft," said Alethi, looking rather reproachfully at Philoscommon.

"He hurt his head in jumping out to us," added the latter. "But what wind blew you hither, Lieutenant?"

"*Captain*, if you please," said Thelyphron. "They have given me a hoist, you know. But, what blew me here, as you call it? Ah — why, — I scarcely know, myself. O, I was curious to see how the fight got on here, you know; and as I had some months' furlough, and Daliphron was coming, why, you know, I thought I could n't do better. *I* say, they are getting it pretty nicely, are n't they?"

"Which?"

"The rabble of the North, to be sure."

"The loyalists, you mean."

"If you like. But the tyrants are catching it, are n't they?"

"It seems to me, you have got both the effect and the object wrong. The tyrants are indeed getting the worst of it, that is, the traitors of Mesembria; for the true men of Aquilonia are plainly beating them."

"Now, by Jove! that is new. How do you make that out?"

"Not out of their reports, you may be sure. According to those, they are always the victors and everything is fair for them, besides Philautian favor. But I notice that wherever the National army sets its foot it never recedes, except to occupy a better position, and that cities once taken by it are never surrendered, though they may be on occasion abandoned. The area of conquest by the Aquilonians spreads more and more, and your conquerors of Mesembria shrink into smaller confines. But supposing you were right, what would you find to rejoice at?"

"The triumph of liberty, you know, and — and, you know, of human rights."

"Through human slavery."

"Eh? O! that is a trifle, you know. But how are you interested in the muss, who are strangers? Are you for a republic?"

"Only so far as it comes nearer to that distribution of equal rights which you have claimed to regard. But I am decidedly against an atrocious act like this; first, a trick upon the electoral college; then, a refusal to abide by the result they had pretended to invoke; then, war, — war, which should never be resorted to but in the last emergence, and, when resorted to without an imperative cause, the most atrocious of crimes. But they had determined on war, knowing their aim could not be reached without violence, and believing, in their preposterously extravagant self-esteem, that they, the feebler in numbers, the inferior in skill and in resources, were to conquer easily, — and so, for their selfish, devilish ambition, and with a proclamation of defiance to natural human right that was only less insolent than preposterous, the logical assumption and the ratiocination of fools or dotards, imbrue a whole continent in blood, set brothers against brothers, and open all the hell-doors to hate and every malignant passion."

The speaker's whole face was lighted up, and if it did not look handsome, it was what was better in expression, ardent and manlike, and had ceased to be ugly. But the little red-faced captain's eyes and nostrils and lips, although he was not ordinarily ill-natured, had their plainness made repulsive by the leer and wrinkle of envy. "You talk strongly," he said, in derision. "You are an orator. Hear! hear!"

"You will find," said the schoolmaster gravely, "that my talk is but feeble to the feelings that will one day be evoked; for it cannot be that men who have so far done so wickedly will improve under continued defeat and disappointment. Already they have run up an account for cruelty and baseness that will put their ephemeral pseudo-nation on a par with the bloodiest if not the most treacherous Powers of the Old World; and when the whole catalogue of their crimes shall be recorded in history, men hereafter will doubt if the conquerors and the conquered could have been of the same

race, and will be forced to suppose in charity, that as, with the former, respect to human rights and solid education and sober living had humanized them and ennobled every gentler feeling, so the reverse had brutalized the others and leaving every savage passion unchanged had converted them into fiends."

"Do you understand him?" asked the captain, turning to Alethi with what was meant to be a waggish look of superiority.

"I believe I do," answered Alethi. "He is prophesying for the benefit of your countrymen when they shall have awaked from their delirium."

"That is devilish kind of him, I am sure. I pray, who told you that we were in a delirium?"

"The fact that you have overlooked your interests," replied Alethi.

"Ah, you mean that we ought to have declared openly for these Mesembrian gentry. So we would: but, you see, there was no saying how the thing was going to end; and — and — in fact, by Jove, we wanted to, and the Alectryon Emperor wanted us to; but he is such a slippery fellow, you know, and the blockading interest is going on, you know, so finely. You see, we have nearly swept their commerce from the seas, and our own is doubling. Eh?"

"That is shrewdly said, captain, and truly said," observed Philos'.

"Eh, be sure! by Jove! and why should n't it be? I can hit upon a good thing now and then, you know. But I say, you know, would n't it be best for Old Philautia to have this overgrown dominion split into three or four, or half-a-dozen, as Werbul Tontyl said? Would n't it now?"

"I dare say it would, in one sense; but in another, I think you would find you had brought your eggs to a wrong market."

"By Jove, now, what is that? I don't understand him," (turning to Alethi;) "that is so vulgar!"

"O, my meaning is simple, Captain. You are a great nation, powerful as the Ariospolis of old, and as scrupulous and unrapacious." The captain bowed. "I like gentility, and you know I honor you for it."——

"O, don't talk of that," remonstrated the captain, laughing lightly, and carressing with the tip of his walking-stick his varnished boot; "a man is as he does, you know."

"Just so (though it is very handsome in a cousin of Lord Daliphron's to admit it.) —And therefore, being so elevated above ordinary considerations and naturally contemners of a democracy, your nation does right either way; but as she is also a trading nation, I think she will find that the true way to get along in business is not to break up your neighbor's, although he may be your competitor."

"Upon my word, you are as mysterious as the beast with the woman's head they told of in college. But I dare say you mean well; and one of these days will show which of us is right, you or I." He held out a finger to Philos', and a hand to Alethi.

The schoolmaster put both his hands behind him. "And so," he said, "it will whether the moon be made of green cheese. But none of us will live to taste it."

"Ah, you 're a droll one! is n't he now, by Jove! Adieu."

CHAPTER LV.

Wherein is related the end of the rebellion. The magnanimity of the victors and the ungraciousness of the vanquished.

The war drew rapidly to an end. Under the most consummate captain of the age, inspired and sanctioned rather than directed by the great general who was at the head of the National forces and himself had led them always to victory, almost the entire rebel country fell, piece after piece, into the hands of the true men, and, the conquering armies approaching together from the north and from the south, the forces, still large, of the enemies of peace and union and a puissant nationality, were brought as it were between the upper and the nether millstone, and to avoid annihilation surrendered.

Then was seen the too precipitate magnanimity, the gentle generosity and the forgiving charity of the loyalists, whose Government indeed might be said alone to represent on earth the attributes which the Hebrew prophet ascribes to the Unutterable One, — *gracious and merciful, slow to anger and of great kindness, and repenting it of the evil.* They had already fallen into the amiable error of exaggerating the merits of the brave fanatic whom Mesembria had made its hero, though they had themselves several high officers with very similar qualities as soldiers. This "hero," by the by, demonstrated by his death the meanness of the rebel leaders; for they

grudged the loyal enemy even the accident of his mortality, and pretended it was caused by the careless firing of his own troops!

The remark was made by Philoscommon. "One would have supposed," observed Alethi, "the disgrace of such a casualty as that would be more annoying than could possibly be his destruction by what you call an accident and, I suppose, mean the chance shot of a firearm, though even if deliberately aimed the bullet could carry with it no glory for the killer."

"Yes, but this was of the characteristics of these men, who had taught themselves to look upon the traders and farmers of Aquilonia as destitute of military spirit, and were furious accordingly at their mistake and discomfiture. Well, in like manner, the loyalists now set themselves to praise the chief general of their adversaries. Regarding him, and justly, as misguided rather than a traitor, they forgot that he might well be held responsible for the atrocities committed on the prisoners, since a word of his would have prevented their continuance, that he meanly misrepresented his reverses and extenuated or absolutely ignored the national victories, and finally that his 'order' announcing to his army his surrender puts a false face upon the circumstances of that surrender, and endeavors to make it appear rather as a capitulation. He does not even truly believe in the necessity of surrendering, yet he surrenders; he is overwhelmed, not by the better fortune, the valor and skill of his opposite, but by his vast superiority in forces and in resources, although it is known that his own forces, at one time very little inferior in number, had been reduced by defeats and by consequent desertions."

"I have just been reading some remarks on that very subject in the *New-Euerwic Chronicon*," said Alethi.

"It is one of the most moderate and fair-dealing of political journals," returned Philoscommon. "Let me hear what it says."

Alethi read.

. . . "'Neither *Leimon* nor *Joannides*, nor any of their officers have given the smallest sign of repentance. They have never uttered one expression of regret for the breach of their oaths, the desertion of their colors, and their four years' struggle to destroy the government under which they were born, which educated them, and from which they had received nothing but kindness and consideration. They boast to this hour that they give up their swords only in obedience to stern necessity ; because fighting was become useless, defeat certain. Under all these circumstances we confess we can see in the pains taken to conceal the final evidence of the triumph of the law from the gaze of the public nothing but an unworthy and unbecoming revival of the flunkeyism which so long disgraced us, and something very like an impertinence to the army and the people.'"

"It is justly said," remarked the schoolmaster, "and reminds me that a prevalent and dangerous fault in the whole Republic is to condone great crimes, and pass over all offences, especially in politics, as if they were accidents that were not worth any serious consideration. I verily believe that if these would-have-been assassins of their country were to murder the Archon himself, the atrocity would be forgotten — no, forgiven — in a twelvemonth, along with all those diabolical occurrences which have disgraced them since the war began. There is one I have just been reading of, myself, that will show you they are not yet over. At the taking of the rebel capital, a powder-magazine which was close to the city almshouse was set fire to without removing its contents, and eight or ten of the miserable paupers perished by the explosion."

"It is only a wonder to me that the villains had not laid it to the conquerors, as they did with the firing of one of the Mesembrian cities."

"Probably they would, but the time is gone by when they had occasion."

"You spoke of General Leimon as *misguided*. I don't know that I understand you."

"This great republic is divided into what are called States, whose governments revolve in their respective orbits around

the central government, as the planets do around the sun, without which they are nothing and on which they are dependent for the maintenance of their position in the great system. But unfortunately the term *sovereign*, which is applied to them, has been and is by many supposed to express their absolute supremacy and independence in themselves, and not as parts of one common whole which alone is sovereign and as respects their relations to foreign Powers. But however the phrase might be interpreted as confined to the original states which formed the Union, it is absurd as regards those which have since been made out of the common territory or bought in at the common expense. As I showed you before, it is one of the most singular traits of this great people that they seem to believe that any portion of them can take possession of any land however extensive belonging to the whole people, and when the number of their population is sufficient can demand to be considered a separate state, with this odd idea of actual sovereignty in itself and independence of the others. Now Leimon was brought up to believe, like almost all men south of the capital, in this preposterous fallacy. He had sworn to defend the whole union, or congeries, if you will, of states, and to maintain inviolate against all invaders their common constitution; but the moment his state is juggled and infamously (without indeed any cooperation or even consciousness on his part) into the ranks of the rebellion, he believes his faith, his life were due to it, and drew his sword, reluctantly indeed, but determinedly, against the first object of his allegiance."

"He might have resigned his commission in the service and retired forever into private life. That would have been bad enough, at the outbreak of a war. But what excuse was there for taking arms directly against the republic? I can find nothing in that but treason; if indeed it may not have been ambition; for I noticed, that as a temptation to the loyal officers the upstart rebel government raised at once,

in many instances, such as would come over to them to a greater rank than they could ever hope to attain in the old army. Thus they made of a prelate, a man without any practical military knowledge, an officer higher than the very highest of all the great commanders whose blows were as thunder-bolts on the thin casques of him and his compeers."

"It is well observed; and the act was of course treason; but yet I think, Alethi, Leimon was misguided, as thousands of brave and honest men have been in this, I was about to say, infernal conflict, but that God has caused it to be otherwise by its result. You may have noted that in his farewell order he calls his State his *country*."

"Which adds to his crime persistence in the spirit of rebellion, and the open boast of it when his surrender made such vaunts especially indecorous. It is like the last sob of a cross child, or the final perverse bark of a petted dog, after they have been ordered peremptorily to cease. I still see no excuse for your defeated general, except in the weakness of his principles. He wants that sternness which was thought to dignify the better men of Ariospolis of old; such as he who returned deliberately to brave a death of torture rather than violate his plighted word."

CHAPTER LVI.

The Assassination of the Archon.

THE war was virtually over. The travelers were still in Pater'patra. One night Alethi rushed into their parlor, where Philoscommon sat musingly at the grate, his hands clasped behind his head and his slippered feet on the fender, and cried out in a sort of loud whisper, "The Archon is assassinated!"

Philoscommon unclasped his hands and set down his legs, but answered quietly, though with serious concern, "I am not surprised at it;

'Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo:'

it was the last appeal to Hell. But the villains meant to do more?"

"O yes, they have nearly murdered the prime-minister, and meant to put out of the way the Hyparchus, and the general-in-chief of the armies."

"Meaning that the wheels of government should stop, and the army lack its head to rectify the consequences. But they would have failed. You will see the car of state will move on without so much as being shaken in its fabric; and would the murder of the commander-in-chief have removed that great soldier, his chief lieutenant?"

"This at least will horrify Philautia."

"For awhile; but only her best people. You will find

that the iniquitous newspaper organ of her aristocracy will defend the assassination, and make common murder, when done for state reasons, not so heinous an offence after all. — Where and how did this take place?"

"In the theatre — by a pistol-ball — in the base of the skull. The assassin sprung over the box to the stage. By a notable coincidence, the flag he had desecrated caught in a spur he wore and caused him to fall, probably doing him an injury that may make easier his arrest. But rising to his feet, he brandished aloft a dagger, and reciting theatrically the defiant motto of one of the rebellious states, *Thus ever to tyrants!* slipped behind the scenes and escaped."

"Aided no doubt by co-operators there; for the Capital is full of traitors, and has been ever since the war began. Is the Archon dead?"

"Not yet; but they say he is sinking. He is totally insensible, unconscious to sight and sound."

"Coma."

"I suppose so. It 's enough to make one doubt of Heaven."

"No. If it were the triumph of wickedness, one might; but not for the simple death of the righteous, even by violence. For him, the gentle and the good, we cannot regret him; he will have died in the fulness of honor, and in the triumph of all that as the head of the nation he had contended for. His violent death will add to his fame, and, as is usual with the multitude, will convert him into a martyr, and magnify his talents and his virtues, his intentions even, till they have put him on a par with Paterpatriæ himself."

"Then you have not formed a high opinion of his abilities?"

"On the contrary; no one can read any of his pithy Messages, where more is said in one sentence than men usually expand into paragraphs, without admiring his shrewdness, his good sense, his judgment in general. He is the very man

I should have instanced as combining in himself, physically and intellectually, most of the peculiar and many of the best characteristics of his countrymen. But he was unmistakably led by events and not their mover. He would at first have made a compromise with Mesembria; a most fatal act; and when he abolished slavery, it was when the state of the war and the obstinacy of the rebels left him no alternative. He will have died a good and a wise man. If he have too, both here and abroad, the additional title of a great one, it will be no grosser an exaggeration of his qualities than is habitual with men to indulge-in in an access of enthusiasm, and to encourage in the fear that contradiction will give offence and perhaps be misinterpreted. *Requiescat!* the able instrument in the hands of the Almighty for His great purposes, laid by, not thrown aside, when its services had ceased to be needed, and though broken by human violence, yet never by human gratitude to be forgotten."

CHAPTER LVII.

How the great army of Isopoliteia was disbanded and its thousand ships dispersed; with the consequences thereof on Philautian integrity.

THE gallows had its due. The miserable tools of a defunct Rebellion lay in unknown graves. The Hyparchus took the vacant seat, and in the face of the prophecies of the chief "organ" of the Philautian nobles, which, not hesitating to charge him with plotting himself the murder of his predecessor, foreboded all sorts of tyrannous excesses against the desolated South, proceeded in the work the deceased Archon had himself laid out.

Then came that rapid diminution of the great army which

was not less, if not more wonderful than its assemblage. Host after host dwindled, and thousands on thousands of officers disappeared into civil life, as if it were but the breaking up of a political meeting or the retirement from the evolutions of a ball. Alethi himself was struck with admiration, as were all strangers.

"But you forget that I told you," said Philoscommon, "that ninety per-cent of these men, as is well-ascertained, are natives. Were they mercenary foreigners, without fixed homes, or interests suffering by their absence, you might have seen something different. The Vesputians, you observe, never wonder. They are so used to do things with ease which the rest of the world consider impossible, that they take it calmly, nor do even those who lose by the change presume to murmur. You will see something more, presently. The Chaunopolis *Weathercock*, which tried, I told you, to break down the financial credit of the Republic, now pretends, with a like motive, that it will repudiate the vast debt it has accumulated. But you will see that these heroes, who have offered their blood and endangered their household interests for their country, will cheerfully submit to, nay call for taxation; and that, like frozen snow in the advent of Spring, the heap will gradually melt away till all indebtedness has disappeared."

"But the Philautians will never believe this. I met Thelyphron yesterday, who seemed to exult in the Weathercock's prediction. I reminded him of his country's debt, accumulated I did not say in mostly unrighteous wars, and I asked him if he thought this vast dominion and great people, with resources and population constantly and rapidly on the increase, would be behindhand."

"And what did he say? But I need not ask. *By Jove, now! that is so very odd a question, you know! And—and—by Jove!* But Philautians who are not asses like him, and men, too, intimate with finance, will tell you the same. Yet,"

said Philosc, "I look around me. I see where their feeble or envy-blinded vision cannot reach. I see" (his little eyes grew singularly brilliant, as they looked forward, not on Alethi, but seemingly into infinite space) "this unexhausted soil renew its measureless products, the commerce crippled through Philautian enmity and double-dealing spread again its white wings over every sea; I look behind and under the ridge of mountains that runs through the midst but does not part the East and West, and I see the earth stored with more of mineral wealth than perhaps all the rest of the world together could agglomerate. I see Mesembria waking up from her exhaustion, and with a better feeling and the elasticity of fresh enterprise set to work to resuscitate her dying agriculture, and her fields once more overgrown with the most important of all vegetable products. And I remember that this nation has twice already done what none other ever did, paid all its debts; and so remembering —— But, Alethi, the minds of otherwise honest Philautians even here are poisoned by the domestic enemies of the Government. During the whole war, journals, which were secretly or openly in the interests of the revolutionists, have made it their special business to assail its credit in every way, and in the very teeth of figures persisted in doubling the estimate of its debt. But while Philautians, naturalized as well as alien, have eagerly accepted these dicta, and maintained their truth with a somewhat suspicious heat of zeal, the Vesputians, even those who acted with the implacable party, put no real faith in them, and the bonds of the Government only seem to go up higher and higher in the market for these monetary declamations. So Heaven, my son, *has* defended the right. Timid men may have wavered, the feeble-minded and despondent doubted, traitors and that most heartless class of sordid politicians, the thorough-paced demagogues, affected to disbelieve, and insinuated their pretended infidelity into their disloyal, or ignorant and dissolute hearers,

but the heart of the great nation has throbbed only with a dauntless hope and a defiant scorn, and its nerves have been strung but with greater tenseness in the determination to put down forever, if it took the lifetime of a generation and cost a tithe of all they possessed, this damnable wickedness."

"You are almost a Vesputian," said Alethi, smiling at the schoolmaster's enthusiasm.

"No, I would not be if I could. Between this still new country and the rest of the world we have visited if I must choose, I would pitch my tent here. But, till then, I prefer to keep clean of demagogues, political corruption and malversation, whether in state or kingdom, and be, as I am, of Medamou."

At that moment, the sound of military music called the friends to the window, and they saw marching by, in the spacious street, one of those now shrunken regiments with their faded uniforms and battle-torn and discolored flags, which had done so much for manhood, loyalty and their country. The travelers lifted the sash and cheered impulsively. The veterans raised their bronzed faces, spare of flesh but healthy-looking, and answered with a lusty shout, though some among them smiled at Philoscommon's comical appearance.

"Poor dogs!" said that philosopher sentimentally, "they have had no amusement in a great while. I am glad my nose refreshes them."

The men were on their way to their homes, satisfied with having done their duty, of which eight out of ten of their original number were, in the graveyard, mute and mouldering witnesses. The excitement of the moment over, it was a sight to make men serious, if not sad.

"And what," said Alethitheras as he closed the window, "will be the result of this disbandment which is going on so vigorously?"

"As respects the rebel states, or foreign Powers?"

"Both."

"As respects the latter, wait for some months, and ask me then. Meantime I can tell you that the *Proïos Keryx*, which is the organ of that very large class of Philautians, who, having in their own homes every comfort they can desire, with the gout, believe religiously that Philautia is the best-governed as well as greatest kingdom in the world, and that all cries of reform are either ill-considered or emanate from revolutionists, is exulting over the prospect, with which it fools its malignity, of fresh bloodshed, continued desolation, and the proximate rise of a new generation to renew the horrible strife (thus, devilishly, suggesting its renewal) that has cost half a million of brave men their lives and proved the ruin of thousands of honest families."

Several months passed, and the travelers, who had during that interval made extensive visits into the scenes of the newly extinguished war, were returned to their winter quarters in Pater'patra, when one day Philoscommon, who had a newspaper in his hand, broke out:

"Well, I thought the Vesputians were a wise people. I am afraid I shall have to change my mind."

"What have they done?"

"Why, they have stripped themselves of the power of enforcing a demand of justice, and then pretend to present it."

"I don't understand you."

"The Philautians would. Had the Vesputian Government, before it disbanded its vast army and dispersed its navy, called upon the Philautian for redress for its manifest wrongs and insults, do you suppose it would have been refused? It has been now, as might have been expected. Hear what says the Foreign Minister of the offending Power, as he closes the long correspondence between his office and the Vesputian embassy, a correspondence which has developed on the part of the former the most miserable shifts and shufflings, and

casuistical reasoning, and garbled citations of facts again and again corrected and made whole to be again and again cut down and distorted, in short the most contemptible subterfuges to avoid the acknowledgment of wrongdoing and the responsibility of rectification, that ever disgraced even that perfidious Government.

. . 'It is . . my duty,' says the official nobleman, 'in closing this correspondence to observe, that *no armed vessel* (note the subterfuge — no *armed* vessel) *departed during the war from a Philautian port to cruise against the commerce of Isopoliteia*, and to maintain that, throughout all the difficulties of the civil war by which Isopoliteia has lately been distracted, . . . *the Philautian Government have steadily and honestly discharged all the duties incumbent on them as a neutral Power, and have never deviated from the obligations imposed on them by international law.*'

"And thus," continued Philoscommon, "ends the long argument, with the repetition of a deliberate lie, — a coarse phrase perhaps to apply to a class of persons whose word of honor is accepted where is exacted the oath of meaner men, but which is, in its very coarseness, best fitted to stigmatize what should have emanated only from the coarsest and obtusest mind. But what other end could be expected? With arms, as I said, in their hands, and their fleet in readiness, Philautia might have acceded to their demands; but to expect that those who had deliberately been guilty of the outrage would, except under compulsion, openly acknowledge it and propose to make atonement, was to expect repentance in a successful burglar, or that the footpad should at the entreaty of his defenceless victim surrender his booty and make apology. If ever footpad and burglar were so conscience-pricked, yet that embodiment of the spirit of highway-robbery and housebreaking which is the Philautian Government in its foreign relations has not one pore where compunction can enter. It is only by the lash that it can be stimulated to

that regret of unsuccessful iniquity which with most criminals is the only sorrow that takes the form and name of repentance."

CHAPTER LVIII.

The Traveler begins to weary.

THE winter was now over — in the almanac. The Water-bearer and the Fishes had ceased to dictate to the town-clocks, and the Ram was making ready to embrace the Sun. The question of the rehabilitation of the insurgent states was still unsettled, and men's minds in Isopoliteia were, as they usually are there, in daily excitation. Alethitheras had appeared of late to be pensive, if not sorrowful. He had seen, through Philoscommon's glasses, so much of human baseness and found such vanity in human aspirations, that he began to doubt what good this sad experience did him and to weary of the quest of Odyssean knowledge.

One morning, when the big flakes of a March snowstorm were driving aslant in the humid air, Alethitheras had turned from the window where, with his nose against the glass, his partner stood, perhaps admiring the feathery shower, perhaps calculating the prospect of clearer weather when the sun should be more high, and was walking up and down the room with his chin upon his breast and his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, deep in thought. It may be the little schoolmaster was not after all busied with the snow-flakes, but desirous to leave his friend and patron to his prevailing humor; for when the latter, stopping in his walk, called to him, he turned about briskly, as if relieved.

"Philos′," said the younger traveler, "you compared for

me these states in their relation to the Central Government to the planets about the sun." —

"It is nothing original," interposed the schoolmaster; "the image is as familiar as the movement."

"Do you think then, that those, which, as some Philautian somewhere says, *have shot so madly from their spheres*, will resume their ancient orbits?"

"Yes, by virtue of necessity, not by natural gravitation."

"Then there is no real reconciliation, you think?"

"I would not say so. You have seen the testimony of General Leimon. It is prevaricating and evasive. He seems to know nothing certain, yet you may clearly gather from his want of frankness that there is doubt on his part. And the evidence of the more reliable National generals goes to show, that now the heel is lifted the subjected spirit begins to rise."

"So that, though so ready to give in their submission, they are really not in heart good citizens. Is that your thought? In other words, do you believe that they would take advantage of a foreign war, or such like contingency, to rise again?"

"I don't know how far men who have been guilty of so much baseness may be ready to renew it; but I do know, that if a whole people can act like a man who being conquered in a duel, and receiving his life from his enemy, takes the first opportnnity to join with another foe to attack him, they deserve to be exterminated."

"But you have no apprehension of such iniquity?"

"None in the least. The mass of the people were *misguided*, as I said of many of the officers; but the race is the same as that of their vanquishers, and when the soreness of the wounds inflicted on their overweening pride and self-conceit, the smart of disappointment, and the anguish arising from material injuries to their personal fortunes, shall have lessened, they will be in a fair way of recovery. Do you

think, had you been soundly thrashed in a fight provoked by yourself, perhaps with your own brother, you would at once embrace your conqueror? The Jesousians at the south do not like to turn the cheek to the smiter any more than elsewhere. By and by, the bad minds that are still among them, though they will not cease to teach, will cease to guide, and finally be totally unheeded; and the return of prosperity, probably greater than before the war, will do the rest. Will you stay here and await the consummation?" Philoscommon asked this with a smile.

"No," said Alethi, positively.

CHAPTER LIX.

The Grand Result.

"But you have not seen half of this prodigious country," objected Philoscommon.

"I don't care for that," returned Alethi, with still more positiveness.

"And you were so anxious to know the Isopoliteians; you were so sure you would like them," pursued the pedagogue, throwing his visage into the most insinuating contortions. Such perhaps beheld Mehetabel one memorable day.

"That was your fault. I looked through the wrong end of the glass."

"You have the tube right now, however. Shall I adjust it?" The little man with both arms drew out the visionary telescope, and stooping (though that was not needed) looked mimetically through the smaller end. "Will you explore further?"

"Deuse take you," said Alethi, smiling in spite of himself, "no; shut up the instrument."

Philoscommon made the sign. "Shall we then return, my darling, to the splendor and filth of New Euerwic, to its poverty and opulence, its luxury and misery, its ample charities and expansive political depravity, to its mongrel population, its bipedal hogs, old garbage-boxes and blind beggars, shall we revisit the marble 'lazarhouse of nations,' and taking ship thence for Chrysochora see our friend the Editor once more, and then away to the sunny islands of the Quiet Ocean, where the maids are many that have Minnchen's eyes, and more that have her heart?"

"No," said Alethi; "no, again; and ten times no. I have had enough of travel both by Sea and Land, enough of search among the minds and manners of my fellow men."

"And women," said Philoscommon. "Then you *will* end here?" His eyes and mouth, as he spoke, sparkled and rippled to the brim with facetious enjoyment.

"I will end here," said Alethi, as if he beheld in mind his death and burial.

"And have you found the object of your search?" said the ex-valet, settling himself in a chair with his short legs on the round and his large hands under him.

"Nowhere," said the patron, mournfully.

"Then I have found mine," returned the little man, while he swung his now pendant legs alternately, like one of his own schoolboys.

"And what is that?" asked Alethitheras.

The schoolmaster of Medamou laughed loudly and long, to the whole width of his jaws.

And that was his answer.

END.

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